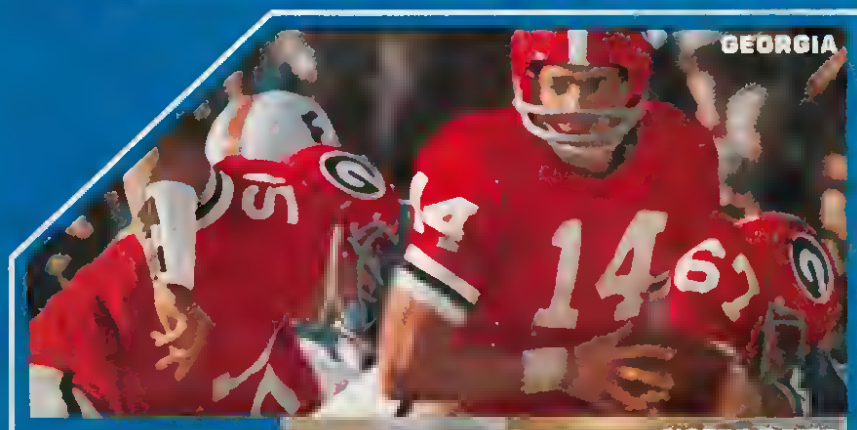
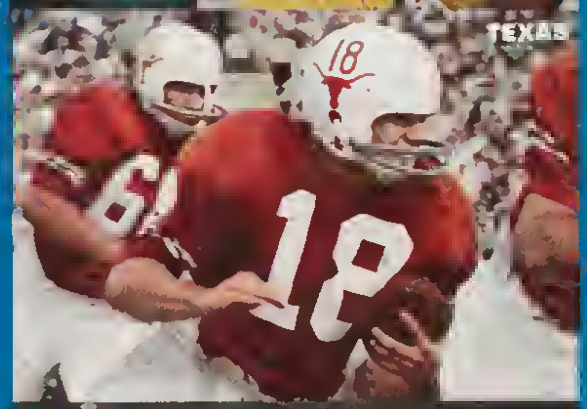
Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 11, 1967 40 CENTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL



THE FIGHT FOR No. 1







Do I really have to do
this sort of thing to earn
my Canadian Club?

Yes.



6 YEARS OLD · IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC. DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

A reward for men. A delight for women.

Smooth as the wind.
Mellow as sunshine.
Friendly as laughter.

The whisky that's bold
enough to be lighter
than them all.



HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

25¢ is a lot for a blade, but this is a lot of blade.

Whan it comes to ahaving, my fece comas first. You sea, I've got problama. Lots of beard, aansitiva skin. So I need a ahava that makaa my beard surrendar without maasing me up. Eversherp has the anawer. Naw chrome stainless steal with a special convex edge and Miron® coating. They're naw from Schick Scianca. Give your face a rast.

Pamper yourself.

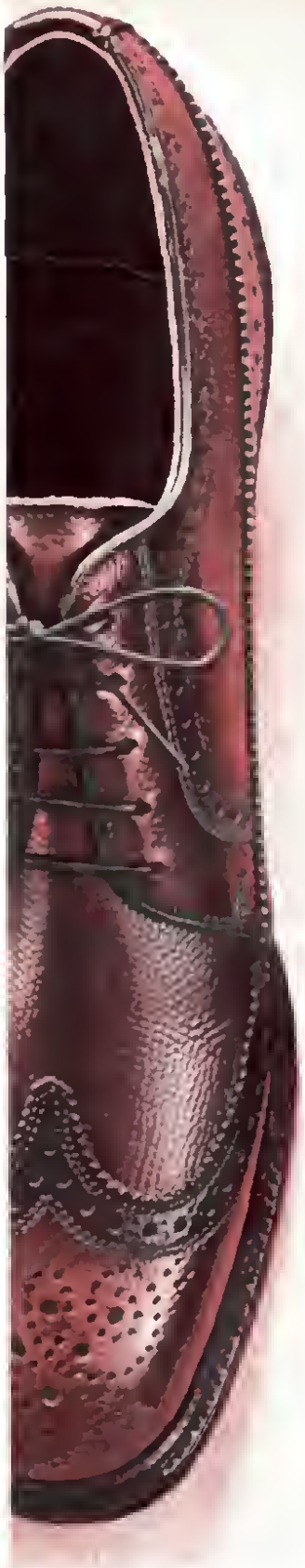


4 for a dollar.



Let us prove it: Buy a pack of Eversharp double edge or injector blades. Remove the pack of blades and send entire card along with your name and address to: Eversharp Inc. P.O. Box 50 Terminal Annex Los Angeles, California 90051. We'll rush your dollar back. Limit: one to a family, one to an address. Offer expires Dec. 31 1967.

©1967 EVERSHARP, INC.



Which shoe for you?

One's leather.
One's better.
Better because it never needs breaking in. Better because it holds its shape. Wipes to a shine. Repels weather. And best of all, it looks and feels better longer. The shoe for you is on the right. It's made of Aztran—the amazing new poromeric material by B.F.Goodrich. Look for it in shoes made by quality manufacturers.

AZTRAN™
by B.F.Goodrich



Contents

SEPTEMBER 11, 1967 *Volume 27, No. 11*

20 American League Frenzy
Four teams continued to tumble up and down in the standings as the pennant race roared into September

26 K. D. Figures out the Formula
After losing twice with favorites, Texan K. D. Owen discovered how to win trotting's Hambletonian

College Football 1967

28 *Coaches confess it: the No. 1 thing is being No. 1*

34 *Contenders and their stars, photographed in colorful action*

44 *The Top 20, and why they are better than all the rest*

74 *Conference races, and who will win if the big ones don't*

78 *Five small colleges, and what makes them really giants*

82 *Players scouts will watch—which means fons should, too*

86 The Man Who Sails the "Dame"
Australia's Jock Sturrock will have no kibitzers this year when he challenges for the America's Cup

92 Nobody Beats the Brakettes
The best women's softball team in the land breezed to a successful defense of its national championship

98 Say It Isn't So, Woody
Ohio State, the famous football factory of Thurber's day, has had a stunning change of heart

The departments

13 Scorecard
84 People
86 Boating
91 Golf
92 Softball
94 Golf
96 Bridge
121 Baseball's Week
122 For the Record
123 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, James A. Linen, President, D. W. Brumbaugh, Treasurer, Bernard Barnes, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Continental U.S. subscriptions $8 a year; Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands $10 a year; military personnel anywhere *in the world* $6 a year; *all others* $14 a year.

Credits on page 122

Next week

THE NEW PRO SEASON: The AFL is under way, the NFL begins next Sunday and the two football leagues are not what they were. Sliced into four divisions, the NFL could come up with a new champion (but the Packers are favored). Kansas City is best in the AFL West (if it does not falter against strong teams grown stronger). Scouting reports on all the major teams, action color shots of the stars of both leagues, appraisals by Tex Maule and Edwin Shrake and, for the less serious-minded, a gruesome account of touch football as only frustrated pros can play it supplement the usual mix of other sports in the week's news.

© 1967 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

As Dan Jenkins' history of football polls that begins on page 28 so clearly points out, trying to rate college teams —either before, during or after a season—can be about as rewarding as wrestling Bubba Smith; all you can hope for is to get yourself exercised. Nonetheless, in this our annual College Football issue, we are entering the rating game once again, and in more detail than ever before.

We have always ventured out on some sort of preseason limb. In our early days we relied on famous football personalities to make our evaluations. Herman Hickman and then Red Grange chose our top teams—the Eleven Best 11s we called them—and perhaps because they knew how crazily a football bounces, they tended to be cautious, not really choosing a No. 1 team at all. "Wisconsin surely will deserve the national title if it wins all nine of its games," Hickman wrote in 1954. Wisconsin didn't.



JENKINS, AS VIEWED BY ROTH

Since 1962, however, the responsibility has been assumed by our own football staff, and it has always picked a No. 1, usually with commendable results. We called Texas as No. 1 in 1963 and had it on the nose. In 1964 we sagged with Auburn (6-4), but our 1965 and 1966 choices, Nebraska and Alabama, both went undefeated and untied, and you can't ask for much more than that, even though they did not get final No. 1 ranking.

This year, for the first time, our scouting reports are being focused upon the Top 20 teams of our choice, and it was felt more preparation than ever would be needed. Work began in February, when Editor Ray Cave called together members of the college football department—Jenkins, John Underwood, Mervin Hyman, Gary Ronberg, Harold Peterson and Mike Quinn —to talk about the tone, content and format for this issue. Our writers visited 40 major campuses during spring drills, assessing what coaches were saying—and looking for what they were not saying. Next our correspondents throughout the country were asked for reports, and they responded with 125,000 words of research and observation.

Then the arguments over the Top 20 began, and sectional loyalties were duly tested. Happily, our staff is a geographically balanced one. Miami's Underwood thought highly of Miami, Texas' Jenkins counterbalanced by seeing the Longhorns as far from long shots, and between them the interests of Midwesterners Peterson, Ronberg and Quinn were held in check. Easterner Hyman had little to talk about. When the Top 20 finally was agreed upon, a totally unbiased artist, Arnold Roth (Philadelphia Museum School of Industrial Arts; expelled second year; no football team), was called in to illustrate the package.

Now last-minute changes are over—such as deleting the Arkansas defensive tackle who slipped on a bar of soap—and the selections are final. They will presumably raise the passionate reactions that most of our college football coverage does. But our writers are unafraid and are heading into this season with the same fervor that brought them through the last one—a season in which Notre Dame students closed out the year by burning 1,200 copies of our issue reporting the Spartan-Irish game, an act that prompted Jenkins, who was the author, to remark, "That puts me 1,199 effigies up on Ara." Before this season is out, Jenkins will probably increase his lead.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898–1967

Editor-in-chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James A. Linen
Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Griffith

Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Roy Terrell

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Cantwell, Ray Cave, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Roger S. Hewlett, Martin Kane, Hamilton B. Maule, Jack Olsen, Coles Phinizy, Gilbert Rogin, Kennath Rudeen, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Tax, Whitney Tower, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Frank Deford, Dan Jenkins, William Johnson, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, William Leggett, Bob Ottum, Edwin Shraka, Lee E. Thompson, John Underwood, M. R. Werner, Les Woodcock

Staff Writers: Pete Axthelm, Duncan Barnes, Tom C. Brody, Jule Campbell, Alice Higgins, Mervin Hyman, Joe Jares, Barbara La Fontaine, Mark Mulvoy, Harold Peterson, Gary Ronberg, Patricia Ryan, Lia Smith

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, John M. Stebbins; DEPUTY, George J. Bloodgood; ASSISTANTS: Betty Dick, Dorothy Merz; CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS, Les Balterman, Jerry Cooke, Gerry Cranham, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Richard Meek, Marvin E. Newman, Herb Scharfman, Brian Seed, Art Shay, Tony Triolo

Writer-Reporters: CHIEF, Honor Fitzpatrick; Jeannette Bruce, Kim Chapin, Gay Flood, Curry Kirkpatrick, Pamela Knight, Morton Sharnik, Herman Wenkopf, Nancy Williamson

Reporters: Ann Johnson, Elisabeth Krautter, Julia Lamb, Felicia Lee, Ruth M. Lieder, Rose Mary Mechem, Judy Murphy, Paula Phelps, Sarah Pileggi, Michael Quinn, Johnathan Rodgers, Denise Rogers, Lynn Simross, Christiana Walford

Special Contributors: Charles Goren (*Cards*), Carleton Mitchell (*Yachting*), William F. Talbert (*Tennis*)

Production: Gene W. Ulrich (*Manager*), William Gallagher, Wayne Prather; COPY DESK, Beatrice Gottlieb (*Chief*), Betty DeMeester, Roberta Frost, Barbara Gordon, Iris Herman, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan (*Assistant Directors*), William Bernstein, Brendan F. Mulvey, Catherine Smolich, Thomas Vanderschmidt, Thomas Vink-Lainas

Editorial Assistants: Jean Lockhart, Theodore Stephney

Special Correspondents: CHIEF, Earl Burton; ASSISTANT, Eleanore Milosovic, *Albuquerque*, Arch Napier, *Anchorage (Alaska)*, John Ratterman, *Atlanta*, Jim Minter, *Austin (Texas)*, Jimmy Banks, *Baltimore*, Walter Ward, *Baton Rouge*, Dan Hardesty, *Bellingham (Wash.)*, Dolly Connelly, *Boise (Idaho)*, Ray Giffin, *Boston*, Leo Monahan, *Buffalo*, Dick Johnston, *Carson City (Nev.)*, Guy Shipler Jr., *Charleston (S.C.)*, Warren Koon, *Charlotte (N.C.)*, Ronald Green, *Charlottesville (Va.)*, Chris Cramer, *Chicago*, William Furlong, *Cincinnati*, Jim Schottelkotte, *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton, *Columbus (Ohio)*, Kaye Kessler, *Dallas, Fort Worth*, Wes Wise, *Denver*, Bob Howie, *Des Moines*, Bob Ashille, *Detroit*, Pete Waldmeir, *Greensboro (N.C.)*, Smith Barrier, *Harrisburg (Pa.)*, John Travers, *Honolulu*, Ted Kurrus, *Houston*, Jack Gallagher, *Indianapolis*, Dick Denny, *Jacksonville*, Bill Kastelz, *Kansas City*, Theodore O'Leary, *Las Vegas (Nev.)*, Tom Diskin, *Lexington (Ky.)*, Larry Van Hoose, *Little Rock (Ark.)*, Orville Henry, *Los Angeles*, Jack Tobin, *Louisville*, Larry Boeck, *Memphis*, Charles Gillespia, *Miami*, Edwin Pope, *Minneapolis*, Dick Gordon, *Nashville*, Max York, *New Haven (Conn.)*, Bill Guthrie, *New Orleans*, Peter Finney, *Oklahoma City*, Harold Soles; *Omaha*, Hollis Limprecht, *Philadelphia*, Gordon Forbes, *Phoenix (Ariz.)*, Frank Gianelli, *Pittsburgh*, Eddie Beachler, *Portland (Ore.)*, John White, *Providence*, John Hanlin, *Salt Lake City*, George Ferguson, *San Antonio*, John Janes; *San Diego*, Jack Murphy, *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum, *Seattle*, Emmett Watson, *South Bend (Ind.)*, Joe Doyle, *St. Louis*, Bob Morrison, *St. Petersburg (Fla.)*, Gordon Marston, *Syracuse (N.Y.)*, Bud Vander Veer, *Tallahassee (Fla.)*, Bill McGrotha, *Waco (Texas)*, Dave Campbell, *Washington, D.C.*, Mattie Zad, *Winston-Salem (N.C.)*, Bob Hampton
Canada: *Montreal*, Arthur Siegel, *Ottawa*, Dillon O'Leary, *Toronto*, Rex MacLeod; *Vancouver*, Eric Whitehead
Foreign Bureau: CHIEF, Richard M. Clurman; DEPUTY, John Boyle

Publisher: Garry Valk
Advertising Sales Director: Harry Steinbreder, Jr.
Circulation Director: Robert E. Cowin
General Manager: J. Richard Munro

extra good pictures without extra fuss

When you have a Nikon-made single-lens reflex with Nikkor optics and thru-the-lens exposure control, you can be pretty sure of the picture quality you'll get, automatically. Or almost automatically, because the automatic features of the Nikkormat FT simply eliminate the mechanical distractions, so you can enjoy complete creative control and mastery over the picture situation. You'll find the Nikkormat FT, in fact, just about as automatic as you'd ever want a fine camera to be. Price with interchangeable 50mm Auto-Nikkor f2 lens is under $270. At your Nikon dealer, or write.
Nikon, Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11533
Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc.
(In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.)

NIKKORMAT FT
35mm single lens reflex with thru-the-lens meter system



BOOKTALK

Down to the sea in books—with able helmsmen like Sir Francis Chichester

A render of Sir Francis Chichester's *Along the Clipper Way* (Coward McCann, $5.95) is likely to find one of two things has happened to him. He will want to know more about the remarkable sailors whose stories are included or he will have read so much of watery ordeals that sailing vessels thereafter will fill him with horror. In either case he will almost certainly finish the book. Before Chichester set out on his own around-the-world voyage in *Gipsy Moth IV* he read everything he could find in the way of first-person accounts of sailing the old clipper-ship route from Britain to Australia, and he has assembled the extracts in a stage-by-stage narrative with his own comments holding it together. The book is, in effect, a continuous story produced by a score of writers, one picking up the narrative where the last one left off.

The opening is a genial extract from Conor O'Brien's *Across Three Oceans* about a sunny day when there was nothing to complain about except one member of the three-man crew who had trailed a line for 6,700 miles and caught only four fish. The climax is in three separate accounts of the time the 46-foot ketch *Tzu Hang*—the sixth yacht to round Cape Horn—somersaulted in a storm. "The sea was a wonderful sight," Brigadier Miles Smeeton reported just before *Tzu Hang* went over. "All over the surface of the great waves themselves, the wind was whipping up lesser waves, and blowing their tops away, so that the whole sea was lined and streaked with the blown spume, and it looked as if all the surface was moving."

Occasionally Chichester is obliged to turn to the classics to piece out the narrative with passages from Conrad and Richard Henry Dana, but for the most part he draws on the solitary venturers in small craft—Joshua Slocum, the first man to sail alone around the world; Ann Davison, the first woman to sail alone across the Atlantic, Alain Bombard, the French physician who sailed a 15-foot rubber dinghy 2,750 miles in 65 days to see if it was possible for a man to survive on the ocean without food or water except that provided by fish and rain. Their plain writing usually takes the reader into the heart of the experience with effortless immediacy. Ann Davison, a young widow alone on the Atlantic in her 19-foot *Felicity Ann* was exasperated by calm. "There were times when rubbish thrown over the side in the morning would still be alongside at nightfall."

When Captain William Andrews started across the Atlantic in the 19-foot *Nautilus* in 1878 he was considered a crackpot. So he was, to a certain extent, says Richard Henderson in *Dangerous Voyages of Captain*

continued



Want to lose weight this winter?

Get rid of bulky clothing that doesn't keep you werm enyway. Join the millions who enjoy complete comfort, and guaranteed wermth by wearing feather-lite Skagway Sportswear, insuleted with Dacron® 88. Offered in both outer and underwear styles, in a variety of colors, Skagway Sportswear is the perfect enswer to men and women who have a winter weight problem. Send 25¢ for a full-color Skagway cetalog.



DACRON 88

Skagway
SPORTSWEAR

EUGENE USOW MFG. CO.
227 South Seeley Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60612

CALUMET

LONG WINGS



Classically correct for [illegible] of occasion or all kinds of weather perfect partners for whatever apparel you choose. Available in a wide variety of colors and textures. See your local Calumet dealer.

about $14.99

CALUMET SHOES, DEPT. S, SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN 53081



1901 e. north ave • milwaukee • wis



Bill Gardel has never had an accident. [illegible] take [illegible]

Watch out for the other guy!



When a baby is born in Denver



...and the waiting room's in Da Nang

Who breaks the news to Father? We do—and we'll track him to his jungle bivouac to do it. Bringing home just a little closer is a Red Cross specialty. Just one of the many services your Red Cross performs that helps to brighten the lives of our fighting men in Vietnam. We need your support. The American Red Cross.

help us help

William Andrews (Abercrombie & Fitch, $12.50), but he performed two great feats of seamanship, and he left two remarkable books, *A Daring Voyage* and *Columbus Outdone*, long out of print and unobtainable. They now have been bound in one volume in a series of facsimile editions of sporting books currently being published by Abercrombie & Fitch. The cabin of the *Nautilus* was the size of a telephone booth laid on its side. William and his brother Walter made the crossing from Boston to England in 45 days, riding out 14 storms. Andrews (a piano maker by trade) built the *Napoleon*, in which he sailed alone from Atlantic City to Palos, Spain in 1892. The *Napoleon* was a floating commercial, with advertisements for a cleanser on its sides, and was only 14½ feet long. In this strange craft, made of thin cedar planks covered with canvas, he reached the Azores in 31 days. Andrews' books, says Henderson, "show his strong disciplined character, his appreciation of life's simple pleasures, his stubborn optimism, exuberant enthusiasm, and best of all his whimsical, jaunty sense of humor." A natural writer, Andrews sometimes gives one the impression that he went through the ordeals so he could write the books. He wrote: "No one would think of the latent power that forces the Gulf Stream along until they get there in a small boat and hear and feel the cachunk, swash, ripple-ripple, cachunk, cachunk, for hours and sometimes for days." He wrote of an approaching storm: "It cleared off and came on thick again. And it was so dark—oh! how dark! you could not distinguish the water from the mist."

Captain Joshua Slocum was lost at sea in the *Spray* in 1909, and arguments about the lines, the seaworthiness, the condition—and the fate—of the *Spray* have gone on ever since. Kenneth Slack's *In the Wake of the Spray* (Rutgers University Press, $7.50) is a report on the technical disputes among yachtsmen and naval architects as to the reasons for the superb performance of *Spray* on Slocum's round-the-world voyage, along with Slack's story of searching for models, exact plans and photographs. Slack was a chemistry student at the University of Sydney when he happened to read Slocum's *Sailing Alone Around the World* and set out on a nine-year search for boats that had been copied from *Spray*. He found one, now known as *Island Trader*, that had sailed on the Great Lakes with John Foster Dulles in the crew. Another boat modeled on *Spray*, but larger, was bought by Folk Singer Burl Ives. Whether the *Spray* stands up favorably compared to modern yachts, he leaves to the reader to decide. The *Spray* was a converted fishing boat, and "the draft horse cannot beat the race horse at his own game—but remember it works both ways."

ROBERT CANTWELL





Confidence comes free... with color-coded Federal shells

"We watched cautiously from our blind. Suddenly mallards were swinging high over the decoys. Quiet. Then they came in. Up... squeezing the trigger. He fell right into the decoys. It was one of those perfect days! Shooting was great. We were using Federals, the color-coded shells."

Only Federals are color-coded by gauges. Red means 12, purple means 16 and yellow means 20. It's the difference you can see, the difference that practically eliminates the chance of a mix-up.

There's another difference... Federal's power/pattern. It comes from a selected blend of ingredients... sure-fire primer, the best smokeless powder made, the dynamic-engineered, plastic shot cup in a modern plastic hull, the hard shot that stays round.

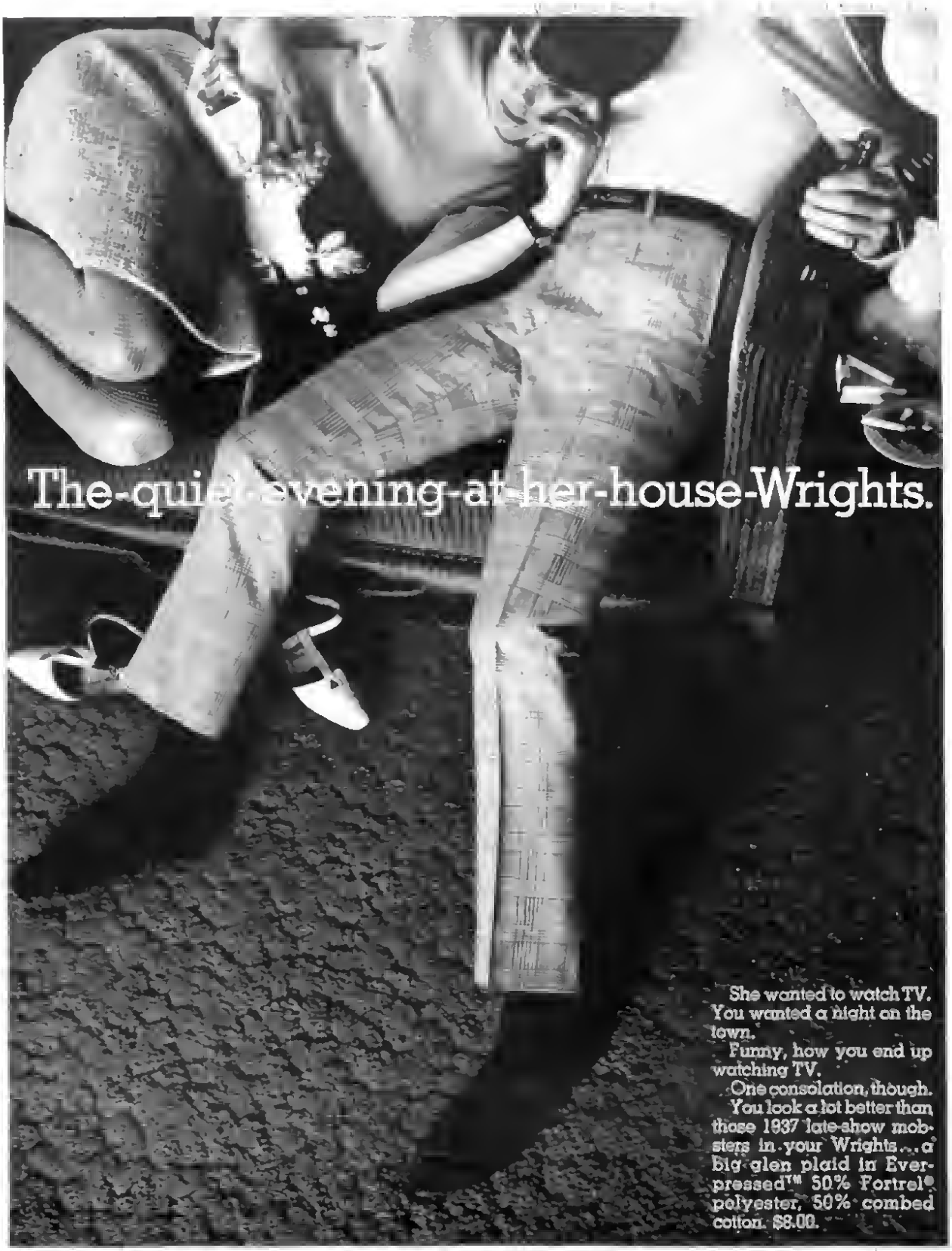
No wonder so many hunters prefer color-coded Federal shells.



FEDERAL® CARTRIDGE CORPORATION
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 55427




Mavest makes body contact. The sport coat shaped to muscle with 2-button flair. Fighting Irish wool tweed. Hacking-flap pocket, deep center vent. And the robust workmanship that is Mavest. About $55. See the hard-driving store near you, and see the sport coats Mavest makes. MAVEST, Inc., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, Rockefeller Center, N.Y.
Mavest
makes the sport coat.
PURE VIRGIN WOOL


The-quiet-evening-at-her-house-Wrights.
She wanted to watch TV. You wanted a night on the town.
Funny, how you end up watching TV.
One consolation, though.
You look a lot better than those 1937 late-show mobsters in your Wrights... a big glen plaid in Ever-pressed™ 50% Fortrel® polyester, 50% combed cotton. $8.00.
WRIGHT™ CASUALS

"I'll make you a sporting proposition: If V·M gives you a free copy...



Coach Ara Parseghian of Notre Dame University.

This 64-page booklet, with introduction by Coach Parseghian, can teach you to watch Football with an educated eye

To spot the way spotters do.

To see what the coaches look for.

Study the diagrams of offensive and defensive formations, options, passing and blocking patterns and learn to "read" plays like a linebacker does

There are lots of tricks to the spectator's trade, but with the help of this book you can see it all—the excitement that many veteran fans don't know exists and only the trained eye can really appreciate.

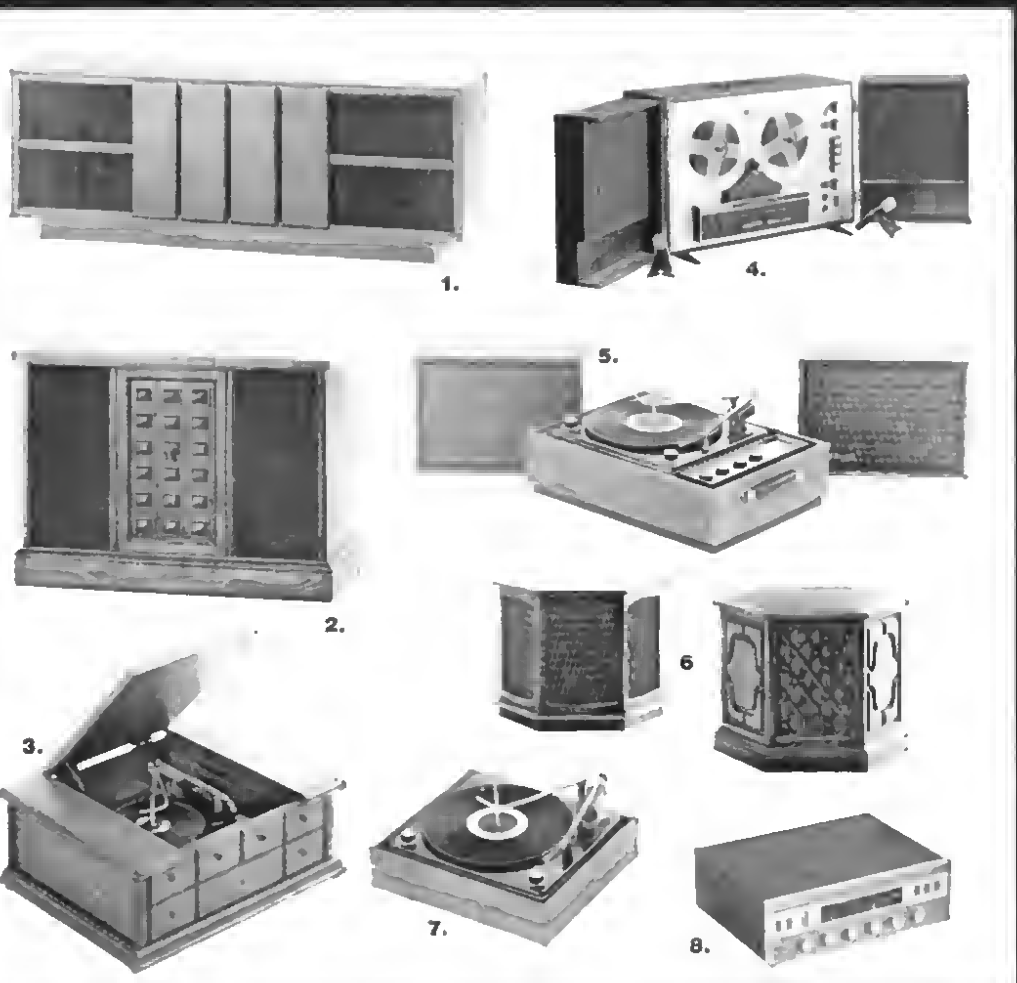
It's all spelled out for you by Leo Fischer whose swinging sports section for Chicago's American may just be the liveliest in the country.

There's even an illustrated dictionary of Referee's signals, and all the big schedules for the coming season, plus statistics and records.

To get your free copy, just stop in to see your participating Voice of Music dealer. (You'll know him by the big display in his window.) There's no cost or obligation. All he asks is a chance to let you hear what you've been missing in stereo sound, and to tell you something you may not know about stereo value.

Is it a deal?

will you give them a fair hearing?"



Here are a few of the things we'd like you to hear. Pick any one. The instant you hear V•M, you'll recognize some of the best stereo sound money can buy. Then take another moment to find out how little money buys it.

1. "Melodist" (Model 976) AM/FM-Stereo console phonograph Oil finished walnut. Solid State $339 95 Stereo tape recorder available (All consoles have Fine Hardwoods Association Certification Tag.)

2. "Spanish Chest" (Model 832) Stereo console phonograph Solid State $189 95 Also available with AM/FM-Stereo tuner.

3. "Spice Chest" (Model 523). Table model stereo with the fine cabinetry of a console $129 95.

4. "Words & Music" (Model 749) Portable stereo tape recorder Solid State. Detachable speakers $259 95.

5. "Portable Component System" (Model 369-2) A V•M original Stereo components that snap together, carry like a suitcase $129 95.

6. "Colonnade" component speakers (Models 80,81). High Fidelity speaker systems which double as fine furniture—end tables, commodes Model 80, $165 00. Model 81, $150 00

7. Record Changer (Model 1576) 4-speed automatic, jamproof. Superbly designed and balanced tone arm. Perhaps the most reliable changer in the world $56 95, including base

8. AM/FM-Stereo Tuner/Amplifier (Model 1484-2). Highly sophisticated Solid State circuitry. $219 95.

The Voice of Music

Plan to be worth $100,000 someday? We'll help you start now.



With a plan that insures your greatest asset–you. That takes the worry out of the future so you can concentrate on getting ahead and growing. We call it the Young Executive. It's a plan that provides plenty of room for increasing net worth with the protection you want and need right now. For $33.38 a month if you're 25 now. Want to know more? Write The Midland Mutual Life Insurance Company, 250 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio 43216

Midland Mutual Life

$100 SAYS YOU CAN'T PICK 12 WINNERS!

EVERYBODY WINS $100 for picking the winners of these 12 football games.* No purchase required. If you go undefeated, you'll also be eligible for a .

BONUS PRIZE: $1,000 in cash – plus your choice of a five day trip for two to the Rose Bowl or Super Bowl. For the bonus prize, just pick the team that will score the most points in any of these games, and come closest to the number of points it actually scores. (A drawing will be held in a case of ties for the bonus prize.)

*Games selected by the Football News, America's Number One Grid Weekly

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Circle teams you think will win. Entries must be postmarked by Oct. 2, 1967, and received no later than Oct. 6, 1967.

Oct.	7	Mississippi	Alabama
Oct.	14	Michigan State	Michigan
Oct.	15	St. Louis Cardinals	Cleveland
Oct.	21	Texas	Arkansas
Oct.	28	Harvard	Dartmouth
Nov.	5	Green Bay Packers	Baltimore
Nov.	12	Buffalo Bills	New York Jets
Nov.	18	USC	UCLA
Nov.	23	Nebraska	Oklahoma
Nov.	25	Georgia	Georgia Tech
Dec.	2	Army	Navy
Dec.	3	Buffalo Bills	Kansas City

The team that will score the most points in any of the above games is _____, and they will score _____ points in that game.

ENTRY BLANK (please print plainly)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

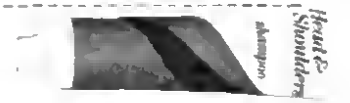
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Each entry (except for Missouri residents) must be accompanied by a label or carton flap from Head & Shoulders or a plain piece of paper about 3 x 5 inches on which you have hand-printed HEAD & SHOULDERS in plain block letters. No more than three (3) entries per person will be allowed, and only official entry blanks will be accepted (additional free entry blanks available at your store, except in Wis.). Government regulations apply. Contest open to all U.S. residents except employees of Procter & Gamble, its subsidiaries, its advertising agencies, employees of Football News and families of the above. No purchase necessary. Judges' decision final. All entries become the property of Procter & Gamble.

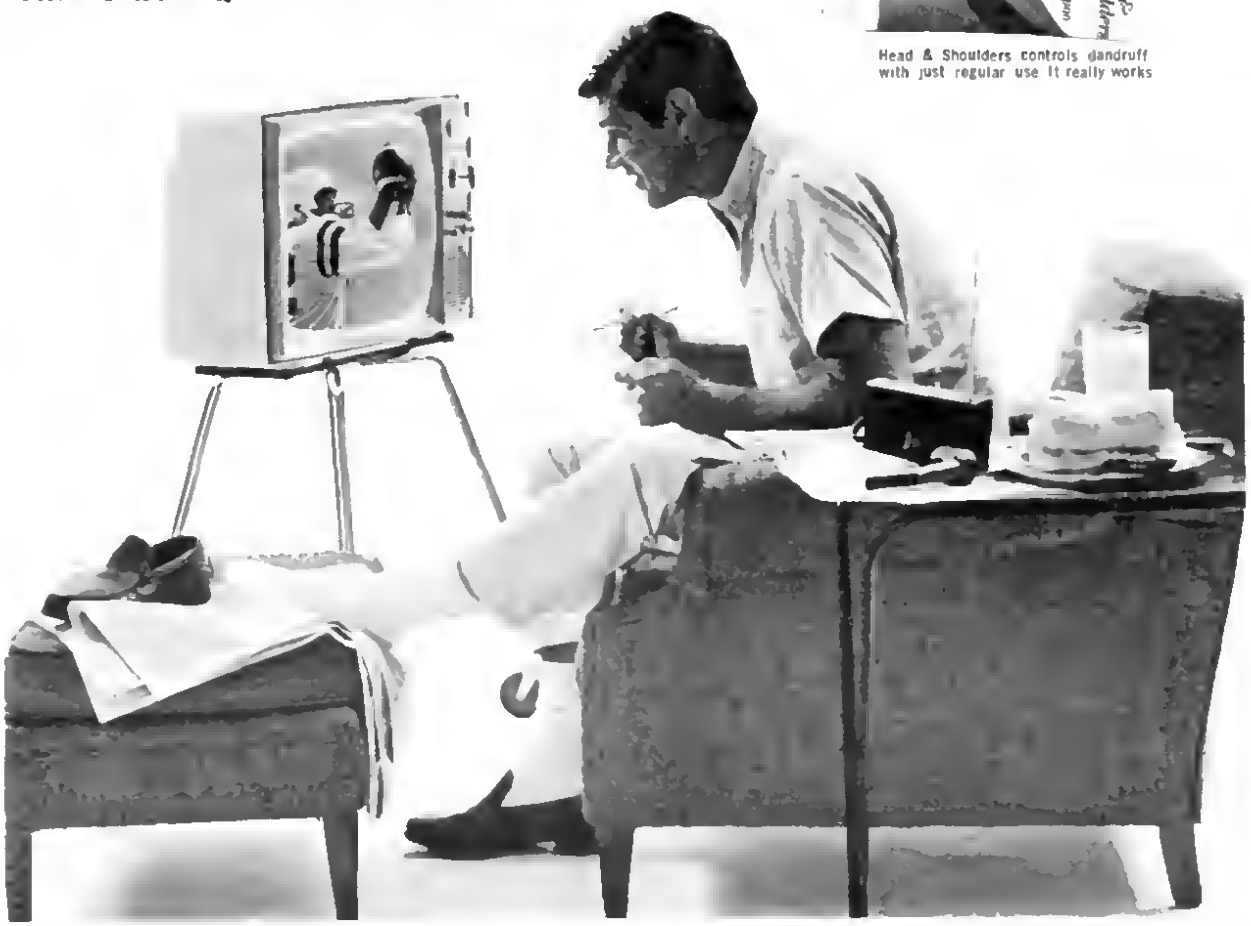
SPECIAL OFFER: Your chance to subscribe to Football News $3.00 for 16 issues (reg. $5.00). Subscription not necessary to enter contest. Just initial here _____. Check or money order payable to Football News must be enclosed. (Please do not send stamps or cash.)

Mail to **Armchair Quarterback Contest**
P. O. Box 247, New York, New York 10046

ENTER THE HEAD & SHOULDERS "ARMCHAIR QUARTERBACK" CONTEST



Head & Shoulders controls dandruff with just regular use. It really works.



THE OTHER

Into the blissful world of crabgrass and mortgages comes



THE OXFORD FOG
A warm jacket for those rollicking, fun filled days out in the crisp suburban air. Traditional herringbone. Made of 100% Virgin Wool.
About $65.00

THE DOVER FOG
A luxurious jacket for the man who enjoys all the luxuries of life, including one speedboat, 2 sets of golf clubs, 3 cars — and 27 charge accounts. Made of 100% plush cotton corduroy.
About $60.00

THE HAMPTON FOG
A casual jacket, perfect for the leisure hours when a man's time is truly his own. Made of our own Calibre Cloth. With zip-out warmer.
About $45.00

FOGS

this new line of coats from London Fog.®



THE SQUIRE FOG
A manly jacket for the rugged individualist who rejects professional plumbers, gardeners, carpenters etc. 100% plush cotton corduroy
About $55.00

THE EXETER FOG
A distinguished businessy type jacket, perfect for commuting to the city and back, to the city and back, to the city and back. Traditional herringbone 100% Virgin Wool
About $70.00

THE KENT FOG
An outdoorsy jacket, excellent for communing with the wide, wonderful world of nature. Made of Claeth Cloth with 100% full body lining
About $30.00

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies. Londontown®, Baltimore, Md.



"You Scotch drinkers sound like a broken record.

Johnnie Walker Red
Johnnie Walker Red
Johnnie Walker Red."



Johnnie Walker Red, so smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86 8 PROOF IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION NEW YORK, N. Y.

SCORECARD

CAESAR'S WIFE SITUATION

The frightening specter of fixed games in professional football has stirred in its shrouds again. A Boston report says Patriot stars have been dropping in at a place near their training camp that is also a hangout for unsavory characters. Professional football's chief investigator, Bill Hundley, went to Boston last week to check on the report, and the joint is now off limits.

All pro football players are briefed at the beginning of each season against association with bookies and mobsters or visiting the places they frequent. It is a good rule and ought to be enforced rigidly.

CONTRACT, ANYONE?

One captain not content to go down with his ship is George MacCall, leader of the U.S. Davis Cuppers. Instead of fretting about his amateurs capsizing in the cup match at Ecuador, he is pondering a new berth as leader of the true tennis professionals—the kind named Laver, Rosewall, Gonzalez, Gimeno, Ralston and Stolle.

A 49-year-old Los Angeles insurance agent, MacCall surfaced last week at Wimbledon's first pro tournament and met with the competing athletes. Word from there is that he is in line to become the boss of the professionals, replacing Executive Director Wally Dill (SI, July 24), whom the players fired after a year and a half. Dill worked as an employee of the players, but MacCall may put them on his own payroll. According to one report, he is willing to guarantee the pros nearly half a million dollars in prize money for a 1968 U.S. circuit of six months. Like the owner of a baseball club, he would make all travel arrangements, take care of expenses, try to get TV coverage and so on. A pension plan has been mentioned, too, and that would certainly make some of the top alleged amateurs think seriously of going straight. If MacCall does take over, Manolo Santana, Roy Emerson and Tony Roche could well become professionals by January 1.

And with MacCall as boss, the pros considered nasty outlaws for years—would draw nearer to the United States Lawn Tennis Association, since MacCall is a close friend of the USLTA president, Bob Kelleher, who retained him as cup captain.

THE WAITING GAME

The baseball game started early Saturday afternoon. The first and only run was scored early in the evening of the following Wednesday.

The United Steel Workers won the second-half championship of the South Shore Little League of Staten Island, N.Y. over Stryker's in a game that went 21 innings, was halted twice by darkness and included 67 strikeouts, 17 walks and but 12 hits.

The teams played seven innings on Saturday before night intervened, then eight more before darkness struck on Monday and went six more on Wednesday before Roy Kruckeberg, the winning pitcher, singled and scored on Ray Rudolph's double. (Tuesday was skipped because of a wet field.) Kruckeberg pitched six innings (the league maximum permissible) on each of the last two days, allowing one hit in all.

Just as impressive was Stryker's Pete March, who toiled six, six and three innings for a grand total of 15 shutout frames—without getting a victory.

Perhaps the most amazing statistic of all for Little Leaguers was that neither team made an error.

THE IN THING

Now that stuffing telephone booths and marathon Ping-Pong are passé, what will young America be doing this fall for *outré* sport? Painting fireplugs in the psychedelic manner, maybe.

It has already begun in Indianapolis, where the water company decided to make a radical change in the color of the city's 13,300 fireplugs. Instead of the standard yellow, they were decorated with what has been described as "an avant-garde aqua-green." This, in turn, inspired some of the citizenry, young-type, and within the shadow of the governor's Mansion on North Meridian Street appeared a fireplug decorated with red-and-white stripes, blue trim and white stars on the top, base and outlets.

"We think it's very pretty," said Mrs. Robert Bridwell, who lives in back of the masterpiece. "Painting the plugs seems to be the thing to do now among teen-agers."

At the Herron School of Art, a student groused: "That's an atrocious color they put on the plugs. I make it a point to try to paint at least a plug a week. Flowers, stripes or polka dots are big favorites right now."



The water company is not enraptured.

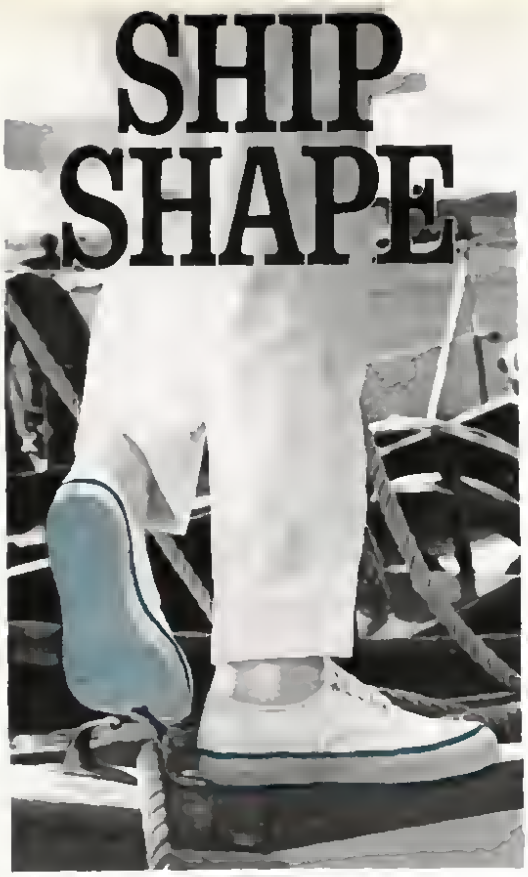
"It confuses the firemen," an official explained.

HEAVENLY SPORT

For way-out fishing, you might consider the offer of Father Bernard Brown, an Oblate priest who has put in 18 years in Canada's far north and now has established the most northerly fishing lodge in North America—on the shore of Colville Lake, just 200 miles south of the Arctic Ocean. The fishing, he says—and would a priest lie, even about fishing?—is terrific.

As a for-instance, three fellows from Amherstburg, Ontario took 75 trout one day. And another hooked 50 grayling on consecutive casts. The fish average about five pounds apiece, with an occasional trout running to 40 pounds. The fish are

continued



Windjammers—
the saltiest
boat shoes that
ever came aboard.

Don't go near the water without the real article—and these new shoes are it. Up top, they're sturdy canvas duck bound for action. Inside is the exclusive Posture Foundation wedge to keep your sea legs sturdy. Deckside is a new ribbed sole tested for grip-power under all conditions. And it's all wrapped up with a fit that feels like 30 knots.

If you want to be seaworthy, it's worth seeing your B.F.Goodrich dealer. Shape up in a pair of new Windjammers—and ship out in style today!

B.F.Goodrich

Trip plight? Expedite!

Gentlemen
Please send your new free
52-page travelbooklet troubleshooter /
Saves me time and fuss in travel
planning / Complete Master Hosts
list of great motor hotels /
Covers 254 cities, 46
states and 6 foreign countries /
Tells where to find them,
what extra services and recreation
facilities / Free reservation and
"how much is it going to cost?"
information / A vital aid for advanced trip plotting

MASTER HOSTS
MOTOR HOTELS

MASTER HOSTS, Dept.S P-1, 6901 West Freeway, Fort Worth, Texas 76116

name _____ address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

so plentiful that Father Brown puts up about 4,000 trout and whitefish each fall to feed his seven white Alaskan malamutes during the winter. When all 75 natives—Hare Indians known to other tribes as "the-end-of-the-earth people"—are in the settlement, 1,000 pounds of fish a night are needed to feed their dogs. But government biologists say there is an overpopulation of fish in the lake, and it should be thinned out.

Colville Lake is covered with ice from early October until mid-July, though sometimes a floatplane can land in open water near shore in late June. The fishing lodge sleeps six, but if enough sportsmen show up Father Brown will build more log cabins. He is an expert at this and has built a church for his mission, a 200-foot dock, some 20 log cabins for the natives and an underground ice house in the permafrost. He is indeed a man of many talents. He serves as a doctor and dentist, when necessary, and is a radio operator. He is an artist whose paintings show a great feeling for the outdoors. And he is a superb fisherman.

BUCK BENVENUTI RIDES AGAIN

Unafraid, unshorn and with an electronic punching bag among his gear, Nino Benvenuti, the middleweight champion of the world, was cruising leisurely aboard the luxurious transatlantic liner, the *Raffaello*, toward his September 28 return bout with Emile Griffith at Shea Stadium, New York.

It was first-cabin treatment all the way for Nino. The ship's loudspeaker system played songs and marches from his Trieste homeland. The *Raffaello*'s gym was rigged especially for him. His cabin was amidships on the sun deck, where the vibrations are least.

His hair and his 19th-century sideburns are longer than when he took the title away from Griffith last spring.

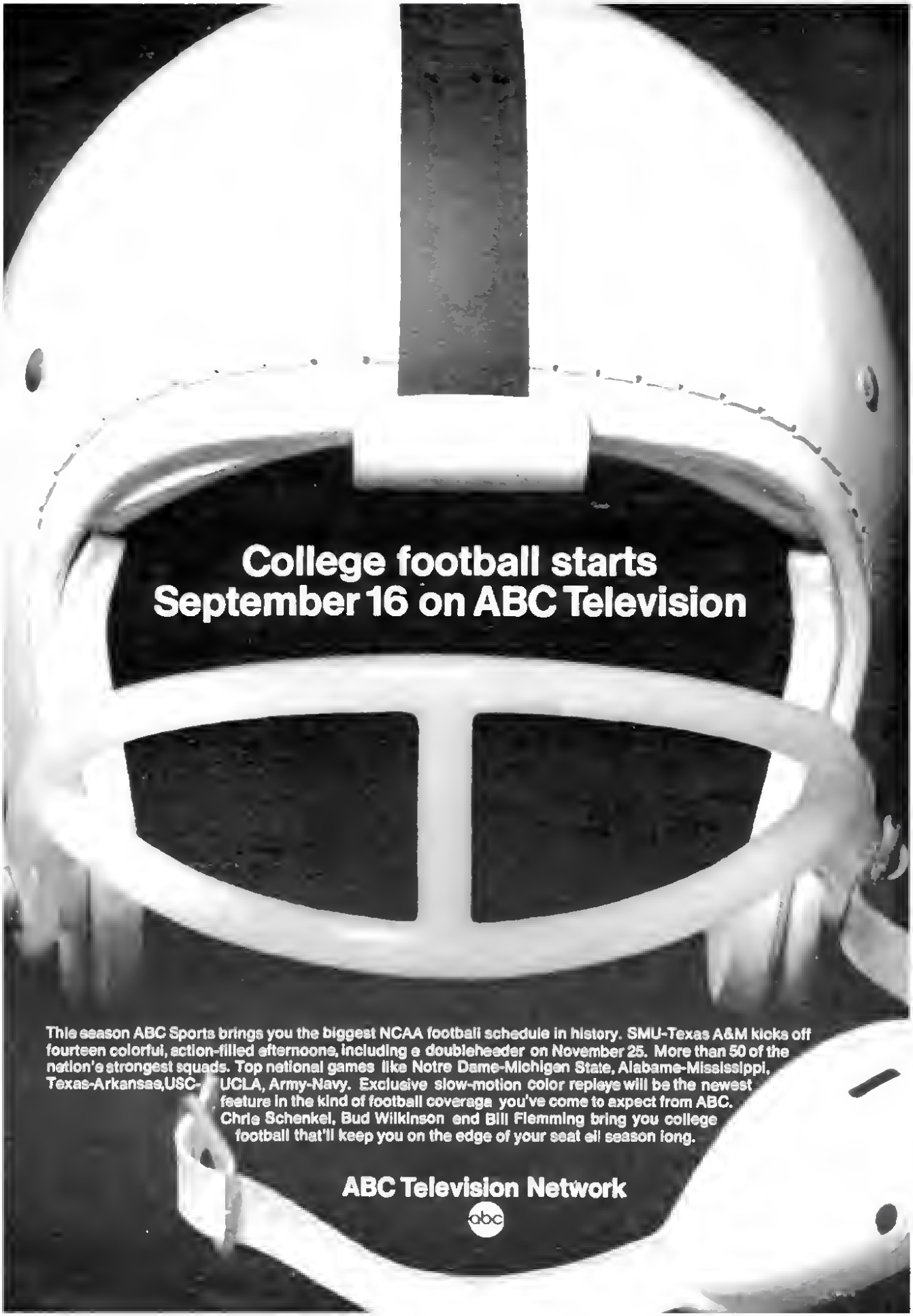
"Let my hair be," he warned. "I'll cut it only after I've defeated Griffith. I don't want to be a Samson."

As for Griffith: "I'm worried because I don't fear him. But even if what I'm saying seems to be a paradox, I'll be sure of winning 100% only when I begin to fear Griffith. Try to understand me. When one is too convinced of his superiority, the most unpardonable errors can be committed. I have this defect."

He really does talk that way.

Trainer Libero Golinelli brought along colored balls to throw at Benvenuti in

continued


College football starts
September 16 on ABC Television
This season ABC Sports brings you the biggest NCAA football schedule in history. SMU-Texas A&M kicks off fourteen colorful, action-filled afternoons, including a doubleheader on November 25. More than 50 of the nation's strongest squads. Top national games like Notre Dame-Michigan State, Alabama-Mississippi, Texas-Arkansas, USC-UCLA, Army-Navy. Exclusive slow-motion color replays will be the newest feature in the kind of football coverage you've come to expect from ABC. Chris Schenkel, Bud Wilkinson and Bill Flemming bring you college football that'll keep you on the edge of your seat all season long.
ABC Television Network
abc



Quaker State presents a new winner.

Although you may not be a racing car driver, you may need the "pit-stop protection" new Quaker State Racing Motor Oil offers. It's super-refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil to keep today's hot, new high-performance engines performing best, even at racing temperatures. Ask for competition-proved Quaker State Racing Motor Oil.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

"Sure I sweat. All over. But nobody's got to know it."



Nobody will if you use a deodorant under your arms, and Mennen Deodorant Bath Talc everywhere else. Soothes, dries, protects the other 95% of you.

order to sharpen his reactions. "Now we have some new sorcery," Nino said. "It's an electric punching bag. I hit it at various points and a panel lights up telling me the number and intensity of the punches."

Lights out, Emile?

VIRTUE'S REWARD

Remember that story about the five poker players from Brooklyn who bought their first horse for $8,500 and wound up with the best 3-year-old pacer in the world (*Having a Romance with Romeo*, SI, Oct. 3, 1966)? Well, a funny thing has happened to the owners of Romeo Hanover during the years in which he has won $632,867. They have changed from delighted novices into good, professional-type horse owners. Last week they proved this in the most traditional of ways: they broke up with their trainer.

Jerry Silverman, 31, had picked out the brilliant colt and trained him to 34 victories before he went lame in June. But now the members of the Lucky Star Stable have decided that Silverman can no longer handle their horse. They told this to Trainer-driver Billy Haughton when they asked him to take over Romeo. Haughton said he wondered what Silverman had been doing wrong during all those wins, and turned the owners down. Part of the reason was that Billy was committed to drive his own Romulus Hanover, Romeo's younger full brother, in many races in which Romeo might start. Undaunted, the Lucky Star people persuaded the other top "name" driver in New York, Stanley Dancer, to take their horse. Silverman, only months ago hailed as a good young trainer, had announced his resignation the day before. Welcome to big-time racing.

FIGHTING MAN

Dean of Big Ten football coaches and now beginning his 17th season at Ohio State (*page 98*), Woody Hayes has spent the last two summers visiting our troops in Vietnam. And he is also fighting on the home front.

"Let me tell you," he said the other day, "all our weapons are not in Vietnam. The hard headgear is one. For 13 years we've padded our headgear at OSU inside and outside. We're now using a synthetic rubber 20 times as absorbent as foam rubber.

"We protect our opponents with that outside padding—figure that 85% of the

continued

Track shoes for playboys.



When you put on a pair of Jiffies like the Squire, you don't sit home all night and stare at your feet.

As you get up off the sofa to mix a few martinis, you'll notice it's like walking on marshmallows. Because Jiffies have very, very, very soft cushioning inside.

And they're also light. So if you have to do a lot of running around they won't feel like combat boots. They're even hand washable.

The prices are sensible too: from $3 to $7. The Squire here goes for only $4.

Jiffies are fast becoming *the* only footwear for indoor sports.

Notice we didn't call them "Chickens."

The Squire by

JIFFIES®

We already know how to cut teen-age driving accidents by millions over the next few years.

By high school Driver Education courses, properly conducted and taken by all future young drivers.

But not all kids take them. Make sure yours do.

Simulated "accidents" in classrooms are worth lives on the highway.

Maybe yours.



Allstate

We support Driver Education with all our heart. Since 1952, *Allstate has helped pay for the training of 12,000 teachers* who've already taught 3½ million students to drive.

We've helped develop special equipment just for these courses.

And 13 years ago, backing up our beliefs, Allstate pioneered insurance discounts for Driver Educatian.

If your high schools offer Driver Education, make sure your yaungsters take the course.

If your high schools do not give Driver Education, write to Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Companies, Box 367, Northbroak, Ill. 60062, for a free kit called "How You Can Help Cut Teen-Age Auto Accidents."

protection is given the team we're playing—but we can't get much support from other schools.

"In order to do a good job of blocking and tackling, you have to aim with the head. If you aim with the shoulder, you'll miss. If that headgear isn't protective, however, it's a dangerous weapon. But we can't get many other schools to go for protective headgear."

What percentage of Big Ten teams pad their helmets outside as well as inside?

"Ten percent," Woody answered. "Us."

HOROSCOPE HORSEPLAYERS

Horseplayers are given to buying and taking all kinds of information, and in New Zealand they do not mind if it comes from the stars. Betting sheets publish horoscopes with suggestions for watching certain numbers on the program and certain colored silks on the jockeys. At least eight papers in New Zealand carry these horoscopes. One publication heads its predictions "The Stars Look Down," and another bylines a "Stargazer." The tipsters are anonymous, but it is reported that one of them at least might be the ideal combination of an amateur astrologist, keen on racing, who is also a free-lance journalist.

Punters born under Sagittarius must have been confused recently, for "Stargazer" advised betting No. 2 and giving thought to "silks that are mainly royal blue," while "The Stars Look Down" told them "Keep 5 and 8 in mind as good numbers, with scarlet and gold as best colors."

In New Zealand's betting shops one often hears women and men muttering "Well, I've got to follow my horoscope." Without a computer there is no ready way to tell how successful the stars are but they surely are as reliable as most turf-bound tips and gyps.

THEY SAID IT

• Fresco Thompson, Los Angeles Dodger vice-president, discussing the team's offense: "We don't have a guy who can hit a sacrifice fly far enough to score Jesse Owens from third base."

• Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, parrying a request that he predict which league will win the World Series this year: "I take a national view of the American League and an American view of the National League." **END**



AMERICAN LEAGUE

Like worms in a bait can, four American League teams squirmed and twisted at the top of the standings as the best pennant race in years writhed into September. Home runs that would have been routine in July were saluted with extravagant cheers; errors that would have been anonymous in May glared as brazen as Biblical sin. The most startling turned worm in the race was Boston, up from last year's ninth place, drawing capacity crowds day after day to antiquated Fenway Park, refusing to quit, reacting to a disaster—the disabling injury to Tony Conigliaro (his cheekbone was fractured by an errant pitch)—by winning 17 of their next 22 games. The Red Sox lost a 20-inning game to the Yankees, the second half of a twi-night doubleheader, but came back to win the next afternoon when team leader Carl Yastrzemski hit a home run in the 11th. The White Sox had their fans, the Twins had theirs and the Tigers had theirs, but the long-shot Red Sox were fast becoming the nation's favorites, like the Brooklyn Dodgers of the 1940s and the Milwaukee Braves of the 1950s.



Intense Manager Dick Williams whipped the Red Sox out of their permissive lethergy and moved them into contention.



Tense Umpire Ed Runge signals "Safe!" as Boston's Mike Andrews barrels home under the tag of White Sox catcher.

FRENZY



Red Sox fans, hungering for a pennant, recall their last championship, when Boston finished first by a dozen games.



CONTINUED

The other contenders were busy grabbing expensive veterans for pennant insurance (Elston Howard and Ken Harrelson to Boston, Ken Boyer and Rocky Colavito to Chicago, Eddie Mathews to Detroit), but Minnesota's Twins elected to stand pat with what they had—and it just might be good enough. The Twins once again moved past the Red Sox into first place when Dave Boswell shut out the Tigers last Saturday and, after all, Harmon Killebrew—despite 34 home runs and 90 RBIs—really had not yet begun to hit. Manager Cal Ermer was still feeling his way and Coach Billy Martin, more demanding than Ermer, was teed off by inept Minnesota play. Yet there were the Twins on top. Impetuous Cesar Tovar kept lifting the team with his timely hitting and inspired fielding, and the Twins seemed ready for the big move.



Harmon Killebrew, here sliding into home plate like Zoilo Versalles, could break the race apart if his home run bat got hot.





Exchanging unpleasantries with an umpire, rookie Manager Cal Ermer battles for the flag in his first big-league managing job.



Dejected even after a 10–9 win over the Orioles, Coach Billy Martin broods over his team's daily bobbles and bonehead plays

Backpats and handshakes greet Minnesota rookie Rich Reese, who won a vital uphill game with two-run homer in ninth.





The Fenway Park crowd answers Stanky's needling with a caustic banner, lusty boos and a sustained chant "Stanky is a bum!"

White Sox Manager Eddie Stanky seldom missed a chance to needle Boston, where he once played. He rapped Fenway Park police protection, called Carl Yastrzemski "an All-Star from the neck down" and threatened to sue Boston sportswriters. Boston fans lustily booed him Thursday night when he took out Cisco Carlos in the seventh inning (the rookie pitcher had allowed just one hit). "I'd yank my own son if it was the right move," said Eddie. Chicago won that game with homers, lost 10-2 Friday night, then knocked Boston out of the lead, 4-1, Saturday on national TV.



Looking to the World Series, the contentious Stanky said "We're fighting for $10,000 each, and I'm managing for 25 men."



Cisco Carlos (center) pitched beautifully in game White Sox won on home runs by Pete Ward (left) and Tommie Agee.



Early in the week Detroit had won three straight from California but then was stunned by the Angels 3–2 after Earl Wilson, an 18-game winner, had taken a 2–1 lead into the ninth. Still, they had 11 victories in 16 games when they moved into Minnesota for three games with the Twins, and they were in splendid position to challenge for the lead. But the edgy Tigers made four errors in three innings, gave the Twins three unearned runs and lost 5–4. Next day they were shut out by the Minnesotans and, just like that, instead of leading the race, the Tigers were back in fourth place.

"You can't give away three runs," said Tiger Manager Mayo Smith, "and expect to win too many games in a race like this."

Picked off first, Twins' Valdespino reaches second safely after Detroit's Norm Cash chased him all the way did not throw.



K.D. FIGURES OUT THE FORMULA

Twice before Texan K. D. Owen had journeyed to Du Quoin with favorites for The Hambletonian, only to return home empty-handed. This time he tried a new tack and came away with trotting's top prize

by PETE AXTHELM

There were only a few people in the little restaurant in Du Quoin, Ill., and the rich, deep, faintly humorous voice of K. D. Owen seemed to fill the room. Owen, a geologist, horse owner and fine storyteller from Houston, talked about trotting horses and made wry comments, but his mood was unusually cautious. A day later and just a few furlongs away, on the hard and fast mile track at the Du Quoin State Fairgrounds, a colt named Speedy Streak was to start in the most important of all trotting races, The Hambletonian. Owen is half owner of Speedy Streak as a partner of Clarence and John Gaines, and the colt was one of the choices. "That doesn't mean much," Owen said. "He's a good horse, but I've had others that looked much better favorites here, and we *all* know what happened to them."

What happened was that they lost, badly. In 1960 many believed that Owen's Uncle Sam would sweep the race in two straight heats. He finished eighth in the first and 17th in the second as Blaze Hanover went on to win. Five years later K. D. was back in Du Quoin with the prohibitive choice, Noble Victory. He felt so confident that he flew in a group of friends from Texas and brought several carloads of people from his old cattle farm in Indiana. Noble Victory had lost only one heat in his life before The Hambletonian. K. D. and his legions watched him lose three heats in one afternoon and place out of the money. "This year I didn't bring any friends with me," Owen said. "I did ask one old boy on my farm if he wanted to come. He looked up at me real slowly and said, 'If you don't mind, Mr. Owen, I reckon I'm a little tired of watching you get beat.'"

So K. D. arrived alone, spent two days bracing himself for the worst—and then watched Speedy Streak trot to a straight-heat victory. When the race was over, nearly all involved agreed that no one deserved it more than Owen, who has put so much into the sport. "I can hardly believe I finally won this race," K. D. said. "I was prepared for almost anything to go wrong."

The odd contingencies of every Hambletonian are reflected by the whole Du Quoin scene. To most trotting fans Du Quoin is another world. The track lies at the east end of a bustling, noisy fairgrounds, and sometimes the horses seem lost amid the Ferris wheels and sideshows. The clear rhythmic sound of hooves in a morning workout is occasionally drowned out by a freak show barker ("Brand new this year—strange creatures from Vee-et-nayem"), and the fresh, strong smell of horses and liniment mingles with the odors from barbecue pits and popcorn machines. Between races on some days, vaudeville acts entertain the grandstand customers. This year one act featured chimpanzees, a trained seal used to be a regular attraction, but he had to be dropped when an undefeated 2-year-old filly apparently fell in love with him. When she approached the spot on the track closest to where the seal sat in the infield, she would stop. Her driver tried to cure her and failed. Then he decided to salvage something for his trouble. Bookmakers were still doing business at Du Quoin then, and the driver placed a good bet on the horse he thought was next best to his. His own filly went off at 1 to 5, stopped cold when she reached the seal and let the other horse, off at 20 to 1, trot past her to an easy victory.

Now there are neither seals nor bookmakers at Du Quoin and, to many, the absence of betting may be the strangest thing of all about The Hambletonian. People come just to watch horses race. They treat the well-bred animals with a reverence that may come from the simple fact that the horse is a familiar companion in their daily lives. This corny, old-fashioned, country-fair setting is, after all, the origin of harness racing, and as long as the sport keeps returning to Du Quoin for its biggest event, all the twin doubles and perfectas in the world will not be able to reduce it to a mere numbers game. The Hambletonian purse last week was $122,650, it could have been $500 and most of the horses would still have raced. Elbridge Gerry, co-owner of Yonkers Futurity winner Pomp, said, "The Yonkers Futurity is for the money. This one is for the pride."

John Gaines and K. D. Owen began thinking of this race almost two years ago at the Lexington yearling sales when, with Gaines bidding and Owen urging him on, they paid Castleton Farm a record price of $113,000 for Speedy Streak. "I thought of stopping but K. D. kept nodding to keep going," recalled Gaines. "We wound up paying a bit more than we had planned."

For a long time it appeared that they



After a long wait K. D. clasps his Hambo bowl

had paid quite a bit more than the colt was worth. Plagued by a heel infection and cracked hooves, Speedy Streak won only two races last season, as Trainer Frank Ervin tried numerous treatments to strengthen his feet and keep them from bleeding every time he trotted fast. He didn't really show Hambletonian form until the Review Futurity two weeks before the race, when he won a heat in 1:59 4/5 to become the first member of this modest 3-year-old crop to break two minutes. By that time, unfortunately, Ervin was hospitalized with one of a series of illnesses that kept him out of action much of this season. But Frank had done his usual superb job with the colt, and left him in the capable hands of 26-year-old Assistant Trainer Art Hult and Driver Del Cameron.

When Cameron was engaged to drive the colt, Gaines thought of turning him over to Del to train also until Ervin recovered. But Cameron dismissed that idea very quickly. He does not play by that set of rules. Del has never taken away a horse or a job from anyone, and he would not consider taking Speedy Streak from Ervin and Hult. Cameron also has earned a reputation among his colleagues as a brilliant horseman and driver. "He not only has ability but class," Stanley Dancer said last week, "and that combination is pretty hard to find." While Stanley drove Noble Victory in 1965, he entrusted a lesser colt named Egyptian Candor to Cameron. Del won. This year Cameron got another chance as a catch driver and won again, with two of the most efficient drives anyone could demand.

This Hambletonian will not be listed among the great competitions in harness racing history. Speedy Streak won the first heat by four lengths after following Keystone Pride and Billy Haughton along the outside and then drawing away. He took the second the same way, with a late charge that beat Hult and the Ervin-trained Speed Model by a length, with Keystone Pride third. The only slight danger occurred in the stretch during the first heat when Speedy Streak became rough-gaited and Cameron was forced to steady him. But overall the victory was convincing, undramatic and slow. In a week when a number of horses broke two minutes at Du Quoin, The Hambletonian winner managed to hit 2:00 in the first heat and 2:01 in the second. Ironically, Dancer, who was disappointed when his favored Dazzling Speed raced poorly and came back with a temperature, had a better colt back in the barn. His 2-year-old Nevele Pride won in a world record 1:58 4/5 a day earlier. Stanley will have to wait another year for his first Hambletonian.

But Speedy Streak at least proved conclusively that he is the best of his generation on a mile track in late August, which is what The Hambletonian is presumably designed to prove. He also earned more credit for the remarkable 63-year-old Ervin, who rarely has missed a Hambletonian Week, and for Cameron, who joins Ben White and Henry Thomas as the only men to have driven three or more winners of the race. Young Hult, who was left out of the winner's ceremonies, got third in the overall placings with Speed Model, and had reason to be pleased. Alone back at his barn, he breathed deeply and let all the day's pressure leave him. "We started two and got first and third money," he said, trying hard to sound as casual as Ervin would have been. "Guess we can't complain, huh?"

K. D. Owen wasn't even trying to sound calm. "I figured out how to win this," he joked. "I finally realized I couldn't do it with my own luck. So I joined the Gaineses."

Clarence and John Gaines have certainly found the luck or formula or whatever it takes to win Hambletonians. They won last year with Kerry Way, are only the third owners ever to win two in a row and have done it without a huge breeding farm or racing stable. The Gaineses race only a few horses each year. "Yes," said John Gaines, "we've accomplished this with a very selective, careful, lucky operation." **END**



Late rush in the stretch takes Speedy Streak to a length victory over Speed Model in the second heat. He won the first with the same strategy.

THIS YEAR THE FIGHT

Coaches of top teams have long pretended they did not care about national rankings, but Notre Dame



WILL BE IN THE OPEN

vs. Michigan State has changed that, and this season's excitement centers on the battle to be No. 1

BY DAN JENKINS



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

Back in the days when college football players wore one-piece leather suits, did not throw passes and ran with the dazzling speed of tree trunks, it was fairly easy to recognize a No. 1 team every season. Somebody like Casper Whitney in *Harper's Weekly* or J. Parmly Paret in *Outing* looked at the records of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Penn, quickly deciphered which one had outgroped Columbia Law School by the biggest margin, and boldly proclaimed them the mythical national champion. Nobody argued about it, preoccupied as most people were with striking for an eight-hour work day and wondering where Khartoum was. Nobody even cared. You told a man that your school was No. 1 some 80 years ago and all he said was, "That's swell but, excuse me, I got to go invent the airplane."

Things have changed a lot since then, of course. Players can now run faster than a coach going to pick up a new set of tires from a friendly booster. Uniforms are sleek and handsome when the socks stay up. A vast number of teams have discovered the forward pass. And absolutely nothing can get the college enthusiast as outrageously excited as a debate over who should be No. 1.

Last season, for example, there was blood spilled all over South Bend, Ind., East Lansing, Mich. and Tuscaloosa, Ala., as the decisions were about to be made by all the people who currently chose national champions—everyone, it seems, from the AP to Sara Lee. Notre Dame and Michigan State played a 10–10 tie before millions on television, knocking each other out of perfect records. Then millions more watched as Alabama

continued

whomped Nebraska in the Sugar Bowl and finished with the only spotless record in the country. But when the final selections were made it was Notre Dame by the length of Ara Parseghian's name. Five of the seven best-known award-givers—AP, UPI, the Football Writers, Dick Dunkel and Frank Litkenhous—liked the Irish despite their cozy tie with Michigan State. The other two, the Hall of Fame and the Helms Athletic Foundation, settled on a tie of their own between Notre Dame and the Spartans. And the loyal friends of Alabama had to be content to put license plates on their cars that said, TO HELL WITH AP AND UPI, ALABAMA IS STILL NO. 1.

Precisely because of all this commotion about the magic of being No. 1—it suggests to fans that their boys are tougher, psychologists say—a season has never come along packed with as much collegiate interest as this one of 1967.

What last year's tie between the Irish and the Spartans did was finally bring it out in the open—winning a national title is a goal that ranks with world peace. For years before last November almost all coaches had a way of dancing around the subject. They would say such things as 1) "We've got our conference race to worry about," 2) "We've got our traditional rivals to think about," 3) "We haven't had a punt blocked since I've been here," 4) "We may not win many games, but we'll hit people," and 5) "Aw, those polls are just a little something for the fans."

It was not so much the fact that Notre Dame and Michigan State tied that did it, but the way the game ended. Notre Dame refused to gamble with passes—as Michigan State had—on its last series of downs, ending the "game of the decade" awkwardly and emptily. Ara Parseghian hasn't yet recovered fully from the criticism he received for his strategy, but at least he now admits that Notre Dame's immense popularity in the polls partly affected his decision.

The teams were hardly off the field before the hundreds of journalists in the press box at East Lansing thought of the same joke: tie one for the Gipper. A day later both Ara and Duffy Daugherty were publicly trying to shove their teams into No. 1- and so was Alabama's Bear Bryant.

Ara said that when you're No. 1 and you only get tied, you can't lose it. Duffy said that when you're No. 2 and you tie No. 1, then you become No. 1 and the other guy becomes No. 1a. Bryant said he just hoped that if his Alabama seniors got drafted and had to go to Vietnam they wouldn't play for a tie. Later, however, Bryant made the truest observation of all. "Ara had the last laugh, because he wound up with most of the awards," said Bear. "Playing that old tie must have been smart."

One thing the big controversy of last year has done is make coaches speak openly for the first time about the rating systems they used to pretend to ignore

THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONS: FROM ROCKNE TO THE BLITZKRIEG . . .

On this and the following pages is a complete list of college football's mythical champions as selected by every recognized authority since 1924. The selectors represented are the Parke H. Davis Selections (1924–1935), the Dickinson System (1924–1940), The Football Annual (1924–1941), The Football Thesaurus (1927–1958), the Helms Athletic Foundation (1924–1966), the Dunkel System (1929–1966), the Litkenhous System (1934–1966), the Williamson System (1932–1963), Associated Press (1936–1966), United Press International (1950–1966), the Football Writers' Association (1954–1966) and the National Football Hall of Fame (1959–1966).

YEAR	TEAM & RECORD	COACH	TOP PLAYER	SELECTORS
1924	NOTRE DAME 10-0	Knute Rockne	Harry Stuhldreher, qb	Dick, Helms, Ann
	PENNSYLVANIA 9-1-1	Lou Young	Ed McGinley, t	Davis
1925	ALABAMA 10-0	Wallace Wade	Johnny Mack Brown, hb	Ann, Helms
	DARTMOUTH 8-0	Jesse Hawley	Andy Oberlander, hb	Dick, Davis
1926	STANFORD 10-0-1	Pop Warner	Ted Shipkey, e	Dick
	LAFAYETTE 9-0	Herb McCracken	Mike Wilson, hb	Davis
	NAVY 9-0-1	Bill Ingram	Tom Hamilton, hb	Ann
	ALABAMA 9-0-1	Wallace Wade	Hoyt Winslett, e	Helms
1927	ILLINOIS 7-0-1	Bob Zuppke	Russ Crane, c	Dick, Davis, Helms
	YALE 7-1	T A D Jones	Bruce Caldwell, hb	Ann
	NOTRE DAME 7-1-1	Knute Rockne	Christy Flanagan, hb	Thes
1928	GEORGIA TECH 10-0	Bill Alexander	Peter Pund, c	Davis, Ann, Thes, Helms
	USC 9-0-1	Howard Jones	Lloyd Thomas, hb	Dick
	DETROIT 9-0	Gus Dorais	Lloyd Brazil, hb	Davis (tie)
1929	NDTRE DAME 9-0	Knute Rockne	Frank Carideo, qb	Dick, Dunk, Ann, Helms
	PITTSBURGH 9-1	Jock Sutherland	Joe Donchess, e	Davis
	USC 10-2	Howard Jones	Russ Saunders, hb	Thes
1930	NOTRE DAME 10-0	Knute Rockne	Marchy Schwartz, hb	Dick, Dunk, Ann, Helms, Thes, Davis
	ALABAMA 10-0	Wallace Wade	Fred Sington, t	Davis (tie)

and about the mythical national championship they would slug a chancellor to win.

Parseghian says frankly, "Polls are vitally necessary to college football. I like the interest and excitement they create on our squad, on the campus and in the cities. We always look forward to the weekly ratings on Tuesdays. And the polls aren't that bad. Regardless of which system it is, they usually vary only slightly, because there is a natural exchange of opinion between coaches and writers."

Bear Bryant is wholly honest about it now. He once told a friend that one reason he left Texas A&M for Alabama was that it would be easier to win a national championship at Alabama, "where a man can have the whole state going for him, all those doctors and lawyers helpin' out with recruiting."

"Any year Alabama's not up there fighting for first," says Bryant, thereby revealing exactly what the ratings mean to him, "I have done a poor job."

A few coaches have minor complaints about the stampede for No. 1, even though they admit that's the real objective now in college football.

"I would like to believe the polls are very accurate, because we finished first in all of them in 1963," says Texas' Darrell Royal. "But another impression I have is that no one in the Southwest stands a chance at the national championship unless Notre Dame and everyone in the Big Ten have been beaten."

Royal adds, "I think the polls suffer from human failings. People have a tendency to give the benefit of the doubt to a team from their own section, or a coach they like. A major weakness is that many so-called pollsters fail to take into consideration the quality of a team's opposition. But we've all become affected by the ratings. I know we might not have gone for two points against Arkansas in 1964 if we hadn't been the national champions. I felt that we ought to defend the title or go down swinging, which we did."

Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney feels much the same as Royal, that the Cornhuskers suffer in the polls against a Notre Dame or Michigan State. "We were rated No. 1 in the preseason polls of 1965, won 10 straight games and wound up third," he says. "It makes you wonder what you have to do."

The best summing-up of the fever that the polls have created comes from USC's John McKay. "All I know is that John McKay reads them, my kids read them and everyone I know reads them, so they must increase the interest in college football," he says.

Polls and systems to determine the No. 1 team are not nearly so ancient as the mere naming of the "intercollegiate champion" by a Casper Whitney or a J. Parmly Paret. Ironically enough, they can be traced back only 40 years, to none other than good old Knute Rockne at good old Notre Dame.

continued

YEAR	TEAM & RECORD	COACH	TOP PLAYER	SELECTORS
1931	USC 10-1	Howard Jones	Gus Shaver, hb	Dick, Dunk, Ann, Helms, Thes
	PURDUE 9-1	Noble Kizer	Charles Miller, c	Davis
	PITTSBURGH 8-1	Jock Sutherland	Jess Quatse, t	Davis (tie)
1932	USC 10-0	Howard Jones	Ernie Pinckert, hb	Ann, Dunk, Thes, Helms, Wms, Davis
	MICHIGAN 8-0	Harry Kipke	Harry Newman, qb	Dick, Davis (tie)
	COLGATE 8-0	Andy Kerr	Robert Smith, g	Davis (tie)
1933	MICHIGAN 7-0-1	Harry Kipke	Frank Wistert, t	Dick, Helms, Thes, Ann, Davis
	USC 10-1-1	Howard Jones	Cotton Warburton, hb	Wms
	OHIO STATE 7-1	Sam Willaman	Reg Monohan, g	Dunk
	PRINCETON 9-0	Fritz Crisler	Chuck Ceppi, t	Davis (tie)
1934	MINNESOTA 8-0	Bernie Bierman	Pug Lund, hb	Dick, Lit, Ann, Helms, Davis
	ALABAMA 10-0	Frank Thomas	Don Hutson, e	Dunk, Wms, Thes
	PITTSBURGH 8-1	Jock Sutherland	George Shotwell, c	Davis (tie)
1935	MINNESOTA 8-0	Bernie Bierman	Dick Smith, t	Lit, Ann, Helms, Davis
	SMU 12-1	Matty Bell	Bobby Wilson, hb	Dick, Thes
	PRINCETON 9-0	Fritz Crisler	John Weller, g	Dunk, Davis (tie)
	LSU 9-2	Bernie Moore	Abe Mickel, qb	Wms
1936	MINNESOTA 7-1	Bernie Bierman	Ed Widseth, t	AP, Dunk, Lit, Dick, Helms
	PITTSBURGH 8-1-1	Jock Sutherland	Av Daniell, t	Ann, Thes
	LSU 9-1-1	Bernie Moore	Gaynell Tinsley, e	Wms
1937	PITTSBURGH 9-0-1	Jock Sutherland	Marshall Goldberg, hb	AP, Dick, Lit, Ann, Wms, Thes
	CALIFORNIA 10-0-1	Stub Allison	Vic Bottari, hb	Dunk, Helms
1938	TENNESSEE 11-0	Bob Neyland	George Cafego, hb	Dunk, Lit, Ann, Thes
	TCU 11-0	Dutch Meyer	Davey O'Brien, qb	AP, Wms, Helms
	NOTRE DAME 8-1	Elmer Layden	Ed Beinor, t	Dick
1939	TEXAS A&M 11-0	Homer Norton	John Kimbrough, fb	AP, Dunk, Wms, Thes, Helms, Ann
	USC 8-0-2	Howard Jones	Grenny Lansdell, hb	Dick
	CORNELL 8-0	Carl Snavely	Nick Drahos, t	Lit

It happened like this. In 1926 a teacher of economics named Frank G. Dickinson at the University of Illinois was a football buff who privately enjoyed rating teams by his own mathematical formula. He happened to mention this in class one day, and a student in the back row who was sports editor of *The Daily Illini* wrote a story about it. The story came to the attention of a Chicago clothing manufacturer named Jack Rissman, another football buff, who decided he would like to use Dickinson's ratings to select the top team in the Big Ten each year so that he could present a trophy to the winner. When Knute Rockne heard about this, he invited both the professor and the clothing manufacturer to lunch at South Bend and said, "Why don't you make it a national trophy that Notre Dame will have a chance to win?" Never one to miss out on a good thing, Rockne also persuaded Dickinson and Rissman to predate the whole thing a couple of years so that the 1924 Irish —the Four Horsemen team—could be the first official, system-rated national champion. Notre Dame has always had a lot of ways to beat you.

For better or for worse, Dickinson's system was relatively simple. At the end of a season he divided all teams into two categories—those that won more games than they lost, and those that did not. He then awarded points for victories over teams in the first division and fewer points for victories over teams in the second division. Quality of schedule was not a factor but, just as inequitably, the number of games played was, except for bowls. Still, the Dickinson system was accepted by football fans as the law until well into the 1930s. By then a lot of other systems had been originated.

The first followed Dickinson by one year. It was perfected by a man in Los Angeles named Deke Houlgate who would later write a ponderous 9-x-13 work titled *The Football Thesaurus*. Houlgate bluntly admitted that his rating system, begun in 1927, was designed to counter the "Midwest sectionalism" of Dickinson's.

Next came William F. Boand with a system called "Azzi Ratem" in 1928. His selections were published annually in *The Illustrated Football Annual*, and, like Dickinson, he predated his choices back to 1924. Curiously, for the 1937 edition of the magazine Boand went back 13 years and "rerated" the top teams, taking bowl results into consideration.

The syndicated experts came on the scene in 1929 with the emergence of Dick Dunkel's "power index." Paul Williamson, a geologist by profession and a

. . . AND FROM THE '40s TO TODAY

YEAR	TEAM & RECORD	COACH	TOP PLAYER	SELECTORS
1940	MINNESOTA 8-0	Bernie Bierman	George Franck, fb	AP, Dick, Lit, Ann, Thes
	TENNESSEE 10-1	Bob Neyland	Bob Suffridge, g	Dunk, Wms
	STANFORD 10-0	Clark Shaughnessy	Frankie Albert, qb	Helms
1941	MINNESOTA 8-0	Bernie Bierman	Bruce Smith, hb	AP, Lit, Dunk, Helms, Ann
	TEXAS 8-1-1	Dana X. Bible	Jack Crain, hb	Wms
	ALABAMA 9-2	Frank Thomas	Holt Rast, e	Thes
1942	GEORGIA 11-1	Wally Butts	Frank Sinkwich, hb	Wms, Lit, Thes
	OHIO STATE 9-1	Paul Brown	Gene Fekete, fb	AP, Dunk
	WISCONSIN 8-1-1	Harry Stuhldreher	Dave Schreiner, e	Helms
1943	NOTRE DAME 9-1	Frank Leahy	Angelo Bertelli, qb	unanimous
1944	ARMY 9-0	Earl Blaik	Glenn Davis, hb	unanimous
1945	ARMY 9-0	Earl Blaik	Doc Blanchard, fb	unanimous
1946	NOTRE DAME 8-0-1	Frank Leahy	Johnny Lujack, qb	AP, Dunk, Lit
	ARMY 9-0-1	Earl Blaik	Arnold Tucker, qb	Helms, Thes
	GEORGIA 11-0	Wally Butts	Charlie Trippi, hb	Wms
1947	MICHIGAN 10-0	Fritz Crisler	Bob Chappuis, hb	Dunk, Lit, Thes
	NOTRE DAME 9-0	Frank Leahy	Johnny Lujack, qb	AP, Wms, Helms
1948	MICHIGAN 9-0	Bennie Oosterbaan	Charley Ortmann, hb	unanimous
1949	NOTRE DAME 10-0	Frank Leahy	Leon Hart, e	unanimous
1950	OKLAHOMA 10-1	Bud Wilkinson	Leon Heath, fb	AP, UPI, Lit, Helms, Wms
	TENNESSEE 11-1	Bob Neyland	Bud Sherrod, e	Dunk, Thes
1951	TENNESSEE 10-1	Bob Neyland	Hank Lauricella, hb	AP, UPI, Lit, Wms
	MARYLAND 10-0	Jim Tatum	Jack Scarbath, qb	Dunk
	MICHIGAN STATE 9-0	Biggie Munn	Don Coleman, t	Helms
	GEORGIA TECH 11-0-1	Bobby Dodd	Lamar Wheat, t	Thes
1952	MICHIGAN STATE 9-0	Biggie Munn	Leroy Bolden, hb	AP, UPI, Helms, Dunk, Lit, Wms
	GEORGIA TECH 12-0	Bobby Dodd	Leon Hardeman, fb	Thes
1953	NOTRE DAME 9-0-1	Frank Leahy	Johnny Lattner, hb	Helms, Dunk, Wms, Lit, Thes
	MARYLAND 10-1	Jim Tatum	Bernie Faloney, qb	AP, UPI

member of the Sugar Bowl committee, began his widely accepted "power ratings" in 1932. And Frank Litkenhous and his brother Edward started his "difference-by-score" formula in 1934. Aside from their not overly revealing names, the details of how these systems work have been kept a close secret by the various inventors.

Perhaps a bit irritated by the flood of experts on the scene, the most noted historian football has ever known, Parke H. Davis, decided to set all the records straight in the 1933 edition of *Spalding's Football Guide*. A member of Princeton's tug-of-war team in 1889, a former coach at Wisconsin, Amherst and Lafayette and then a lawyer, Davis went all the way back to the first inflated pig bladder to pick the national champions for every season. He used no special formula. He simply looked at the schedules and the results and chose his teams.

And now it was time for the popularity polls to begin. The first of these was that of the Associated Press, which started in midseason of 1936. Under the present AP system, 59 sportswriters and sportscasters from around the nation whose organizations subscribe to AP are asked to vote on their top 10 teams each week. Through skillful promotion the AP has managed to have its poll generally regarded as the most reliable of all. Of course, it is no more reliable than the insular tendencies of the writers and announcers involved.

The United Press International poll of 35 college coaches began in 1950, and it is becoming more respected with the years. However, a lot of coaches admit that they vote for forthcoming opponents and for teams from their own area.

In between the two wire-service polls, in 1948, the Helms Athletic Foundation decided to name a national champion. It also chose to pore back through the years, as Parke H. Davis had done, and name past champions. The director of Helms since its beginning, Bill Schroeder, did the work, and he now heads the committee that selects No. 1 after the bowl games. "A committee of one—me," he says.

Because of their discontent with *all* polls, especially those of the wire services, the Football Writers Association of America set about naming the national champion in 1954, also after the bowl games. Feeling that a mere vote by the 1,200 members would not be fair because one section might be overloaded, a committee of five supposedly unprejudiced writers from different areas is appointed each season, and they decide by secret ballot. With two possible exceptions,

continued

YEAR	TEAM & RECORD	COACH	TDP PLAYER	SELECTORS
1954	UCLA 9-0	Red Sanders	Bob Davenport, fb	UPI, FWA, Helms, Dunk, Lit
	OHIO STATE 10-0	Woody Hayes	Howard Cassady, hb	AP, Wms, Thes
1955	OKLAHOMA 11-0	Bud Wilkinson	Tommy McDonald, hb	unanimous
1956	OKLAHOMA 10-0	Bud Wilkinson	Tommy McDonald, hb	all but Thes
	GEORGIA TECH 10-1	Bobby Dodd	Paul Rotenberry, hb	Thes
1957	AUBURN 10-0	Shug Jordan	Red Phillips, e	AP, Helms, Wms, Thes
	OHIO STATE 9-1	Woody Hayes	Bob White, fb	UPI, FWA, Lit
	MICHIGAN STATE 8-1	Duffy Daugherty	Walt Kowalczyk, hb	Dunk
1958	LSU 11-0	Paul Dietzel	Billy Cannon, hb	all but FWA
	IOWA 8-1-1	Forest Evashevski	Randy Duncan, qb	FWA
1959	SYRACUSE 11-0	Ben Schwartzwalder	Ernie Davis, hb	all but Dunk
	MISSISSIPPI 10-1	Johnny Vaught	Charley Flowers, fb	Dunk
1960	MISSISSIPPI 10-0-1	Johnny Vaught	Jake Gibbs, qb	FWA, Wms, Dunk
	MINNESOTA 8-2	Murray Warmath	Sandy Stephens, qb	AP, UPI, HF
	WASHINGTON 10-1	Jim Owens	Bob Schloredt, qb	Helms
	IOWA 8-1	Forest Evashevski	Larry Ferguson, hb	Lit
1961	ALABAMA 11-0	Bear Bryant	Lee Roy Jordan, c	all but FWA
	OHIO STATE 9-0-1	Woody Hayes	Bob Ferguson, fb	FWA
1962	USC 11-0	John McKay	Pete Beathard, qb	all but Lit
	MISSISSIPPI 10-0	Johnny Vaught	Glynn Griffing, qb	Lit
1963	TEXAS 11-0	Darrell Royal	Tommy Nobis, g	unanimous
1964	ALABAMA 10-1	Bear Bryant	Joe Namath, qb	AP, UPI, Lit
	ARKANSAS 11-0	Frank Broyles	Bobby Crockett, e	FWA, Helms
	NOTRE DAME 9-1	Ara Parseghian	John Huarte, qb	HF
	MICHIGAN 9-1	Bump Elliott	Bob Timberlake, qb	Dunk
1965	MICHIGAN STATE 10-1	Duffy Daugherty	Clinton Jones, hb	UPI, Helms, FWA, Dunk, HF, Lit
	ALABAMA 9-1-1	Bear Bryant	Steve Sloan, qb	AP, FWA (tie)
1966	NOTRE DAME 9-0-1	Ara Parseghian	Nick Eddy, hb	AP, UPI, FWA, Helms, HF, Dunk, Lit
	MICHIGAN STATE 9-0-1	Duffy Daugherty	George Webster, lb	Helms (tie), HF (tie)

Iowa in 1958 and Ohio State in 1961, the Football Writers appear to be doing the best job.

The most recent award-giver is the National Hall of Fame, which pitched its MacArthur Bowl into the pot in 1959. It also picks the national champion by committee. Although the results so far do not reflect it, the committee is Eastern oriented, and it has the extra pressure of having to stage a formal dinner in New York City each year at which the coach of its No. 1 team is a feature attraction. Who is free for dinner might have a bearing on the voting someday.

Of all the No. 1 awards currently in existence, the three that are most eagerly sought—and all about equally—are those of the Football Writers, the UPI and the AP. But no coach or school would turn down any of the others. As Bear Bryant has said, "We'll take what they'll give us, and our folks will act like we got 'em all."

Few teams have ever taken them all. In the 41 seasons that have passed since Frank Dickinson's hobby started the epidemic of ratings, an absurd total of 104 teams have been acclaimed as national champions by one authority or another. That, of course, is a lot more than the world has needed, or could have had if the sport had ever grown serious about a national playoff, something that almost everyone seems to want except the chemistry professors.

Only seven teams have been unanimous choices over the years. They range from Notre Dame's wartime powerhouse of 1943, which lost only on the last play of its last game to Great Lakes, to the 1963 Texas Longhorns, an unbeaten jewel of a defensive team.

Often the national champions have piled up like a goal-line stand, a recent occasion being 1964 when Arkansas, Notre Dame, Alabama and Michigan all wound up with awards. No less than six times, in fact, four teams have been judged as No. 1 at the end of a season. And in 14 different years there have been three teams celebrated as the best.

The season of 1967 has a good chance of being just such a year. All across the southern part of the country there appears to be talent as never before. For example, Georgia, Tennessee, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi and Miami all have a chance to be as good, or perhaps even better, than Alabama, which means that they have a serious shot at No. 1.

The same is true in the Big Eight, where Colorado and perhaps even Oklahoma may have finally caught up with Nebraska. And also in the Far West, where Washington is coming back to challenge USC and UCLA, which still has Gary Beban, the country's best quarterback of the last two years. And again in the Big Ten, where Michigan State will have all it can handle against Purdue, Ohio State and maybe Minnesota.

But no team has as much expected of it as Notre Dame. Look at the Irish this way. They are so loaded again that Defensive Coach John Ray refused two offers of jobs as head coach at other big schools in order to stay with Parseghian, which makes you wonder how many championship wristwatches a man thinks he needs.

The Irish are the favorite to be No. 1 again, and that brings the whole rating game right back to where it was on that day in 1926 when Knute Rockne sat down to lunch and won Notre Dame its first national championship award.

THE ONE TO CATCH, AND THOSE WHO WILL TRY

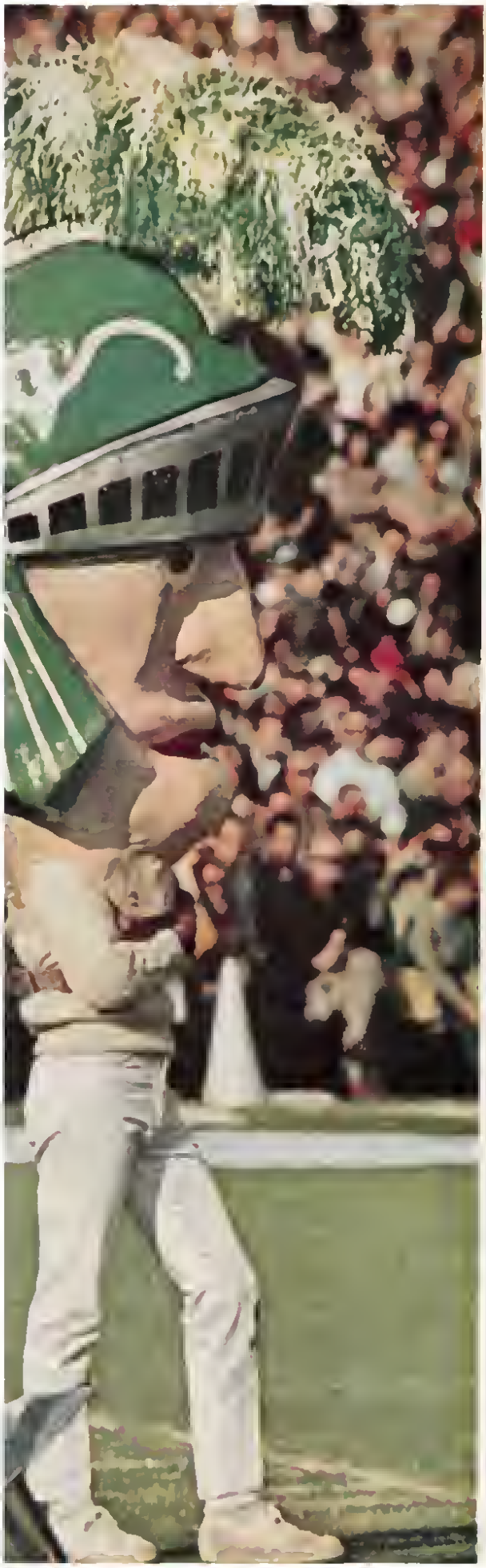
In a blend of pageantry and color which rivals that of any sport, the big teams of college football are setting out on their championship chase once more. The scene at right is one that opponents of Notre Dame will witness all too often in the next three months: Jim Seymour rising gracefully to catch a pass. On the succeeding pages are some of the men and teams who will try to take the No. 1 ranking away from Notre Dame, followed by scouting reports on Sports Illustrated's own Top 20—selected by our football staff and ranked in order—plus an assessment of the conference races, an analysis of the best small colleges, five sophomores to watch and a listing of the players the pro scouts like the most.


33





Georgia Quarterback Kirby Moore (throwing here against Florida in a 27–10 win) leads a team with prospects as bright as its colorful jerseys.





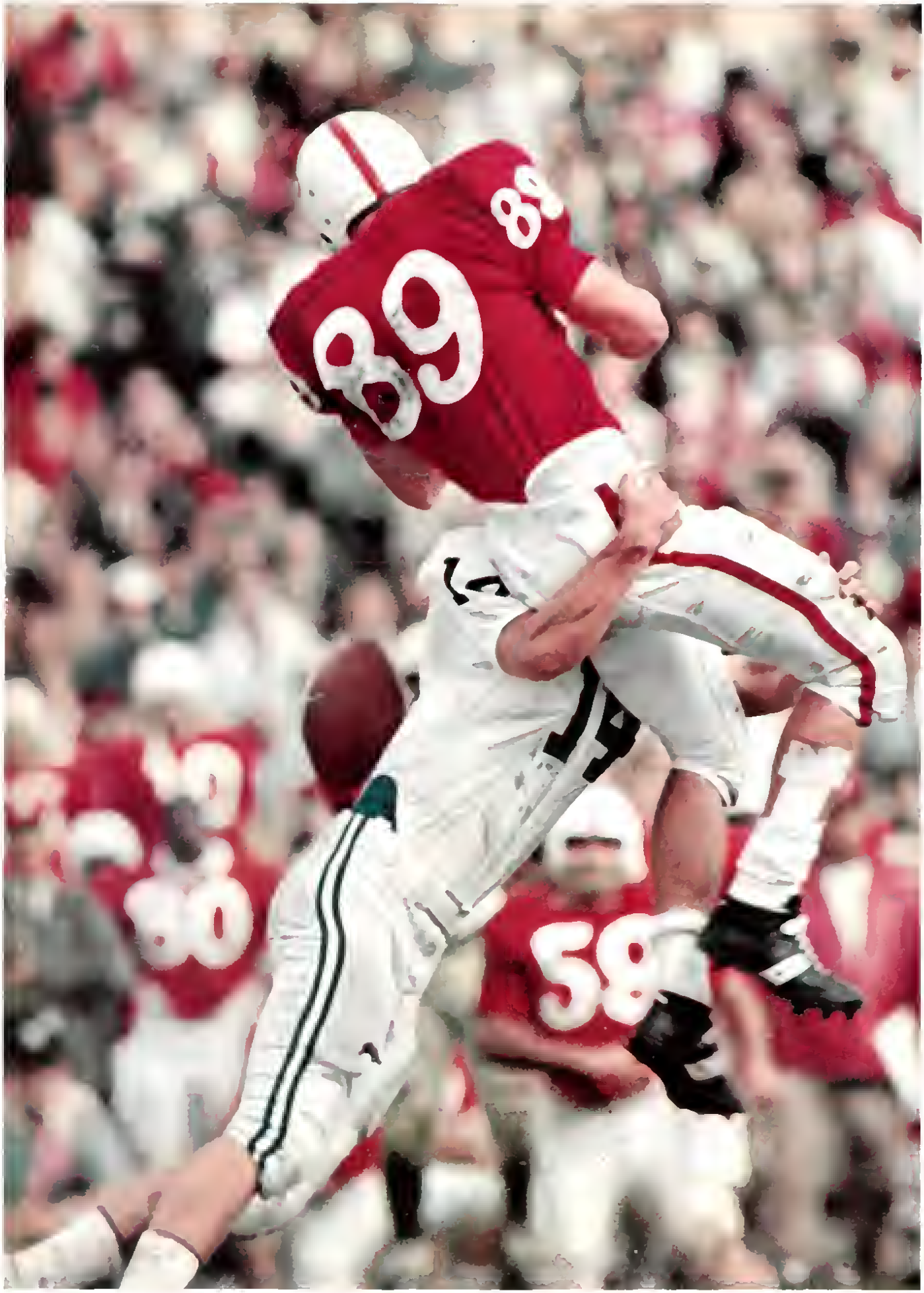
The power of Michigan State's fullback, Bob Apisa, typifies a running game so potent that even the Spartan mascot should be smiling.



Dewey Warren of Tennessee runs a play against



Alabama on the Vols' darkest day of 1966. Warren is back, and Tennessee's outlook is sunny.


89
88
58



Though Nebraska's tight end, Dennis Morrison, missed this pass against TCU, he brings poise to a young, strong team.

And fervent Darrell Royal has the same kind of squad at Texas, young enough to need a prayer, strong enough to be a winner.


UCLA
UCLA





Obviously, UCLA will never become a one-man show, but it is approaching that on the field this year, and the man is Quarterback Gary Beban.


70
RC
THE NEW ARA
PRIDE
NOTRE DAME
MICHIGAN ST.
ARNOLD ROTH

1 NOTRE DAME

Some glittering prospects by the Golden Dome

The coaches were sitting around the Notre Dame dressing room, hashing over the spring game just completed and taking their time about showering because the coaches' shower stall was not built for a crowd, when a visiting journalist spoke up on the subject of preseason rankings. He said it was his view, from what he knew and had just seen a 39–0 operation on the Oldtimers done by the incumbent varsity, that there was every reason to select Notre Dame as the No. 1 team in the country. John Ray, who coaches the Irish defense, leaped up as if the stool on which he had been sitting to untie his shoes were an F-86 ejection seat. "*No!*" he shouted. "Hell no, don't do that! Don't make us No. 1. *Make Alabama No. 1.* Bear Bryant's all the time talking about being No. 1. Make him No. 1." Head Coach Ara Parseghian smiled and shook his head. "Nobody wants to be No. 1 in May," he said. "Only in December."

There are 115 teams playing major-college football in America, and 77 have never won anything that could be called a national championship. Of those exalted few who have, Notre Dame stands apart as the champion of the champions. 12 times voted a No. 1 award by the time the polls closed. Well, it is a long, long time from May to December, but—bless him, Father, and give strength to that Armenian Presbyterian, Parseghian—there is no way to avoid a September vote for the Fighting Irish as No. 1.

Whether the Irish win for the Gipper or the Alumni Club or the Golden Dome or the fun of it, what they win *with* is bigger and better football players, and, from the mounting evidence, better coaching. Football is more of a coach's game than most, and therefore there is wry truth in the line that Notre Dame's team captain, Bob Bleier, has so deftly twisted: "One of our assets this year is that our entire coaching staff returns."

It is not certain yet that Parseghian is Knute Rockne's equal as a high-speed orator, because all of his speeches at Notre Dame pep rallies are drowned out by cheering, but his won-lost record is remarkably similar to that of the last famous Notre Dame coach, Frank Leahy. Leahy also won a national championship his third season at Notre Dame, and his first three teams won 24, lost 3, tied 3. Parseghian's teams have won 25, lost 3, tied 2.

This is the year Parseghian could leave Leahy further behind, for he has put together what looks like the best football team Notre Dame ever had, one of great size—the defensive front four averages 260 pounds—ability, speed and finesse. Parseghian recently was asked to nominate those among his senior players who he felt were good enough to play in the East-West game in December. Without a qualm he named eight, and this list did not include the pitch-and-catch battery of Quarterback Terry Hanratty and Split End Jim Seymour—they are merely juniors and therefore ineligible for all-star games.

The state of Indiana is so excited about this team that you would think having a winner around was a new experience. Ticket prices have been raised to $6.50 for home games, all of which are sellouts. Three chartered jet airliners have already been reserved for the season's last game at Miami. There are No. 1 signs everywhere, barbershops, drugstores, hotel lobbies, even license plates. Parseghian's license was a gift from the governor. It reads 71 (for St. Joseph's county) P (for Parseghian) 1 (for you know what).

The marvel is that Notre Dame could have such a potential in view of what it lost from last year's team. The Irish graduated nine players who were taken in the first three rounds of the NFL-AFL player draft. So how could they still be so good? Easy. The squad includes five players who made All-America teams, a large force of competent backup men, some of whom would have been regulars last season were it not for injuries, and impressive new sophomores, such as a 6′ 5″, 280-pound defensive tackle named Mike McCoy.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 23	California	
Sept. 30	at Purdue	26–14
Oct. 7	Iowa	
Oct. 14	USC	51–0
Oct. 21	at Illinois	
Oct. 28	Michigan State	10–10
Nov. 4	Navy	31–7
Nov. 11	at Pitt	40–0
Nov. 18	at Georgia Tech	
Nov. 24	at Miami	

*Box indicates team's toughest game

But experience counts little in football if it is not in the right places (that is why "lettermen returning" is often a misleading statistic), and Notre Dame has the experience at what the coaches call "the skilled positions." Take the matter of throwing and receiving. Hanratty (*see cover*), who can throw a 50-yard pass without letting it rise more than 10 feet off the ground, had a 78-for-147 passing record last year, good for 1,247 yards gained and eight touchdowns. He is backed up by the little diabetic with the midshipman's manners, Coley O'Brien, who was so able filling in against Michigan State when Hanratty was hurt and who then was responsible for the dismembering of USC, 51–0. Doing the receiving are Split End Seymour, who caught 48 passes for 862 yards even though he missed two and a half games because of an ankle injury, Tight End George Kunz and Halfback Bleier. In addition, there is Seymour's impressive substitute Paul Snow.

The Irish running attack may not be as good as last season because Bleier does not have the elusive qualities of Nick Eddy, but he is probably more consistent and certainly more durable. Nor is there a fullback around who combines both the running and blocking abilities of Larry Conjar, though Ron Dushney will try. In the line only two offensive starters return, Tackle Bob Kuechenberg and Guard Dick Swatland, and it is tougher to teach offense to linemen than defense, but once again there is ample talent just waiting to learn. The offensive line will be good.

The defense will be better than good. John Ray calls his defense a tight-six, rivals call it a split-six or wide-tackle-six. It revolves around the use of four linebackers, instead of the usual three or two, to cope with changing formations. It was so effective last season that the first string allowed only 17 points to be scored against it, 10 by Michigan State. Notre Dame has more of that well-placed experience on defense, for Ray has back six of the seven men in his secondary, linebackers Mike McGill, John Pergine and Dave Martin and Deep Backs Tom Schoen, Jim Smithberger and Tom O'Leary. And on the line, playing one or more positions, sometimes simultaneously, is 6′ 6″ 280-pound All-America Kevin Hardy, a remarkable athlete who is probably the best college defensive lineman in the country.

In retrospect, the 1966 Notre Dame schedule was not the most testing in the world. With Purdue, USC and Michigan State still on, and Georgia Tech and Miami added, this year's will be tougher. But Notre Dame is tougher, too. Parseghian says it is easier to win the national championship than to successfully defend it. By the time this season is over he very likely will have done both.

2 GEORGIA



Enough to make the Crimson Tide see red

After his first game as head coach at Georgia in the school's troubled year of 1964, Vince Dooley, who was only 32, was not so sure he was in the right business. Georgia had been crushed by Alabama 31–3, and though few coaches wind up singing victory marches after playing Alabama, Dooley took the defeat harder than most. It was, after all, his first game as a head coach *anywhere*. "I couldn't believe we'd been beaten that badly," he remembers. "During the bus ride back to Athens, the more I thought about it the more I doubted myself. I was sure I had let the players down. When I got home my wife, Barbara, was asleep, and I sat down on the edge of the bed and put my head in my hands. Then—all of a sudden—I just burst out laughing. Barbara thought I had cracked up for sure."

Since that night most of the cracking up has been done by teams trying to beat Georgia. Under Dooley, the Bulldogs have won 23, lost eight and tied one. They have shared an SEC championship with Alabama and have gone to two bowl games and won them both. Once more the best athletes in the state of Georgia are finding their way to Athens. There they play before bigger, louder crowds than ever. Sanford Stadium was double-decked this year to bring its capacity up to 59,000. They get fed tons of steak and enjoy color television in a plush new athletic dorm in which each room has a door that opens to the outside. There are no halls. "Most of the trouble in college dorms happens in the halls," explains Athletic Director Joel Eaves. If the weather is too bad, the players can even work out in Georgia's new $3 million Coliseum, which seats 12,000 for basketball and 15 in its steam baths. When Georgia surprised Alabama 18–17 two years ago, Dooley said how happy he was that the Bulldogs would not meet the Tide again until 1972, but now life is so good at Georgia that the team would like to get Alabama in a bowl somewhere—anywhere—this New Year's Day.

Georgia might get its wish, too, for if it loses a game this fall it will be an upset. Thirty-five lettermen are back from last year's team that lost only once, to Miami by a point. "I guess people will be picking us up there again," says Dooley sadly. "I suppose that's just the price of success."

It is difficult to pick Georgia anywhere else. Its entire starting backfield returns, including 225-pound Ronnie Jenkins, who may be the best fullback in the nation. Last year Jenkins blasted out 669 yards and turned the third-and-one play into a laugher. Tailback Kent Lawrence, who runs the 100 in 9.4, is the SEC's most dangerous man on sweeps, kickoff returns and punt returns. Rounding out the backfield is Hardy King, a versatile wingback who can block, run and catch a pass. There is also a new man to watch, Bruce Kemp, a red-shirt sophomore who had a fine spring. This combination of power and speed on the ground is the great strength of the Georgia team.

Once again the quarterback will be Kirby Moore (*see cover*), a confident leader who missed two games last season and still ran and passed for 1,003 yards. Dooley's primary concern is the possibility that Moore might miss a few games this season, too. "We put our quarterback in danger more than anybody else does," he says. "We run him. We expose him. Kirby is not a real strong boy and if he gets hurt I'll have to go with a sophomore for the first time since I've been here." Dooley makes this sound like a catastrophe, and in the case of a team attempting to maintain a ranking as high as Georgia's, it could be. But the man behind Moore is a good one. He is a home-town boy, Paul Gilbert, who is 6′, 178, can throw deeper than Moore—in fact, most quarterbacks can—and is an accomplished runner in spite of his rather fragile dimensions.

The offensive line is not as deep as last year's but is almost as good. All-America Edgar Chandler, 222, will handle one tackle and the other will be either Don Hayes, 225, who was All-SEC at guard last year, or junior Dave Rholetter, a typical Georgia strong boy. Atlanta's Billy Payne may be the best tight end in Georgia's history. So the Bulldogs are rich in pop and crackle, but they do need some snap. "Centers? You can't recruit them," says Dooley. "You have to make them yourself." He is trying to make one out of Mike Lopatka, a 218-pound sophomore.

Graduations have hampered the defense a little. George Patton, a 230-pound All-America tackle, will be missed, as well as Lynn Hughes, the All-SEC safety man. But opponents say that 233-pound Bill Stanfill, a sophomore last year, actually bothered more runners than Patton, and Jake Scott, who returns after losing a season because of illness, may be better than Hughes. All-SEC Larry Kohn is back at one defensive end and Gary Adams will protect the other. Jiggy Smaha, 6′ 3″, 240, is probably second only to Stanfill as an interior lineman, and if he does not wind up at center he will play alongside Tommy Lawhorne, a starter last year until he was injured. Terry Sellers, 195, is a fast back who led the Bulldogs in interceptions with five. It will be just as difficult—and painful—to score on Georgia as it was last year, when the team gave up less than nine points per game.

Rival coaches generally agree that Dooley is doing a recruiting job in the South that is second only to Bear Bryant's, and every year his teams seem to play more and more like the Tide. Recently one SEC coach—looking sour at the prospect of facing the Bulldogs this fall—said, "Georgia was just sitting there with all that tradition and spirit waiting for some energetic young guy to come along and make it a winner again. Dooley's the guy—and he's making the most of it."

If the Bulldogs don't stumble in Jackson against Mississippi, or slip beneath the Dome against Houston, they may meet Alabama in a bowl after all.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 23	Mississippi State	20–17
Sept. 30	at Clemson	
Oct. 7	South Carolina	7–0
Oct. 14	at Mississippi	9–3
Oct. 21	VMI	43–7
Oct. 28	at Kentucky	27–15
Nov. 4	at Houston	
Nov. 11	at Florida	27–10
Nov. 18	Auburn	21–13
Nov. 25	at Georgia Tech	23–14



MIAMI

Even Jolly Cholly may have to start smiling now

Charlie Tate has a round face with billowing cheeks, and when he smiles his eyes disappear and he looks like the only living Malayan football coach. Because of this and his hearty all-out way of laughing—a Tate laugh sounds like a rapid pounding-together of bed slats—he is called Jolly Cholly. Cholly *is* jolly, too, when he is sitting around at the cocktail hour or rolling along in a golf cart. But when it comes to coaching football he is definitely not jolly. He is Dead Serious Cholly. Growly-gruff, inspirationally hard-nosed Cholly. He is one of those coaches bound to succeed because he puts all of him into the business of coaching football. He closes the door to his wood-paneled office at the University of Miami and just sits in there by the hour, thinking football.

Charlie Tate arrived at Miami in 1964, after five years assisting Bobby Dodd at Georgia Tech, but he had long been a devout Florida man. He played high school football in Jacksonville, was a star fullback at the University of Florida and had been highly successful as the head coach at Miami High. At Tech, Tate was known for his ability to attract Florida athletes. He still attracts them. The Hurricanes' three best players this year—Defensive End Ted Hendricks, Split End Jimmy Cox and Guard Bill Chambless—are all from Florida, and they are three reasons why Tate turned down an offer to succeed Dodd at Georgia Tech.

This year Miami should have its best team ever. With 17 of 22 starters back, it is an almost unabridged version of last season's Hurricanes, who finished 8-2-1, ranked ninth in the country and beat VPI in the Liberty Bowl. A major bowl would have been more appropriate because Miami had defeated three bowl teams: USC, Georgia and Florida. But in keeping with the trend of previous years, Miami blossomed late.

The Miami defense, which players call the Green Machine, is fiercely parsimonious. Last year it held Georgia to 42 yards rushing, and Georgia made its living as a running team. The defense carried the Hurricanes, and if it has to, it can do it again. Its prince is No. 89, the 6′ 7″, 229-pound Hendricks (*see cover*), a sure All-Everything. He is large—too tall for the Army to draft but fine for the pro draft, thank you—fast and loose. When he bears down on a quarterback, arms and legs flailing, he looks like a ponderous, menacing bird. Teammates call him The Mad Stork. He seems spindly and has lifted weights this summer to put on 15 pounds, but his hands and arms are so strong that he can reach up and make tackles after he has been knocked down. End Coach Walt Kichefski has estimated that a leaping Hendricks presents a 14-foot obstacle for a quarterback to throw over. He also presents a 14-foot target to throw *to*, and that could happen. He came to Miami as an offensive end.

Hendricks is an excellent student, a physics major who rebuilds sports cars in the little spare time he has. Tate says, "He could be a Rhodes scholar. He could be anything. Listen, he could be *governor*." Hendricks says the fuss is exaggerated. One thing Hendricks is not is a good judge of ability.

The Miami defense lost two fine players by graduation, Tackle Gene Trosch and Halfback Tom Beier, but gets back Linebacker Ken Corbin, a 218-pounder whom the pros are after, outstanding Tackle Bob Tartarek (236), and the best deep defense in the South in Corner Backs Hal Carew and Rich Robinson and 160-pound Safety Man Jimmy Dye.

The Miami offense is less noteworthy. It is nothing unusual at best, and desultory at worst. Four times last season it could muster only one touchdown per game, and Bill Miller, the incumbent quarterback, had moments of despairing inconsistency. Miller is a self-made quarterback; he does not look like a football player and he is not naturally talented. But when he is good he is very, very good. Of the games he has started in two years, Miami has lost only two, and last year he passed for 1,114 yards and seven touchdowns. Like the team, he matures.

Miami's running attack will be sound with veterans John Acuff and Joe Mira at halfback, and Fullback Doug McGee, whose specialty is knocking himself out ramming into an opponent's end zone. But best of all could be a sophomore from McKeesport, Pa., Vince Opalsky, who is 6′ 2″, weighs 205 pounds, covers 100 yards in 9.7 seconds and is a punishing and durable inside runner. There was a day last fall when Backfield Coach Ken Shipp said to Acuff, "Better go over to the freshman practice and watch Opalsky. He's the guy who'll take your job in 1967." Acuff scoffed. "No way, Coach, no way." But he went to watch anyway and returned with a chastened look. "What did you think of Opalsky?" asked Shipp. "Got a chance, Coach, got a chance," said Acuff.

Miami's pass-receiving is in the kind of hands that can help a less-than-best quarterback. There is Split End Cox, a 6′ 2″, 225-pounder who is difficult to stop one-on-one, Flankerback Jerry Daanen, a swing man, Steve Smith, and Tight End Larry LaPointe. Last year Cox caught 41 passes for 627 yards. There is inexperience at offensive right guard and offensive right tackle, but Chambless (236), a premed student with a 3.2 average, is on a par with the best blockers in the country.

It may seem unlikely for Miami to reach its ninth game—against Notre Dame—unbeaten, because the Hurricanes have that history of blowing one or two easy ones a year. But this time their schedule is made to order for a strong finish, and if Miami comes on as well as it could, Notre Dame will have its problems. In anticipation of The Game, there has been a record season-ticket sale at Miami. Even the coaches are shaken up by the prospect. Ken Shipp was driving a friend over to play golf at Marco Island the other day and the conversation turned to Notre Dame. Shipp drove two miles past the golf course to the yacht club.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 23	at Northwestern	
Sept. 29	Penn State	
Oct. 6	Tulane	10–10
Oct. 14	at LSU	8–10
Oct. 21	at Pitt	38–14
Oct. 27	Auburn	
Nov. 4	at Virginia Tech	14–7
Nov. 10	Georgia Tech	
Nov. 24	Notre Dame	
Dec. 9	Florida	21–16

4 TEXAS



It would be nice to please the new neighbor

When the University of Texas originally planned to build a new Lyndon B. Johnson Library to house the President's papers, some school authorities felt that Memorial Stadium, which houses Coach Darrell Royal's Longhorns, would have to go. The library would need a broad boulevard leading up to it, a beautification move that could be accomplished only if the north end of the stadium grounds was demolished. But no matter. The university would simply build a new stadium at the edge of town.

Royal thought about a stadium off the campus for about five seconds and decided he would rather keep the one he had, thank you, a 66,000-seat horseshoe complete with a $100,000 ex-lettermen's lounge. For both the convenience of students and recruiting, stadiums on campus—often surrounded by trees, malls and academic temples, as the one at Texas is—are far better. Stadiums off a campus tend to be surrounded by motels and taco huts. Royal went to the top, calling his friend Lyndon, who sometimes telephones congratulations to Royal after big Longhorn victories. The coach convinced the country's most famous library builder that the stadium should be preserved—the boulevard could simply lop off the property right up against the end zone. Furthermore, Royal pointed out, the stadium would be filled five times a year, exposing hundreds of thousands of visitors to the beauty of the new Johnson edifice. Royal won another victory for Texas football.

Work is beginning immediately on the library, and Royal is beginning to work on another team that has a chance to be the best in the land—a feat he last managed in 1963. Whether Royal produces another No. 1 team before the President has his building may depend on how well the Longhorns have mended their injuries of last season and how well the coach has managed to restore pride from the ground up.

Between the middle of 1965 and the middle of 1966, Royal's empire collapsed. His teams lost eight of 13 games over that stretch —the same number that Texas had lost in the six full seasons preceding it. The losses were largely due to injuries—at one time or other last season 13 starters were out—but bothering Royal more than the injuries was his concern over what losing was doing to the team's attitude.

"Just because we beat Ole Miss in the Bluebonnet Bowl, somebody started selling bumper stickers which say YEAH OF THE HORNS. That's great, but we don't have a kid who's seen anything better than a 6-4 record, and you can't be really good without seniors who are big winners," says Royal.

If Quarterback Bill Bradley (*see cover*) and the rest of the Texas wounded are well, the coach may want to retract his statement by November. As a sophomore, Bradley was injured early, and never was what he could be, an old-fashioned triple-threat back with a flair for the dramatic. Now he has had a knee operation and is supposed to be his real self—which means he is more than capable of topping last season's one-legged statistics: 36 completions, 335 yards rushing and a punting average of 42.5.

Bradley will be the deadliest quarterback in football on the keeper play, not just because of his own style but because he has Tailback Chris Gilbert to hand off to. Gilbert, a low-moving runner with terrific balance, gained more than 1,000 yards last year as a sophomore.

Like Bradley, Gilbert was a prized recruit, one sought by more than 50 colleges. His father, Earl Gilbert, a prominent Houston contractor, still looks back with relish on the recruiting days. "One time because of a mix-up in the appointment book, we had John David Crow in one room, Lance Alworth in another, a Notre Dame man at the door and Darrell on the phone."

Chris Gilbert expects defenses to be more poised for him this year, since they have seen what he can do, but if Bradley is healthy, Gilbert does not see how any defense can risk ganging up on him.

Bradley and Gilbert will not require a lot of backfield help, but it is there, anyway, largely in the presence of such glistening sophomores as Ted Koy, the meaner, faster young brother of ex-star Ernie Koy, and Randy Peschel. Where the Longhorns may falter is up front, since Royal is counting heavily on sophomores, slow-healing juniors and one big man, Danny Abbott.

Defensively, Texas should be as vicious as ever with a fleet, experienced secondary, savage linebacking—led by Captain Joel Brame and a sophomore named Glen Halsell, whom one coach calls "a rolling ball of butcher knives"—and fast rushers, among them End Corby Robertson, who was all-conference as a sophomore.

Along with being a top athlete and honor student, Robertson could achieve another distinction before he leaves Austin. On his 21st birthday he may become a millionaire. Robertson is a grandson of the late Hugh Roy Cullen, the famed Houston oilman, and grandsons of Cullen usually inherit a little something when they turn 21.

When you consider that the University of Texas has the President of the U.S., a future millionaire, Bill Bradley and Chris Gilbert all going for it, you can see why the fellow who invented the bumper stickers that say YEAH OF THE HORNS thought he had found a chance worth taking.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 23	at USC	6-10
Sept. 30	Texas Tech	31-21
Oct. 7	Oklahoma State	
Oct. 14	Oklahoma at Dallas	9-18
Oct. 21	at Arkansas	7-12
Oct. 28	Rice	14-6
Nov. 4	at SMU	12-13
Nov. 11	Baylor	26-14
Nov. 18	TCU	13-3
Nov. 23	at Texas A&M	22-14

5 ALABAMA



As The Snake can testify: beware the wrath of The Bear

An April flood had gathered at the door, and when the door was opened, it came through with a swoosh, all at once. Ken (The Snake) Stabler cut more classes than he went to. Ken Stabler cut baseball practice. Ken Stabler did not show up for a baseball game. Ken Stabler's collection of speeding tickets was one of the grandest in the South. Ken Stabler cut *football* practice. When all this evidence came floating across the desk of Paul (Bear) Bryant, the Alabama football coach and athletic director, Bryant cut Ken Stabler. It was a move that left Alabama's 1967 football fortunes somewhat awash.

This was the second time in four years that Bryant had fired a star quarterback. In 1963 the suspended miscreant was Joe Namath. His offenses were more in the hell-raising line than Snake Stabler's, but Joe was also properly contrite. He mended his fences and ways, and in 1964 came back to lead Alabama to a national title. This spring when he heard Bryant had sentenced Stabler, Namath sent Snake a wire. "He means it."

Stabler is like Huckleberry Finn; he even looks like Huckleberry Finn. He has that sly old country-boy smile and he sirs you to death, and he says he sure is looking forward to making that trip to Florida to pitch against FSU, and then he doesn't catch the bus. The second week of June, Stabler came to see Bryant, and Bryant told him he might just as well go play pro baseball.

Bryant meant it, all right, and thus began Stabler's long, hot summer. Stabler moved out of Paul W. Bryant Hall, where the athletes live, and into Paty Hall, where he did not want to live. He got a job (on his own) stacking freight for a trucking company. He enrolled in summer school and made up five credit hours—one more than necessary. He wanted to play for Alabama, and by mid-August he had convinced Bryant, who reinstated him.

How much does Stabler mean to the Alabama offense? Well, with him at quarterback Alabama has won 11 in a row, including a 34–7 rout of Nebraska in the Sugar Bowl last New Year's Day. Last year Stabler set an SEC record for passing accuracy: 74 of 114 (for 956 yards). By the time the season was ending, Bryant was saying Stabler had "the best touch for long passing I've ever seen." What is more, Stabler can run. He led Alabama in rushing with 397 yards. Meanwhile, bodies that serve as Alabama's quarterback when Stabler does not are sophomores Scott Hunter and Neb Hayden, who are not ready to take the Tide to its accustomed heights, and junior Joe Kelley, who has ability but seemed to feel the pressure in the spring when Stabler was suspended.

Alabama graduated its top receiver, Split End Ray Perkins, so Bryant has moved Flankerback Dennis Homan (second to Perkins with 23 catches for 377 yards) to split end. He says the kind of things about Homan you would not believe from such a conservative voice: "Homan could be as good as Don Hutson." Bryant also has his finest group of runners since the 1961 championship team. Fullbacks Pete Moore, David Chatwood and Gene Raburn and Tailbacks Ed Morgan and Tommy Wade.

Unfortunately, this offense will be operating behind a largely untried line. Alabama lost six of its first seven offensive linemen. The only returnee is Guard Bruce Stephens, a five-year man who is of a brand that might be called Alabama Typical: small (195 pounds), fast and violent. The rest of the line is faceless and could take half a season to emerge. By then Alabama will already have played Tennessee and Mississippi.

What is to keep the wolves and Vols and Rebels from Alabama's door? The defense, naturally. If Bryant had coached Alabama's defense in 1865 the Federals would never have burned the campus. With no trace of regret—39–28 games are not his style—Bryant says, "It looks like we'll have to go back to playing some defense." Actually, Alabama never stops playing defense. Last year it led the nation in keeping feet out of its end zone. Ten opponents averaged only 3.7 points a game, six were shut out. From that defense, eight of 11 starters return. As always, the defense will be absurdly light and sudden-death quick. The starting defensive team will average about 196 pounds per man in an era when 260-pound linemen are commonplace. The middle of the Alabama line must be shored up, but Bryant is going to a four-man front line this year, with three excellent linebackers—Mike Hall, Wayne Owen and Bob Childs—and a rover (free-lancing linebacker), David Bedwell. Ends Mike Ford and Charles Harris and Backs Bobby Johns (an All-America) and Dicky Thompson and Safety Man Mike Sasser already know what Bryant requires of defensemen, so if Alabama has to shut out its first five opponents to stay unbeaten it just may.

No coach in the business comes close to Bryant's record in his nine years at Alabama. Eight times he has been in the nation's top 10. His teams have won three national championships. Ironically, he did not win it last year with an undefeated team that he considered his best. Privately he told Ted Williams this summer that he thought Notre Dame had better material and all that, but "we'd have beaten Notre Dame." This is a different season. Unless his offensive line comes on strong, the Bear may not care to contend that Alabama is No. 1. But if it does, the Tide may be better than ever.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 23	Florida State	
Sept. 30	S. Mississippi	34–0
Oct. 7	Mississippi	17–7
Oct. 14	at Vanderbilt	42–6
Oct. 21	Tennessee	11–10
Oct. 28	at Clemson	26–0
Nov. 4	Mississippi State	27–14
Nov. 11	at LSU	21–0
Nov. 18	South Carolina	24–0
Dec. 2	Auburn	31–0

6 MSU



This year the cry is more like, "Hurt, Bubba. Hurt!"

The football blast furnaces are silent along the Red Cedar, that pastoral creek that winds through the Michigan State campus. Now and again a visitor can hear the thud of plastic helmet against fiber shoulder pad, but it is mixed with the sounds of children laughing among the maples and oaks, flowers in their teeth. The students no longer gather at the feet of the bronze statue of Sparty, which commands the tricornered intersection outside the Michigan State football stadium, shouting slogans like "Kill, Bubba, Kill!" and "Crush the Irish!" Instead, they are measuring Sparty for an olive branch. Sad to say, the Spartan football factory has gone on short shifts. Well, comparatively short.

"The era of the fantastic athlete at Michigan State is over," says Duffy Daugherty. "We had a windfall of exceptional individual stars that made us an outstanding team for two years. Now they're gone and we're back to playing the boys again."

The prospect is enough to make a grown man cry—especially if you happen to be Duffy Daugherty. Michigan State has won two Big Ten football championships in a row and Duffy would love to become the first coach in conference history to make it three. He has missed winning the undisputed national title the past two years by a neck and a nose while breeding more prize studs for the pros than Calumet Farm. The Spartans have lost only one (the Rose Bowl to UCLA) and tied one (against Notre Dame) in their last 21 games, and they received the ultimate compliment when Bubba Smith and Clinton Jones were the top two choices in the NFL draft and two others (George Webster and Gene Washington) were taken in the top 10.

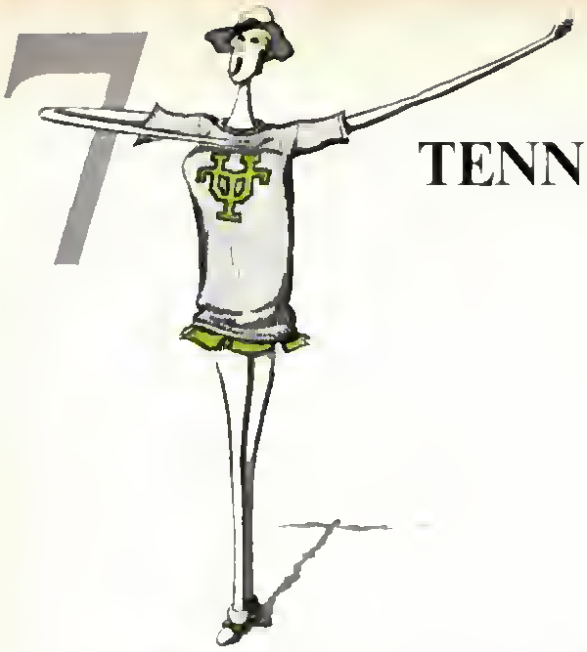
Duffy has lost 18 seniors in all, including four legitimate All-Americas and a couple of marginal ones, and where they will be missed most is on defense. Michigan State scored 41 touchdowns while yielding a mere 13 last fall. The rushing defense was the best in the Big Ten and ranked among the top three in the country. But seven of the team's 10 leaders in tackles have departed, and an eighth—Jesse Phillips—remains doubtful. Phillips likes to write. Not novels. Not poetry. Overdrafts. He scattered a few around Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, Mich., and bounced into trouble.

Minus Phillips during spring practice, the Spartans were as vulnerable from the air as a hospital ship. The reserves hit the No. 1 secondary for 323 yards and a touchdown, and the defensive unit as a whole sorely missed the ax-handle diplomacy of Smith and Webster. Only two regulars, Tackles Charles Bailey and Nick Jordan, return up front, and rugged Charlie Thornhill is missing from one of the linebacker spots. Bob Lange will take over for Thornhill, and George Chatlos and Rich Saul, the only sophomore sure to start on defense, will be the ends. Bubba's size 15E shoes just may be filled before the season is very old by his unpredictable 6′ 6″, 275-pound brother, Tody. Replacing Webster at rover back is impossible, but Duffy tried, coming up with a super-substitute—Bob Super, a converted quarterback. Co-Captain Drake Garrett, the team's best pass defender, returns at one defensive halfback, but he is prone to make mistakes. Steve Garney, a sophomore, has promise but no experience. Hopefully, Phillips will be around to discourage some of the passing that this MSU team is sure to face.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 23	Houston	
Sept. 30	USC	
Oct. 7	Wisconsin	
Oct. 14	at Michigan	20–7
Oct. 21	at Minnesota	
Oct. 28	at Notre Dame	10–10
Nov. 4	Ohio State	11–8
Nov. 11	Indiana	37–19
Nov. 18	at Purdue	41–10
Nov. 25	Northwestern	22–0

The offense has no such worries. Last year Duffy stalked the dressing room before every game, taunting his attackers to be merciless. With Clinton Jones on the move the motto was, "Don't take any prisoners." Now Jones, the team's best ballcarrier, is gone, but the next 10 rushing leaders behind him are back. The Spartans are at least two deep in veterans at every position except right halfback. Dwight Lee, a tough, 200-pound left halfback who hits like a rocket sled, is expected to pick up much of the yardage that Jones had been getting for the Spartans. Bob Apisa is another of Duffy's moody Hawaiians, but he is also just about the finest fullback in the Big Ten when healthy and eager to play. Bothered by a bad knee throughout his career, Apisa had more surgery over the winter, missed spring practice and got married. "I want to play, and I know the leg will be all right," he insists. Daugherty may move Regis Cavendish, Apisa's substitute, to right half. If not, Frank Waters, a 190-pound junior, is the most likely candidate, but he will be pressed by LaMarr Thomas, a sophomore. Jimmy Raye is the 5′ 10″ quarterback everybody said was too small, but everybody was wrong. Now the talk around the circular bar at Paul Revere's and amid the drum-pounding din of the Coral Gables basement discotheque is that Raye is even better than his predecessor, Steve Juday, who was an All-America. Raye is smart, he can throw and he is the first Michigan State quarterback in 25 years who can run. With Gene Washington gone, his primary target will be Al Brenner, a tight end who caught 22 passes last season and is the fastest man on the team. Tackle Joe Przybycki, State's best offensive lineman, missed spring drills in order to get himself scholastically eligible. He and Co-Captain Tony Conti are the cornerstones of a slightly questionable offensive line, but one that should be more than adequate.

"It's the defense," says Duffy, "that will make or break us." But the schedule could, too. The Spartans play three of their biggest games—Minnesota in Minneapolis, Notre Dame in South Bend and Ohio State—in succession. They still have to be favored to win the Big Ten, but it won't be a year like "Kill, Bubba, Kill!"



TENNESSEE

A quarterback has the whole town Dewey-eyed

Everything is different at Tennessee. Those sleek, modern houses on fraternity row were not there three years ago, and neither was the William B. Stokely Athletics Center, with its 13,000 seats for basketball and its splashy orange carpeting covering everybody's office floor from Athletic Director Bob Woodruff on down. The 1969 NCAA track and field championship is going to be held on the Tartan surface of the Tom Black Olympic Track and two new swimming pools have led the coeds to trade their hopsack dresses for bikinis. When the sun is out, "The World's Largest Grill" isn't even the most popular campus hangout anymore, the natatorium is. But nothing has changed as much at Knoxville as Tennessee football.

Three years ago the Volunteers were losing as often as they won, and had been doing so for some time. They were still playing in the historic Tennessee mold of stout defense and batter-it-out offense, but not playing it as well as in the Bob Neyland era. There were no bowl invitations to accept, and few All-Americas to brag about. Then along came Doug Dickey, only 31 and bursting with the winning spirit of six years under Frank Broyles at Arkansas. He climbed into a private plane and flew into places like Tullahoma and Humboldt and Oliver Springs, and suddenly Tennessee was playing football again—exciting, fancy football at that. In 1965 the Vols surprised everybody by winning seven of 10 games, and then went to the Bluebonnet Bowl. Last year it was seven of 10 and a Gator Bowl win. Now a new deck is planned for the east side of Neyland Stadium, which everybody in the state is trying to squeeze into so that they can watch Dewey Warren pass, Richmond Flowers catch and Tennessee win.

Warren exemplifies the new regime. He likes to pick out somebody in an orange shirt, maybe 50 yards away, and throw a football to him. To understand how dramatic this approach is at Tennessee, consider the school records Warren set last year. He attempted 229 passes. The old mark was 81. He completed 136. The old record was 44 (his own the year before). He gained 1,716 yards passing—as opposed to the record of 552. "Dewey can loft the ball or drill it," says Dickey admiringly. "When you have a boy who can throw like that you just let him get out and throw all he wants."

Especially you let him throw to Richmond Flowers. Tennessee lost two good ends, Johnny Mills and Austin Denney, but with Flowers at flanker they won't be missed as much as they might. Flowers, a championship hurdler in the winter, spring and summer, hurdles defenders in the fall. His tremendous speed and gifted hands enabled him to catch 35 passes for 407 yards and five touchdowns last year, and Dickey says he is now better than ever. "He's smarter," says Dickey. "He has perfected different patterns instead of just trying to outrun everybody, and he has made himself a threat in front of the defender as well as behind him." Meanwhile two able ends, Terry Dalton and 212-pound Mike Gooch, have stepped in to replace Mills and Denney. Another man who may do some passing is Tailback Charlie Fulton. He was Tennessee's quarterback two years ago until he was hurt and lost the job for good to Warren. He is an elusive runner, but also an accomplished passer. "I guarantee you," says Dickey, "that Charlie will throw a few this year."

The only time the opposition's defense can forget about the pass is when Fullback Richard Pickens has the ball. Pickens, a junior, has learned to run lower than he did a year ago when he averaged 5.2 yards a carry. The improvement will be needed, for Pickens' backup, Bob Mauriello, who gained 192 yards in 42 carries, has not recovered from a knee operation.

Helping the offense work is the best line Tennessee has produced in years. It has two outstanding players in Bob Johnson, a 6′ 4″, 231-pound center whom the pros rate high, and Tackle John Boynton. Charles Rosenfelder and Joe Graham, who has been switched from the defense, make a superior guard combination.

The defense is a proven one—except at the very position where Dickey would like experience the most: linebacker. This is where Tennessee may be in trouble. For the first time in Dickey's career he is without somebody in the Emanuel-Fisher-Naumoff class. "It is really too much to expect All-Star linebackers every year," he admits, "but in our defense heavy tackling responsibility falls upon the linebackers." Dickey's answer has been to settle for speed instead of size. He has moved 191-pound Nick Showalter from defensive end to play alongside Steve Kiner, 194, a sophomore who had a fine spring game. Jimmy Glover, 194, returns as the monster man. This trio must come through, and if it does the defense will hold up. If not, Tennessee's good defensive backs, led by an excellent safety man, Bill Young, will have too much to do.

Dickey's latest innovation is a computer that will greatly speed up the assessment of scouting reports on the Volunteers' opponents, but it does not take a scientist to figure that somebody was not computing very well when those opponents were chosen. None of the top 20 teams has a start much tougher than Tennessee, which must face UCLA, Auburn, Georgia Tech and Alabama in its first five weeks. It will take scouting reports galore and Warren at his wildest to get the team through that with a 3-1 record. If the Vols do come through 3-1, however, they will be set for the big year that will prove just how different things really are in Knoxville.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 16	at UCLA	
Sept. 30	Auburn	28–0
Oct. 14	Georgia Tech	3–6
Oct. 21	at Alabama	10–11
Oct. 28	LSU	
Nov. 4	at Tampa	
Nov. 11	Tulane	
Nov. 18	Mississippi at Memphis	7–14
Nov. 25	at Kentucky	28–19
Dec. 2	Vanderbilt	28–0

8 USC



Poor John may get rich with his javelin duckers

Right in the middle of a $106 million construction master plan that is raising buildings faster than the students can lower their convertible tops, USC Football Coach John McKay is living in the lap of poverty. His office is on the second floor of the dreary, old Student Union Building, a structure the wreckers have somehow ignored. He can be found at the end of a long, dark corridor that is flanked by cubbyholes so small that one of the Trojans' 250-pound linemen – and there are plenty of them around – can hardly be wedged in for a talk with an assistant coach. Nor are USC's practice facilities any better. The football squad has to share a field with the track team in the spring. "This is one of the few places in the world," says McKay, "where you are liable to get speared with a javelin while running off tackle."

But don't pity the plight of McKay too long, for a phalanx of javelin throwers may be needed to stop USC. "We'll be better than last year in all ways," says McKay. "Better defense, better offense, better passing, better running, better punting. What else is there?" And the team that McKay is mentally being better than was good enough to go to the Rose Bowl.

One reason for McKay's confidence is that most of that 1966 team is back. It lost only 11 regulars to graduation, and of those just three were the kind that give a coach a lump in his throat as he waves goodby. The most obvious attribute of the USC team is going to be the speed of its backfield. The fullback is Mike Hull, a 6' 4" 220-pounder who has an unusual ability to get started quickly. Last year he spurted through opponents' lines for a total of 502 yards. Supporting Hull at flanker is Jim Lawrence, a 9.6 man in the 100-yard dash – not the type a defender can amble up to and tackle at leisure. But most exciting of all is a junior-college transfer who has yet to carry the ball for the Trojans, O. (for Orenthal) J. (for James) Simpson. O.J. handles the 100 in 9.4, is big enough, at 6' 1" and 202 pounds, to break tackles – much in the style of Mike Garrett, who has been instructing him this year – is a fine feinter and a superb pass catcher. In two seasons at San Francisco City College he scored 54 touchdowns, and he already has a national reputation, though not with a football; he was on the Trojans' 440-yard relay team that set a world record last spring. This chore on behalf of Trojan track limited O.J.'s football practice to 10 days, and it was never quite clear where he was to fit into the backfield. He is going to start at tailback, but his pass-catching ability has led McKay to give him the playbooks for flanker and split end, as well. Learning USC's shifting-T attack will be Simpson's biggest problem, especially learning it from three different positions.

If McKay has a serious concern, it is who will direct this fleet-footed attack. He has to decide whether to go with Toby Page, who was Troy Winslow's understudy at quarterback last year and is a good runner but no more than an adequate passer, or take a tempting chance on a sophomore. The newcomer is Mike Holmgren, a strong 6' 4" youngster with imposing passing credentials, including the completion of 14 for 21 against UCLA's freshmen last season. "He can throw the ball a mile," says McKay. "That's a switch for us. Lately our long passes have averaged about eight yards." But Holmgren is basically a drop-back passer and in the spring game he had difficulty scrambling away from a rush. McKay's offense calls for a sprint-out type quarterback.

Like Page – and the chances are that Page will start the season, with Holmgren taking over on occasion to loosen up defenses. Either way, USC will not hesitate to throw the ball. Especially with fast receivers such as Ron Drake, who caught 52 passes last year, Simpson, Lawrence and Earl McCullough, who usually plays defense, around. McCullough last summer tied the world record of 13.2 for the 110-meter high hurdles.

Even with two JC transfers, Steve Lehmer at guard and probably Jerry Coleman at center, the Trojans will have a good front line. Mike Taylor, a tough 238-pounder, has been switched from defense to join Ron Yary, the 255-pound All-America, at tackle. Bob Klein, the tight end, is 235 and Guard Mike Scarpace is 245.

The defense is just as impressive, and even bigger. The front five average 230 pounds, and quarterbacks will find it difficult to throw over the huge ends, Tim Rossovich, 6' 5", and Bill Hayhoe, 6' 8". The tackles are sophomore Willard Scott, 235, and Gary Magner, 220, while Ralph Oliver, the middle guard, weighs in at 220. If they miss anyone, linebackers Adrian Young, who is up to 220 pounds now, Jim Snow and Ty Salness will be there to back up. The secondary looks capable, too. Halfbacks Bill Jaroncyk and Pat Cashman are both experienced, and sophomore Sandy Durko is so good that he chased Mike Battle, the regular safety, over to the offensive team as a split end.

The crosstown rivalry in Los Angeles could hardly be more exciting this season. USC is a football team with quarterback worries and UCLA is a quarterback with football team worries. The odds are that the team will beat out the quarterback for the Pacific Eight championship. But USC's national ranking is a slightly more precarious matter because of its stifling schedule. A five-week stretch that includes Texas, Michigan State, Notre Dame and Washington (at Seattle) may be too much to bear. "If we live through that," says McKay, "you'll hear from us." If USC lives through that, it will already have been heard from.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 16	Washington State	
Sept. 23	Texas	10–6
Sept. 30	at Michigan State	
Oct. 7	Stanford	21–7
Oct. 14	at Notre Dame	0–51
Oct. 21	at Washington	17–14
Oct. 28	Oregon	
Nov. 4	at California	35–9
Nov. 11	at Oregon State	21–0
Nov. 18	UCLA	7–14

You don't need 28 taste testers to make Bourbon.

But Grand-Dad demands them.

We could probably get by with fewer taste testers. Or tasters who were more easily pleased.

But our 28 taste experts are an unsentimental bunch. They're paid to keep our Bourbon up to Grand-Dad's standards from the day it's born till the day it's bottled.

They taste a sample every day. And many more times while it's aging and before it's bottled. Every last one of them must agree on the taste, bouquet, color, flavor, character and uniformity.

If an expert should ever wrinkle his nose, that Bourbon is rejected at once. It doesn't happen often. When you have 28 tasters looking over your Bourbon, you don't make many mistakes.



Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.



Michaels/Stern can make you look rugged without looking padded.

Most thin men seem to go for padded suits. Then they go around looking top-heavy.

Michaels/Stern beefs you up more subtly. With the Ph. D.

Authentic natural shoulders soften angular corners. The vest fills you out. The trim coat won't hang. The right pattern helps, too. And so does the good substantial color. (It's actually a *mixture* of browns and blue-olives. Michaels/Stern has dubbed these tones Saddle 'n Sage.)

Come on like the man you are. There's really nothing to it. Just stride into your favorite tailor's today, and drop the right name:

MICHAELS/STERN

FOR STORE NEAR YOU, WRITE DEPT. STA, 87 NORTH CLINTON AVE., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14602. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA AND [illegible]

9 ARKANSAS



Hog-callers always have something to shout about

One day last spring Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles was moaning that his ranks were fearfully depleted after successive seasons of 11-0, 10-1 and 8-2. "We're back with the pack," he was saying. "We're light again and will have to scramble for everything we get. You can't have a winner without a lot of standout seniors, and we only have six of them." And just who were the six? Broyles, who has a habit of getting fired up as he talks, began to identify them. "Well, there's Hartford Hamilton, who's the best defensive end we've had. There's David Cooper, our best nose guard ever. I think Ronny South will be our best passer. Steve Hoehn is certainly our best monster man. Ernest Ruple is probably the finest offensive tackle we've seen. And Tommy Trantham ought to help give us our best secondary. Hey, wait a minute! I think I've just talked us back into contention."

He didn't need to. Under Frank Broyles, Arkansas has always been in contention, and most likely will stay that way. The school is in the unique position of having the entire state behind it 12 months of the year, and especially in the fall. For no reason other than that they like Broyles and the Razorbacks, people are prone to holler, "Whoooo, pig, sooey!" on the main street of the largest city or smallest village. Thousands wear red vests and blazers and hats to the games. Ladies have been seen going into the stadium portals in either Fayetteville or Little Rock carrying tiny, live pigs outfitted in red sweaters. And every game is a sellout whether Arkansas is meeting its foe of foes, Texas, or one of Frank's favorite nonconference rivals, Tulsa or Oklahoma State.

When Broyles once was questioned as to why he didn't schedule tougher outside competition, he said quite honestly, "Seven Southwest Conference games is tough enough. Besides, nobody ever looks back on a 9-1 and wonders who you played."

But Arkansas need not apologize for its schedule as long as it can beat Texas—which it has done three years in a row. When Arkansas did it 14-13, it meant a national title for the Porkers in 1964. When it happened again, 27-24, on national TV in 1965, it knocked the Longhorns out of the No. 1 spot and sent them reeling to other defeats. Last year's 12-7 victory merely cost Texas the conference crown.

"I don't believe we've beaten Texas three in a row," says Broyles. "Nobody is that fortunate. Anyhow, it can't last."

It can't, but it might, particularly if fifth-year Quarterback Ronny South is what Broyles hopes he will be. South is a fine passer and excellent place-kicker. He backed up Fred Marshall in 1964 when Marshall was carrying the Razorbacks to the national title. He backed up Jon Brittenum in 1965 on a 10-1 team that almost repeated as No. 1. Then he sat out a year. "I didn't want to spend all three years as a reserve," says South. "Now, it's my turn."

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 23	Oklahoma State	14–10
Sept. 30	Tulsa	27–8
Oct. 7	Texas Christian	21–0
Oct. 14	at Baylor	0–7
Oct. 21	Texas	12–7
Oct. 28	Kansas State	
Nov. 4	Texas A&M	34–0
Nov. 11	at Rice	31–20
Nov. 18	at SMU	22–0
Nov. 25	Texas Tech	16–21

The one real worry about South is that he may have become too rusty after the redshirt year, especially since he also missed spring practice for military duty. Another worry is the receiving. Arkansas has no Lance Alworths or Bobby Crocketts stored away. One immediate remedy was to shift junior David Dickey from tailback to wingback. Dickey is a tough all-conference speedster who scored four touchdowns against Texas A&M last season.

But Broyles would not have moved Dickey if he didn't know something. What he knows is that sophomores Russell Cody and Mike Hendren can handle the tailback duties. Cody is being called "Arkansas' answer to Chris Gilbert," and Dickey is so impressed with Hendren that he describes him as a "combination Jim Lindsey, Harry Jones and me."

The backs will all run behind Ernest Ruple, who is 6′ 5″ and 252 pounds of tackle—the only big man in Broyles' camp. Ruple is a relic of the glorious era, just ended, when Arkansas was both big *and* fast.

On defense it is normal for Arkansas to be trim, quick and brutal, and Broyles does not try to conceal the fact that this could be his best defensive team. With Hamilton, who is "all hands and feet," on the end and Hoehn at the roving linebacker position, it will be difficult to get wide on Arkansas. And helping Trantham in the secondary is Gary Adams, who was all-conference as a sophomore. Only a top thrower will be able to cope with those two.

Unlike most coaches, Broyles is not disturbed about the fact that he will have to use a lot of sophomores. "This isn't so bad under platoon rules," he says. "By midseason they're juniors because of the specialized coaching they get."

By midseason Arkansas may be quite a football team, if for no other reason than Broyles' usual gem of a schedule. Seven games will be played in the Ozark hills, including the hard ones against Texas and Texas A&M. And the coach very carefully has those two spaced around a laugher with Kansas State.

"The mark of a great team is its ability to score with its defense," says Broyles, who has had lots of them who could do just that. "We have a chance to have that quality."

As for the offense, it will all be up to Ronny South. But the Porkers aren't worried. As Tommy Trantham says, "South can do anything, shoot snooker, play basketball, chess, Ping-Pong, kick, throw and think."

Everybody in Arkansas talks the Razorbacks into contention.

10



UCLA

It's Gary, Gary and still more Gary

The University of California at Los Angeles, cloistered in the Santa Monica Mountains between plush Bel Air and the Pacific Ocean, is a school where students can enjoy a diversity of activities. In one week last term they could hear Robert Welch, founder of the John Birch Society, expound on the evils of Communism in the Student Union Grand Ballroom or listen to the late neo-Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell in Royce Hall. They could also attend a Human Be-In Picnic "for students who are tired of the dehumanization process at the university" or an abortive flag-burning ceremony staged by CRISIS (Committee for Rhodesian Independence and Support of Ian Smith). Now that fall has come, UCLA will doubtless have many of the same type of attractions with which to intrigue the catholic tastes of its students, but it will have another, too, one that will outdraw Welch, Rockwell, Be-In and CRISIS put together—Gary Beban and the UCLA football team.

Until Beban and Coach Tommy Prothro came along two years ago, Bruin football had been about as stimulating as a flag burning; you could hate it if you wanted to, but it wasn't worth the bother. Then Beban, a poised young man who throws a football better than *most* college quarterbacks and runs with it like an All-America halfback, began to shake things up. He led UCLA to two winning seasons and in the process amassed some outstanding personal statistics. These included completing 156 of 309 passes for 2,728 yards and 15 touchdowns, running for 1,042 yards and scoring 148 points, averaging 188 yards per game and breaking the school's total-offense record, with a year still to play.

Beban is strictly a roll-out passer and runner who has the ability to wait until the last second to exercise his options. It is this refusal to commit himself early that has made him one of the best quarterbacks in the country, another being Dewey Warren of Tennessee, whom Beban will face in the season's opener. Beban also has a talent for lifting his team up with a big play. These qualities, and another good year, could make him UCLA's first Heisman Trophy winner.

But if Prothro is blessed with a quarterback wonder, he is also saddled with a constant nightmare: what will happen if his wonder is injured? The answer was painfully apparent in spring practice when Beban had to sit out the last two weeks with a pulled hamstring. Without him, the Bruins flickered and faded like an old Hollywood movie. "If we lose Beban," says Prothro, "we are going to be in trouble. Plain, simple trouble."

There is also some worry that without Mel Farr, last year's All-America halfback who kept pressure off Beban by being such a threat himself, Beban may find defenses ganging up on him. The Bruins, however, do have an experienced fullback in Rick Purdy, a compact 203-pounder who excels at inside line smashing. Replacing Farr will be Greg Jones, a hard-running sophomore who is expected to develop quickly—and will have to. Steve Stanley, who was a fullback last year, is moving to wingback. One result is that Prothro's shifting T will be more of a quarterback-fullback offense this year, with the emphasis on movement and passing. Much of the movement may come from Hal Busby, a 9.3 sprinter who will spell Stanley at wingback. A wispy 5′11″ and only 154 pounds, Busby is about the fastest college player in the country. He can also catch the ball—which is a help. At split end is sophomore George Farmer, who is a turtle by comparison, being a mere 9.9 man, but bigger and stronger at 6′4″ and 205 pounds.

How well UCLA moves the ball will depend largely upon the blocking of the offensive interior line, and this should be more than adequate. Larry Slagle, a 227-pound tackle, is the best of the linemen.

If all else fails, the Bruins have a soccer-style place-kicker with the unlikely name of Zenon Andrusyshyn whose job is to get them points in bunches of three. Born in Germany of Ukrainian parents, Andrusyshyn turned up last fall as a freshman and told Prothro he could place kick 70 yards. He passed up freshman football but came out this spring and one afternoon kicked 14 field goals in a row from 45 yards out.

UCLA's offense may be Beban plus a prayer, but the defense is a fine one. It is not big—Tackles Al Claman and Hal Griffin are a mere 192 and 196 pounds, respectively—but it is fast and vigorous. End Vic Lepisto, who has a reputation as a tough cookie to crumble, is only 188, while the linebackers, Don Manning and Wade Pearson, are both under 200. The deep secondary is small, too, but Halfbacks Mark Gustafson and Andy Herrera and Safety Sandy Green, each 5′ 10″ or less, have a way of swarming upon pass receivers like an ant colony attacking a gumdrop.

Prothro is pleased with *his* team. "We have more kids who can play than we've ever had," he says. "But I guess if you find yourself thinking about depth, it means your first team isn't any good." Whether it will be good enough depends upon Beban. If he is healthy for 10 games, UCLA has a chance to win them all, even the ones with Tennessee and USC. But if Beban gets hurt, Bruin fans may have to get their kicks watching UCLA's pompon girls.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 16	Tennessee	
Sept. 23	at Pitt	57–14
Sept. 30	Washington State at Spokane	
Oct. 7	at Penn State	49–11
Oct. 14	California	28–15
Oct. 21	at Stanford	10–0
Nov. 4	Oregon State	
Nov. 11	Washington	3–16
Nov. 18	at USC	14–7
Nov. 25	Syracuse	31–12

Whatever Shapely Shirt you're in,



you're "in."

Take a cue from the fast-paced set, and score big with this pair of pace-setting **Permanent Press** buttondowns. Wide track oxford stripe (center) of 65% Dacron® polyester/35% cotton. In blue, maize, sage, champagne. Tattersall oxford (top) of 50% Kodel® polyester 50% cotton. In blue, gold, wine. Locker loop, and the famous Shapely University Club tailoring for a big shouldered, narrow waisted look. About $6 each. At "in" stores everywhere. Mack Shirt Corp., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Shapely Shirts

UNIVERSITY CLUB TAPERED TO A T

11 COLORADO



They don't need Buffalo Bill, but Buffalo Bob may be helpful

It has been five years since Sonny Grandelius took Colorado to the Orange Bowl and then was asked to betake himself elsewhere because his recruiting methods did not meet accepted practices. Lean years they were, too, until a tough former quarterback from Oklahoma's heyday, Eddie Crowder, came up to Boulder to see what he could do to save the Buffaloes from extinction. In his third year, 1965, Crowder got them to 6-2-2, and last year it was 7-3 in a season that was two minutes too long. Those were the final 60 seconds of the Oklahoma State and Nebraska games, in which Colorado blew its chances at the Big Eight Conference championship.

But rather than sending Buffalo fans in search of mountain cliffs to plunge over, the defeats raised a wait-till-next-year cry. Now next year is here, and it may well prove worth waiting for because the Buffaloes have the brawny look of potential Big Eight champions. Pro scouts will tell you this. So will Nebraska's Bob Devaney and Missouri's Dan Devine. In fact, the only disagreement with the assessment comes from Eddie Crowder. "Oh, we've got more balance and experience than before, that's true," he says. "But we lack depth and quickness at several positions, and there is the quarterback problem."

The quarterback problem is of the classic kind. There is this senior, you see, and this sophomore . . . (both of whom, incidentally, date the same girl, Tom Harmon's daughter, Kelly). The senior is Dan Kelly. He was pressed into service briefly last year when Colorado's top quarterback, Bernie McCall, who has since graduated, was injured. Kelly was spectacular until he sprained his right wrist—which is the kind of thing Kelly does. In two years he has also broken his right arm twice and his right foot once. A tower of strength he is not. This means that Crowder feels he should take a long, considered look at Bob Anderson, the most-talked-up Colorado sophomore in years. Anderson is 6′, 198 pounds and does not break anything except opponents' skulls. He does not look like a quarterback. Inspecting him from the top down, one sees hair and ears, then a whole lot of muscles, and then the points of his shoulders. It is the kind of build achieved by lifting weights. "I lift weights," says Anderson. What he really looks like is a fullback and he plays like one, relishing the fine feeling that comes with knocking people over. He is a good passer, poised, competitive, and enjoys pressure. He is inquisitive, too. "Other freshmen," says Crowder, "you tell them to do something and they do it. Bob does it, but he will come back to find out why. He wants to know the theory behind everything, and he is learning fast." But, as Crowder quickly points out, he is also inexperienced and, more serious, he is not fast afoot. So Crowder must decide between a quick quarterback who is breakable and a slower one who is not. The chances are he will start with Kelly, but use Anderson increasingly.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 16	Baylor	13–7
Sept. 23	at Oregon	
Oct. 7	Iowa State	41–21
Oct. 14	Missouri	26–0
Oct. 21	at Nebraska	19–21
Oct. 28	Oklahoma State	10–11
Nov. 4	at Oklahoma	24–21
Nov. 11	Kansas	35–18
Nov. 18	at Kansas State	10–0
Nov. 25	at Air Force	10–9

Regardless of who winds up at quarterback, the offense is a good one. At fullback is Wilmer Cooks, a 215-pounder who was All-Big Eight last year and led the conference in scoring with 12 touchdowns. A strong inside runner, Cooks suddenly has decided it is also a lot of fun to run outside where there is more fresh air. "We never expected him to be a breakaway back," says Crowder, "but maturity has done a lot for him. Now he realizes that an extra step may get him a 50-yard touchdown instead of a 15-yard gain." Cooks will be supported by Tailback William Harris, who picked up 538 yards in 105 carries last season, and John Farler, who averaged seven yards a try from his winghack position.

The offensive line is likely to have two sophomores at end, Monte Huber and Mike Pruett, but they are good ones, especially Huber, who is a converted quarterback. He is contesting for a starting job with Larry Plantz, who last season caught 22 passes, three for touchdowns. The interior line, led by Mike Montler, one of the league's best sophomores last year, is experienced and big.

The defense suffered much heavier graduation losses than the offense and will be hoping Colorado's offense is as strong as it looks. Two of last year's second-stringers, Mike Schnitker and Mike Veeder, move up as the defensive ends. In the interior line, which is brawny but has some players in new positions, the key figure will be Frank Bosch. He was an All-Conference lineman a year ago, but injured his neck wrestling and required an operation that kept him out of spring practice. He has been working out this summer, and says he is ready.

The linebacking is sound, but the defensive secondary is open to question. It had some crucial lapses last year and now must play without one of the conference's best safety men, Hale Irwin. But Charles Greer was a sensation as a sophomore, and may be ready to return to form as a senior. Dick Anderson managed five interceptions last year and Ike Howard added three more even though he did not see action full time. Greer is the man that the most must be hoped from.

It would seem that Crowder has cleared the hurdle which every new coach faces—that of being positive he is teaching winning football. But this will be Crowder's year of greatest challenge, for no longer can Colorado surprise opponents with its strength, and the Big Eight is a tough league. What is more, his team must play Nebraska and Oklahoma on the road. Crowder is aware of the hazards ahead. "It used to be," he says, "that we knew we would be somewhere between 0-10 and 5-5. Now we're pretty sure we're going to be somewhere between 5-5 and 10-0."

Make that 7-3 and 10-0 this year, Coach.

You don't need to be a millionaire to be sued like one.

Or get sick like one. Or have an accident like one.

What you *do* need is insurance that protects you like one. And INA—Insurance Company of North America—has it. At a price so small you can usually write it in two figures.

We call it our XIC-SAC coverage, and if you're a successful business or professional man, it's made for you.

Because you have assets worth protecting—plus higher than average exposure to loss—XIC covers your family against just about every kind of high liability claim you're subject to, including, in most states, Catastrophe Major Medical Coverage. XIC takes over where your regular liability policies stop, and gives you $1,000,000 of coverage—even more, if you'd like.

Add on SAC—Special Accident Coverage—that provides up to $100,000 for accidental death and you've got all the protection of this kind most families need.

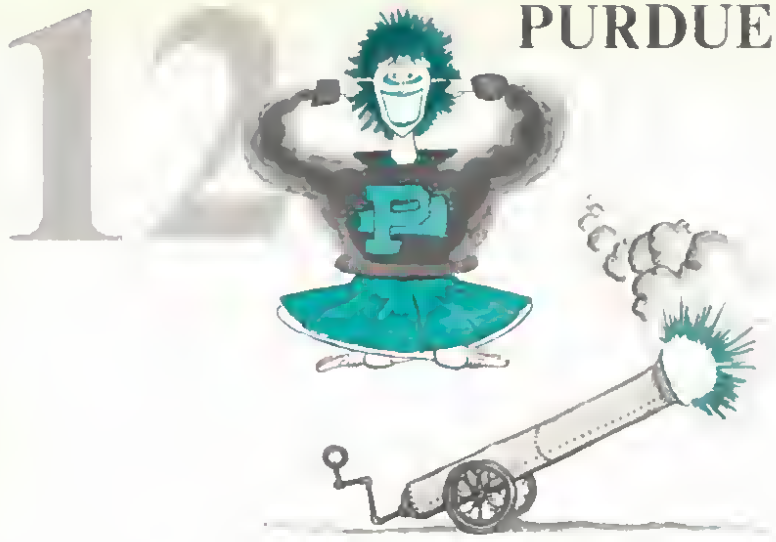
How much for this millionaire's coverage? For most families less than $100 a year. Call your local INA agent. He's in the Yellow Pages.

Once again INA offers you the most complete coverage available—backed by 175 years of insurance experience and imagINAtion.

INA **Insurance Company of North America**
16th and Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa.

INA brings you NCAA Football on ABC-TV. Every Saturday starting September 16.

12 PURDUE



The perfume of roses turned out to be heady stuff

Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf has this recurring dream. In it the game has just ended. The 320-piece Purdue All-America Marching Band is blowing up a storm in Ross-Ade Stadium, the school's famed Golden Girl is bouncing this way and that, and coming across the field to shake Mollenkopf's hand is a glum Duffy Daugherty. The Boilermakers, you see, have just beaten Michigan State to win their first Big Ten championship in a quarter century. It's a lovely dream.

But it is not quite the fantasy it has been in the past. Last season Purdue, with its 8-2 record, got to the Rose Bowl for the first time, even if it did have to sneak in because Michigan State won the conference championship two straight years and two consecutive trips to Pasadena are forbidden. Once there, it beat USC 14–13—which is nice if you remember to forget that this was the same USC team which lost to Notre Dame 51–0. When Purdue returned to its normally subdued campus it found the Victory Bell clanging amid unprecedented enthusiasm for its achievement.

If the attitude of students and alumni had changed, so had that of *The Purdue Exponent*, the school paper which not so long before had headlined an editorial, FAT JACK MUST GO. Now Fat Jack didn't have to go after all, even though he is 61, the oldest Big Ten coach, and had been rumored to be headed—launched would be more like it—for retirement. "I don't plan to retire," he says. "I'd like to win a conference championship, and I'd like to go back to the Rose Bowl. Going there and winning was just about the nicest thing that could have happened. It solidified our alumni. They had been frustrated. It helped our recruiting, too. This year we've got the best incoming freshman group we've ever had."

Mollenkopf has something of more immediate value, too. 14 of the 22 Rose Bowl starters, including all the defensive linemen, are back. Bob Griese, the All-America quarterback who pulled the Boilermakers through so many times in the past three years is gone, however, and Mollenkopf says that watching Griese's possible successors in spring practice was "like watching guys pulling plows." But only by comparison with Griese. Junior Mike Engelbrecht, who passes and runs competently enough, will probably get Griese's old job, but he is being pushed by a sophomore, Mike Phipps, who has a stronger arm but does not run quite as well. Neither one has Griese's quickness or coolness.

Consequently, even though it has Jim Beirne, the fine split end who caught 64 passes last season, and Tight End Marion Griffin, Purdue will be geared more toward a running game now.

Mollenkopf has made a bold move to stir up the ground attack. At the risk of further weakening a secondary defense that was not much better than Egypt's, he switched Leroy Keyes, a lanky defensive back who runs the 100 in 9.9, to flanker to team up with Fullback Perry Williams, last year's rushing leader, and Tailback Bob Baltzell. "Nursey" Keyes has all the moves and the good, grasping hands of a flanker, but he also looked so adept carrying the ball in Purdue's spring game that he might even wind up at tailback. Keyes can throw a reasonably good pass, which could keep defenses loose. A Keyes switch to tailback would also let Dennis Wirgowski, a promising 6′ 4″ sophomore flanker, into the lineup.

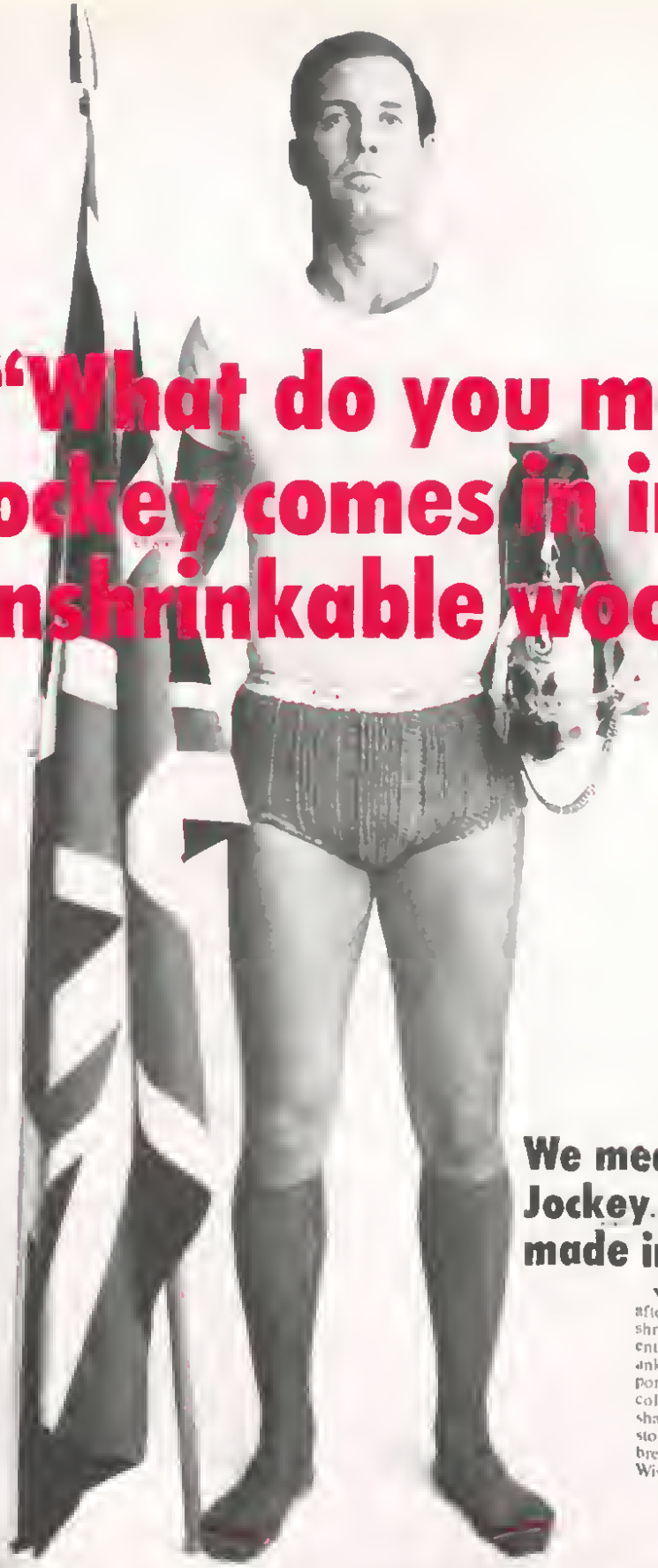
Getting Nursey and his playmates some running room may be a problem, though. With the exception of Bob Seback, a steady 228-pound guard, the interior offensive line is new. A pair of 235-pounders, Jim Bonk and Dave Stydahar, son of Joe, oldtime Chicago Bears star and former pro coach, have emerged as the starting tackles, and Walter Whitehead, a sophomore, or Mike Frame will be the center. To help out, 240-pound Linebacker Clanton King, Purdue's best, will sometimes come in at offensive guard as well.

The Purdue defense is an enigma. Last year it allowed 154 points, more than Notre Dame would give up in a decade. So the news that the same defense is back again might provoke the question: Who needs it? The other theory—and this is the one which earns Purdue its high ranking—is that the defense has learned its trade at last. Two of the more impressive linemen are Lance Olssen, a 257-pound tackle who moves well, and Chuck Kyle, an aggressive middle guard who had his best game against USC in the Rose Bowl. Fred Rafa, the other tackle, and George Olion and Bob Holmes, the ends, are combative and tenacious. The linebacking appears strong with King and Frank Burke, and behind them Dick Marvel and Bob Yunaska. "A lot of people say our defense has to be better after being as bad as it was last year," says Mollenkopf. "It will be. These boys hit harder now."

But the Boilermakers will be tender where it can hurt the most—in the secondary. With Keyes shifting to offense, the only experienced player left is Dennis Cirbes, who is small at 5′ 10″ and 176 pounds. With him will be Bob Corby, a senior, and two sophomores, Don Webster and Tim Foley. It is discomfiting to think what a pair of the country's best passers—Texas A&M's Hargett and Notre Dame's Hanratty—might do to this secondary in Purdue's first two games.

But those aren't conference games, and Mollenkopf has the Big Ten primarily on his mind. He thinks the team to beat for the title is Michigan State, yet right now he is more worried about Ohio State. "Woody Hayes always picks a team and really goes for them," says Jack. "This year it will probably be us because we're the first Big Ten opponent he faces. We'd better be ready." Right. A loss to the Buckeyes and out will come the Fat Jack headlines again.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 23	Texas A&M at Dallas	
Sept. 30	Notre Dame	14–26
Oct. 7	Northwestern	
Oct. 14	at Ohio State	
Oct. 21	Oregon State	
Oct. 28	at Iowa	35–0
Nov. 4	at Illinois	25–21
Nov. 11	Minnesota	16–0
Nov. 18	Michigan State	20–41
Nov. 25	at Indiana	51–6



"What do you mean Jockey comes in imported unshrinkable wool?"

We mean Jockey. Thorobred. socks, made in England.

Machine wash and dry Thorobred socks, week after week. Worsted wool socks guaranteed not to shrink out of foot size. Made in England by a patented process, exclusive with Jockey. All wool ankle length, $2. Wool nylon over-the calf (proportioned to foot size), $2.50, or crew, $2. Dress colors, including suave new "black brilliance" shades. Look for the Red Toe Stripe in all good stores—it's the mark of guaranteed Jockey Thorobred socks. JOCKEY MENSWEAR, Kenosha, Wisconsin • A Division of Cooper's, Inc.

Jockey. Thorobred. HOSIERY

13



NEBRASKA

Alabama bowled them over, and the road back is a long one

Forget that in the last five years the Nebraska football team has won 47 games and lost only eight. Forget that Nebraska has won four Big Eight championships in a row. Forget that Nebraska's Bob Devaney has a better winning percentage than any other coach in college football (.820). Just take Nebraska and place it in the blazing lights of Miami's Orange Bowl on New Year's night 1966 against Alabama and watch the Crimson Tide's smaller, tougher players beat the Cornhuskers into corn mash, 39–28. Then, one year later, put Nebraska into the Sugar Bowl—where it deserves to be after winning nine of 10 games. Who does it face again? Alabama, of course, and now the Tide is after the same national championship it won from Nebraska the year before. Alabama wants to humiliate Nebraska and, at the same time, look good doing it. So even when the score reaches 34–7 Alabama's smaller players are calling Nebraska's bigger players by their first names as they give them a hand getting up after knocking them down. "They even knew our boys' home towns," says Bob Devaney sadly.

Now another season is about to start and Devaney has a good reason to be worried because, for the first time since he came to Lincoln, he is without a quarterback in the class of Dennis Claridge, Fred Duda or Bob Churchich. But what really bothers him is that last loss to Alabama. "Even though our guys never once gave up," he says, "it looked as though Alabama just wanted to win more than we did. But let's face it, a good quarterback with good ends will always give us trouble. We simply don't have the quickness to react in time."

The Cornhuskers have been called big and clumsy before, but it is hard to realize what a detriment their size can be until they meet a fast team that they cannot wear down, such as Alabama or Oklahoma. They have also been criticized for a rather mechanical approach to a game that is supposedly supercharged with emotion. They have a way of beating good teams *and* bad teams by three points. Devaney will try his utmost to change all that this year, but the Huskers look just as big and no quicker than before. And this time they well may have trouble holding on to the conference championship that has been theirs for so long.

Gone are 24 lettermen, including everybody but Ben Gregory in the starting backfield, seven all-conference players and two All-Americas, losses that almost no team could stand. There are huge (naturally) holes in the defense, and a whale of a problem at quarterback. Last year Churchich picked the Huskers up when they needed it most, and along the way he broke every school passing record worth mentioning. This year a big 6′ 7″, 220-pound sophomore, Frank Patrick, is the man who would have to do the same thing. Patrick can think, throw and run.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 16	at Washington	
Sept. 30	Minnesota	
Oct. 7	at Kansas State	21–10
Oct. 14	at Kansas	24–13
Oct. 21	Colorado	21–19
Oct. 28	at TCU	14–10
Nov. 4	Iowa State	12–6
Nov. 11	Oklahoma State	21–6
Nov. 18	at Missouri	35–0
Nov. 23	Oklahoma	9–10

The big question about him is whether he can lead. If he cannot, and Devaney should find that out in the opener at Washington, Ernie Sigler, a junior, will step in. Sigler is an adequate quarterback, but he lacks the potential to pull an inexperienced team through an entire season.

Devaney has opened up his offense, installing pro sets and the I formation in order to improve the Cornhusker passing attack and help get Dick Davis, a fullback who has the ability to break away for long yardage, into the same backfield with Gregory. In this offense Gregory, who at 219 pounds is bigger than Davis, will move to tailback. Gregory was the workhorse of the 1966 attack. He carried for 418 yards and a 4.4 average and caught 12 passes for 121 yards and a touchdown. Tom Penney, the team's leading receiver, has moved to flanker to make room for Dennis Richnafsky at split end, while Dennis Morrison is back at tight end. The offensive line has Mel Brichacek taking over at guard for All-America LaVerne Allers, with Carl Ashman as his running mate. Between them is a weak spot, where Roger Kudrna, formerly a guard, will attempt to adapt himself to the center spot. Devaney expects much from his 6′ 5″, 250-pound right tackle, Bob Taucher, but the other side is unsettled.

Defense was the subject of special attention in the spring, with only one returning regular among the linebackers and defensive backs. For the first time in his career, Devaney has appointed a linebacking coach, John Melton, and radical moves are being made. Two defensive backs, Al Kuehl and Adrian Fiala, who weigh only 200 pounds, are being tried as linebackers, along with returning Barry Alvarez. The defensive line looks sound. It is built around All-America Middle Guard Wayne Meylan. Jerry Patton moves to left tackle from defensive end, and Right Tackle Jim McCord was a starter last year. Marv Mueller, a two-year starter at defensive halfback, now moves to safety to play behind Halfback Bob Best and a gutsy little red shirt, 5′ 9″ Jim Hawkins, whose career seemed ended after a serious injury in the 1965 spring game.

All of this rebuilding has resulted in Colorado becoming the favorite for the Big Eight championship, but Nebraska will not go down easily. It faces both Colorado and Oklahoma in Lincoln, where the Huskers rarely lose. "I just don't know," says Devaney. "We have so little experience. I've got to see them under pressure. They remind me of our '64 squad: good potential but no experience. That year, in the second game of the season, the boys came from two touchdowns behind to beat Minnesota. They went on to win nine of 10."

But would that be such a good idea? It might mean facing Alabama in a bowl again.

14 TEXAS A&M



If they charge to the right, everything goes right

On the desk of Texas A&M Coach Gene Stallings there is a maroon headgear stained with the colors of the Aggies' 10 opponents last season. A smudge of burnt orange for Texas, a pinch of green for Baylor—and something for each of the others. The headgear belongs to A&M Linebacker Robert Cortez, but Stallings wouldn't think of parting with it now. "When I'm feeling low, I just take a good look at that helmet," says the coach. "It reminds me that I know where I can find at least one contact football player."

Stallings is too much of a pessimist. The Aggies may have had little more than the sort of spirit displayed by players like Cortez during the coach's first two seasons, but 1967 promises to be a lot different. For the first time since Bear Bryant left College Station for Alabama in 1957, the old military school has enough determined, rugged players to rate among the top contenders not only in the Southwest Conference, but in the nation.

Stallings, who was one of Bear Bryant's prized pupils at A&M and coached under him at Alabama, talks a great deal about "hitting," and "second effort," and "courage." He talks in a slow drawl, à la Bear, and has in his possession something that any young coach would probably pay a squadful of blue-chip athletes for. It is a gigantic notebook filled with "everything I've ever heard Coach Bryant say in the 13 years I've known him."

Stallings' notebook does not say anything about the likes of Maurice Moorman, Wendell Housley, Edd Hargett, Rolf Krueger, Tom Buckman or Ross Brupbacher, but it doesn't need to. Their abilities speak adequately enough. They form the hard core of especially talented Aggies who are apt to have thousands of former Cadets dragging out their old cavalry hats and boots and hollering, "Gig 'em," so loud they will make rivers back up throughout the whole state of Texas.

A&M may return to the big time on one play alone—a power slash to the strong side with either Housley, a junior, or Brupbacher, a sophomore, taking a hand-off from Quarterback Hargett and crashing into enemy tacklers behind the 6′ 5″, 242 Moorman, 6′ 4″, 225 Krueger, and 6′ 3″, 212 Buckman, who play guard, tackle and end, respectively.

Housley gained more than 500 yards last season and is already being compared with that Aggie immortal, John David Crow. Brupbacher is just as big at 6′ 2″ and 200 pounds, and he showed so much speed and shiftiness as a freshman that Stallings has pondered using him with Housley in the same backfield.

There is little question about the kind of blocking either Housley or Brupbacher will receive. Mo Moorman, now a guard, was an All-America tackle last year, and Stallings says, "He's 50% improved. He wants to be the greatest player A&M ever had—and he has a chance to make it." In addition to his offensive duties, he will be used on defense during goal-line stands.

Moorman's blocking mates for anything moving toward the right—Krueger, the younger brother of ex-Aggie All-America Charley Krueger, and Buckman—are so devastating that a respected Texas sportswriter, Bill Van Fleet of *The Fort Worth Morning Star-Telegram*, has called the play "an automatic four yards, even when the defense knows that it's coming."

When a defense loads up in an effort to stop the Aggie power, Edd Hargett gets his chance to take over. Hargett passed for 1,532 yards last year as a sophomore and was so impressive that Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles called him, "one of the best passers we've seen." Stallings smiles and says, "Well, Hargett's very coachable. I sent him in against SMU and told him to throw a touchdown pass, and he did."

Hargett has the ability to throw long or short, and A&M has good receiving. He has also promised Stallings he will run more this year. "If I see a chance to make four or five yards, even though a receiver is open 15 yards away, I'll take the four or five. That's what I didn't do enough of last year," Hargett says. The reason Hargett did not run was that he was still recovering from a knee operation and a brace hampered his movement. Now, as Stallings says, "tape and a prayer" are holding the knee together, a combination that seems good enough for Hargett, who ran very well in spring practice. He will have to come through and stay healthy for A&M to have a big year.

Texas A&M's strength is in its offense and its attitude. It is a relatively young team, loaded with juniors and sophomores—no less than 12 rookies may wind up earning starting berths on offense and defense—and how it fares early will be very important. The Aggies must prove quickly that they are not stage shy. Their opener on Sept. 16 with defending conference champion SMU will be televised nationally. They follow this one by facing powerful Purdue in what is sure to be a packed Cotton Bowl at Dallas. "If we get by those two," says Stallings, "then folks will have the right to rate us pretty high. But doing it is something else. We do have good backs, but we can't afford any injuries in the offensive line, and our secondary will have to keep its poise. If it doesn't, the old Aggies will still have a long way to go."

The chances are that the Aggies are not as far away as Stallings would like to have his rivals believe. After scouting them in the spring, an LSU assistant coach, Bill Beall, said, "They'll be the surprise team in the country."

If so, more Aggies than Robert Cortez will end up with paint stains on their headgear.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 16	SMU	14–21
Sept. 23	Purdue at Dallas	
Sept. 30	at LSU	7–7
Oct. 7	Florida State	
Oct. 14	at Texas Tech	35–14
Oct. 21	at TCU	35–7
Oct. 28	Baylor	17–13
Nov. 4	at Arkansas	0–34
Nov. 18	at Rice	7–6
Nov. 23	Texas	14–22

15



WASHINGTON

Ten years after the Death March, the Huskies attack again

Even on an overcast, rainy day—of which there are some in Seattle—Washington's Jim Owens can sit in his spacious office in the Graves Building and look out at his home across Lake Washington. The house is at the point of a peninsula that juts toward one of the city's two floating bridges and affords an inspiring view in all directions. When Jim built his place a few years ago, someone asked, "Do you suppose he'll commute to his office by boat?" The obvious answer was, "Of course not. He's going to walk to work."

Well, no one has seen Owens walking on water yet, but there is no doubt about the reverence he inspires at Washington. In 10 years he has had a 61-38-4 record, and it is an unusual season when his team is not in contention for the Pacific Eight championship. Every home game in the 56,000-seat Husky Stadium is a sellout, and season tickets—34,000 of them—are acquired only through inheritance.

Things have not always been this way, however. Owens, who learned his coaching as an assistant under Bear Bryant for six years, did not have a very auspicious beginning when he took over from Darrell Royal, an old Oklahoma teammate, in 1957. Attrition the first two years (still referred to by players of that time as the Death March) was frightful. But the hard core that remained learned to play the game "from the heart," as Don McKeta, a former Washington halfback, once phrased it. In three years Owens had the Huskies in the Rose Bowl, and they have been back twice since then.

Washington just could be ready for another one of those years. One person who thinks this is possible is Owens himself, who is normally an unrestrained pessimist. "Sure, USC and UCLA will be the favorites, they always are," he says, "but we'll be right up there with them. We have more depth, more speed and more experience now."

The source of Owens' hope is an unusual number of good returning lettermen and a surprising group of sophomores and junior-college transfers who are taking some of the veterans' jobs away. To exploit his wealth of offensive talent to the fullest, Owens has developed a new offense, known variously as the "Flexible T" or "Evil I," that offers unusual diversity. Instead of the conventional split end, the Huskies will have a five-man backfield—quarterback, halfback, fullback and two flankers, called swing men. "Our swing men are going to know how to catch the football and what to do with it when they catch it," says Owens. "We'll be shifting around a lot, too. We can flank both men, or we can put one in the slot. And we'll bring either one of them in from time to time to carry the ball on counters and sweeps."

Washington lost one of its swing men—or maybe it was only three-quarters of a swing man, since he was 5' 8" and 160 pounds—when Dave Dinish was ruled ineligible last month, but Harvey Blanks, a bigger and faster transfer from Shoreline Junior College, will fill the hole well enough.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 16	Nebraska	
Sept. 23	Wisconsin	
Sept. 30	at Air Force	0–10
Oct. 7	Oregon State	13–24
Oct. 14	at Oregon	10–7
Oct. 21	USC	14–17
Oct. 28	at California	20–24
Nov. 4	Stanford	22–20
Nov. 11	at UCLA	16–3
Nov. 25	Washington State	19–7

The other swing man is Harrison Wood, a tall, thin and very fast junior who has moved up from the third team. He showed so much improvement in the spring that he cost Jim Cope, last year's leading receiver, his starting job. Along with them will be Jim McCabe at fullback and either Carl Wojciechowski or Gerald Wea at halfback.

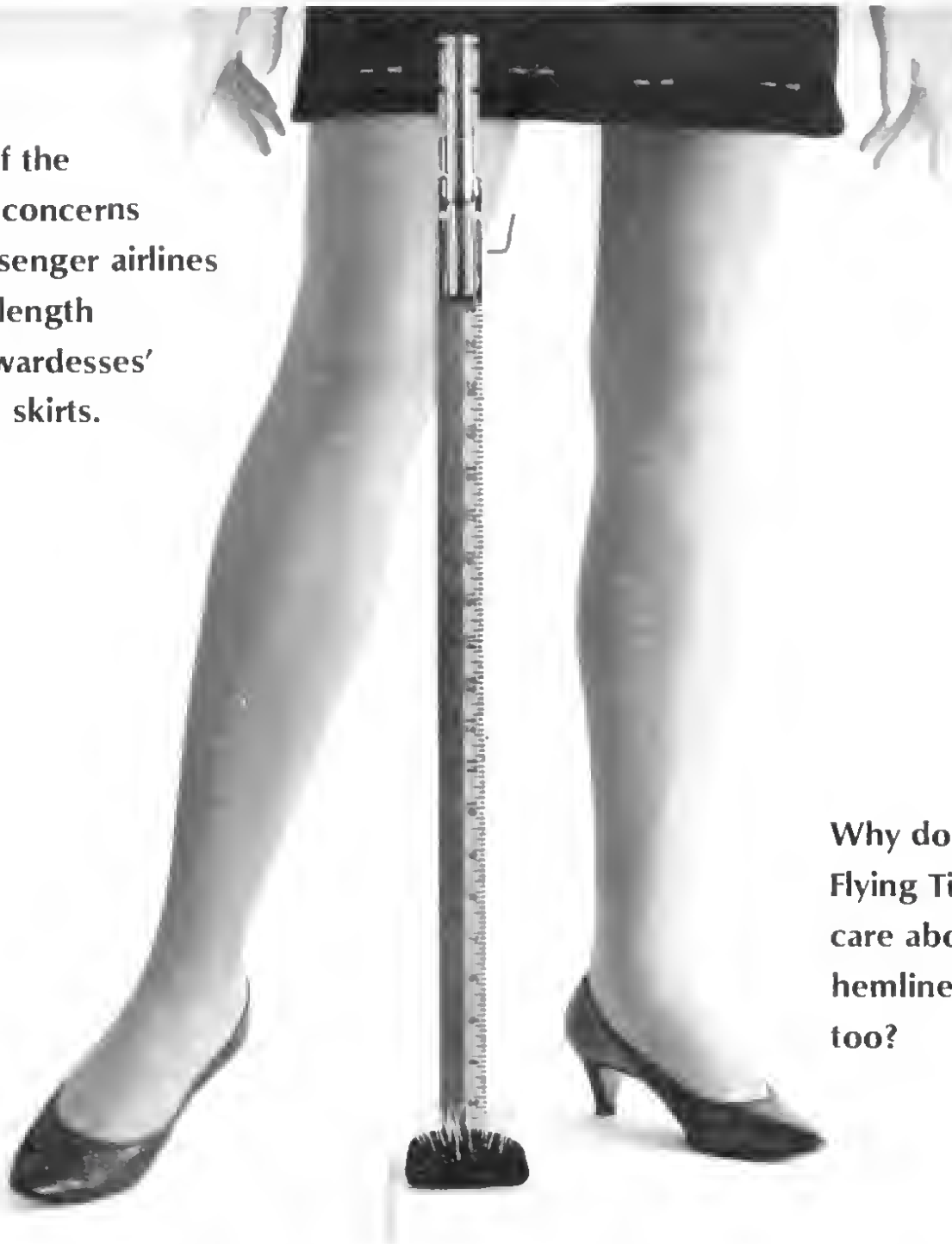
Another indication of Washington's depth is that a sophomore, Tom Manke, has taken over the quarterback position from Tom Sparlin, last year's starter. Sparlin had 1,086 yards in total offense, but he also threw 19 interceptions, which is 19 more than Owens cared to see. So, Manke, a six-footer who brings back memories of Bob Schloredt, the quarterback on the 1960 and 1961 Rose Bowl teams and now an assistant coach at Washington, had his opportunity, and took it. Manke has a strong arm and gets the ball away quickly. He is also a hard runner who can force his way around end.

Two more sophomores may break into the offensive line. Dennis Stanchfield, 6' 2" and 215 pounds, is giving holdover Jeff Huget a run for the tight-end position, while Roger Flewelling is fighting it out with Vic Janowicz, a converted end, at guard. The other starters up front will be Bob Richardson, an All-Coast star, and Dick Zatkovich, both 235, at the tackles, Rick McHale at guard and Ron Hudson, an ex-tackle, at center.

There will even be some new faces in a defense that is loaded with lettermen. This delights Defensive Coach Tom Tipps, a demanding former Army sergeant whose charges wage daily battles for purple helmets that are awarded only to those players "who give 110%." The competition sometimes turns into private wars and the player who loses his purple is apt to show up at the next practice with a red neck. Tipps's newcomers include Otis Washington, a junior-college transfer, and sophomore Clyde Werner, who are vying for All-America End Tom Greenlee's old spot, and Augie Rios, a squat sophomore transfer, at guard. The holdovers in the line are Tackles Steve Thompson, 230 pounds, and Bill Glennon, both of whom are pro prospects, End Dean Halvorson, Guard Mike Maggart and two strong linebackers, George Jugun and Cliff Coker. Halfbacks Al Worley and Frank Smith and Safeties Dave Dupree and Bob Pederson are all back for the deep secondary.

A final Washington plus is a player who never gets his uniform dirty, Don Martin. Few teams have anything like him. Last season he made 10 of 11 field goal attempts, and he punted five times in this year's spring game for an average of 50.4 yards.

Washington fans would seem to have very little to kick about, even if Jim Owens can't walk on water.



One of the major concerns of passenger airlines is the length of stewardesses' skirts.

Why do Flying Tigers care about hemlines, too?

Because as hemlines go, so goes the fashion market—overnight! And fashion houses depend on Tigers, the Airfreight Specialist, for overnight distribution from coast to coast. Not just fashion manufacturers, but others as well depend on Tigers for meeting the demands of a hot market. Remember Hula Hoops? It was Tigers who delivered them to meet the sudden national demand. Flower growers turn to Tigers to get their flowers to market while still fresh. Model changes, new products, news publications—when the demand is hot, the need urgent, Tigers deliver. The conclusion? When you travel as a passenger to Chicago, New York or any other city, choose the airline that puts on the best fashion show. When you're faced with a distribution problem, choose the airline that goes to any lengths to get your products to market on time.

It pays to do business with THE AIRFREIGHT SPECIALIST—

FLYING TIGER LINE

WORLD HEADQUARTERS: INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MONEY-SAVING EXCLUSIVE BLOCKED SPACE RATES

16 HOUSTON



When Bill Yeoman rings, smart guys hang up quick

As Bill Yeoman was packing up his whistle and his clipboard and preparing to leave Michigan State in 1962 to become head coach at the University of Houston, everybody in East Lansing was wishing him all the luck in the world. He would need it, they said, since, in the last three years, the Cougars had hardly distinguished themselves.

Not too long after that Yeoman was on the telephone from Houston, hopeful that Duffy Daugherty and Athletic Director Biggie Munn would agree to a Michigan State-Houston game some year. Well, Michigan State had been an independent, too, before finally getting into the Big Ten, and Munn and Duffy remembered how hard it had been to schedule top teams. They were willing to help their old friend, Yeoman. How about a season opener in 1967 they said. "Great," said Yeoman.

"Right now," says Daugherty, with a grimace, "I would have to say we didn't do ourselves any favors."

They didn't. Since Bill Yeoman arrived, lots of things have happened at the University of Houston, one being the school's switch from a private to a state university. When that occurred in 1963, lowered tuition costs swelled the student body, academic standards jumped, and so did the school's athletic program and prestige.

Two years later Houston football received an even bigger boost when the school got its first home stadium—the Astrodome. Prior to that the Cougars had played their home games at nearby Rice Stadium, which was fine except that whenever the Houston coaches took a hot prospect over to Rice to show him the stadium, the prospect would likely as not enroll at Rice.

But the most important element in the change in Houston's fortunes may well be the sudden emergence of the Texas Gulf Coast as a fertile recruiting area. At one time West Texas schoolboys ruled state football, but not any more. "There is so much football talent in the Gulf Coast area," says Bill Yeoman, "that a coach could move in after everyone else was through recruiting and still find himself a pretty good team."

Last year the 100-mile area around Houston could boast of having produced All-Americas Bubba Smith, Gene Washington and Mel Farr, as well as two leading sophomores, SMU's Jerry Levias and Texas' Chris Gilbert. Houston is now getting its share of this talent pool—12 of last year's starters came from within an 80-mile radius of the school.

With attendance soaring because of the Dome, Houston was able to show big crowds the man who is now playing the key role in its football revival, Halfback Warren McVea. "He is the only runner I have ever seen who compares with Glenn Davis," says Yeoman, who should know something about Davis, having been a teammate of his at West Point. "Glenn was just as fast, but I'm not sure even he could match McVea for quickness." In two years with the Cougars, McVea has averaged 10.5 yards a carry and displayed an ability to perform at his best when the opponents were the toughest. Unfortunately, his performances are not always predictable, either on the field or off. He is habitually late and may someday miss a kickoff. "You're improving," Houston Publicity Director Ted Nance told McVea recently. "As a senior, you're only 15 minutes late for appointments. When you were a sophomore you were always half an hour late."

"If Warren doesn't have a football under his arm, he is the slowest human being around," says Fullback Paul Gipson. But Warren will have a football under his arm more than ever this year, for Yeoman is switching him from flanker to running back. McVea, in turn, seems to be in the best shape of his career.

Helping McVea in the backfield will be Jim Strong or George Nordgren at fullback, and Don Bean at flanker. Bean was among the country's leading punt returners last year and could be an important aspect of the Cougar offense when turned loose under the new punt-return rule. The question is how much Quarterback Dick Woodall will help. A senior who is getting his first starting chance, he is a good passer but a poor runner and has trouble avoiding the rush.

The offensive line is good. It includes two fine guards, Rich Stotter and Bill Pickens, and Ken Hebert, a hot-tempered battler who was the nation's leading scorer (113 points) from his split-end position last season.

On the defense, there are some difficulties because Ends Royce Berry and George Caraway, both of whom were injured last year, have not recovered. Their places probably will be filled by sophomores. A hard rush from the front four would have made the deep backs hard to beat. Safeties Gus Holloman and Tom Pacioreck each picked off six passes last fall, Halfback Johnny Peacock is smart and steady, and Mike Simpson runs the hundred in 9.6.

More than one team, however, insists that the Astroturf is the best defense the Cougars have. Houston furnishes its opponents with special, rubber-cleated shoes for home games, but Ole Miss yelped that the shoes did not fit and Memphis State claimed the Cougars used a different kind of shoe from the ones they loan their guests. As a result several teams—Georgia, for one—have purchased slabs of Astroturf to practice on, but Athletic Director Harry Fouke says they are wasting their time. "If they want to worry about Astroturf instead of us," he says, "let them go right ahead."

Houston would make anyone worry. Just ask Duffy

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 15	Florida State	21–13
Sept. 23	at Michigan State	
Sept. 29	Wake Forest	
Oct. 7	NC State	
Oct. 21	at Mississippi State	28–0
Oct. 28	at Mississippi	6–27
Nov. 4	Georgia	
Nov. 11	at Memphis State	13–14
Nov. 18	Idaho	
Nov. 25	at Tulsa	73–14

17 OHIO STATE



For the Buckeyes, next year could be now

Whenever Ohio State's football fortunes have ebbed—comparatively speaking—voluble alumni have talked about getting Woody Hayes out of town. Finally their goal has been attained, but Woody hasn't gone far, and the truth of the matter is that he has taken his team with him. Today, instead of finding Woody down by his 81,000-seat stadium in the center of the campus, it is necessary to cross the Olentangy River, untangle yourself from a spaghetti-pile of freeway interseetions, and drive two miles past assorted chicken farms to something called Athletic Facility North, a giant complex of practice fields overlooked by a $600,000 structure that houses dressing rooms, meeting rooms and coaches' offices.

Out there the Ohio State football team can strain and train in privacy—which is fine with Woody Hayes. He likes to conduct his practices unobserved, and woe to the unsuspecting visitor who strolls in unexpected. Hayes issues red shirts to approved guests, who clutch them like papal blessings, and the uninvited get the bum's rush as quickly as Woody spots them.

There were times last year, as the Buckeyes muddled through a 4-5 season, that Hayes must have been tempted to evict his players and give uniforms to his red-shirt guests. Surely he had little to hide. But instead of showing the annoyance that this second-worst season in his 16 years at OSU might well have inspired, Woody took his reverses docilely.

"We just hadn't been getting enough of those quality boys," he says. "You can't imagine how unbelievably thin we were. We had to do so many things we don't like to do." Like throwing the ball 202 times. Everybody knows that is about 200 more forward passes than Hayes would like.

Such a situation was not likely to continue. Two superior recruiting years in a row have brightened the scene considerably. At least six, and maybe as many as nine, sophomores will be in the OSU starting lineup against Arizona on Sept. 30. Only six of the 22 offensive and defensive starters are seniors.

Help has come where Ohio State needed it most. The Buckeyes were losers last year because they could not score. They were beaten by Illinois 10–9 and Michigan State 11–8, and scored more than one touchdown in only four games. Aside from Quarterback Billy Long, an excellent technician and a super passer by Ohio standards—he completed 106 for 1,180 yards—and Split End Billy Anders, an outstanding receiver, OSU's offense was inoffensive. Now Long and Anders are back again, and this time they can expect to receive some assistance.

Part of the help will come from a pair of sophomore halfbacks, Dave Brungard and Ray Gillian, who are the kind Ohio State has not had in a while. They have good straightaway speed, can cut well when they get into the open and have excellent balance. Gillian, unfortunately, hurt a knee during the summer and his status is uncertain. So Brungard probably will start at left halfback with Rudy Hubbard at right half.

The fullback spot, usually an OSU strong point but a weak one last year, will also get some beefing up. Rudy Smith, who played there in 1966 until he fell into the coach's doghouse, is being pressed hard by two sophomores, 225-pound Paul Huff and 200-pound Jim Otis. Huff, particularly, can put some muscle back into the Buckeye running.

In addition, Hayes has made some changes designed to help spring his new backs loose. He has moved Dick Himes from defense to offense to team up with Dave Foley, a junior, at tackle. This makes Ohio State the only school in the country with two 6′ 5″, 250-pound tackles who are honor students. John Muhlbach, a former second-string linebacker, goes to center, where he will be flanked by senior John Kelley and Alan Jack, a hard-charging sophomore who used to be a fullback. Rufus Mayes, another 6′ 5″ player, will be back at tight end, assuming he recovers from a bleeding ulcer.

The rookies have made even deeper inroads into the defense. Paul Schmidlin and Brad Nielsen, both about 220 and very fast, will be the first-string tackles, while Dave Whitfield, who may be the best of all the newcomers, has taken over at one end. Whitfield is only 178 pounds, but he moves people. Another good one is Linebacker Dwight (they call him Ike, naturally) Fertig, a bristling 235-pounder who reminds everyone of Ike Kelley, Ohio State's All-America linebacker a couple of seasons ago. Three other youngsters, Linebacker Mike Radtke and Defensive Backs Ted Provost and Mike Polaski, may also make the starting team. There is just enough experience around to give the defense some stability. Nick Roman at end, Vic Stottlemyer at middle guard and Linebackers Mark Stier and Dirk Worden have seen at least a season of action, as have Jim Nein and Tom Portsmouth in the defensive secondary.

This all sounds impressive, but Woody Hayes is a believer in the old theory that you lose a game for every sophomore you start. Nine sophomores; nine defeats. He says he does not see how his young Bucks have a chance to beat Michigan State and Purdue. "We'll be better all around," he admits, "but we're not *that* good yet. We're too young, and we don't have quite enough people. But don't count us out. We're on the way back. People had better watch out for us soon."

The fact is they had better watch out right now. Woody loves to hide in the forest and ambush a favorite Purdue, can you hear that rustling in the woods?

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 30	Arizona	
Oct. 7	at Oregon	
Oct. 14	Purdue	
Oct. 21	at Northwestern	
Oct. 28	Illinois	9–10
Nov. 4	at Michigan State	8–11
Nov. 11	Wisconsin	24–13
Nov. 18	Iowa	14–10
Nov. 25	at Michigan	3–17

18 WYOMING



Eastern horses will make the Cowboys rough riders in the West

Last year the most overworked pony west of the Mississippi was Cowboy Joe II, the Wyoming mascot that has to gallop around the field every time his team scores. With a well-balanced offense being led by a converted defensive backfield man, Wyoming ran up scores like 47–14, 55–0 and 40–7 as it posted a 10-1 record and won its first Western Athletic Conference championship. Happily for Cowboy Joe, he had no responsibilities when the Wyoming defense was on the field, for the defense was even better than the offense. It was the strongest in the country against rushing, allowing opponents a mere 38.5 yards per game (only two teams in the past 20 years have given up less. Penn State's 17 yards per game in 1947, and Syracuse's 19.3 in 1959).

Now Cowboy Joe has had nine months of rest, but he is in a familiar situation. Once more a converted defensive back has been called upon to run a potent Wyoming offense, and once more the defense looks strong enough to make the Cowboys a conference winner.

Since there are not many high schools in Wyoming to recruit from, Coach Lloyd Eaton has what is known as an air-travel-card team. This means the assistant coaches are given air-travel cards, and Eaton makes a team out of what they bring back. Wyoming's 96-man spring roster included only eight home-state boys, but there were lots of New Jersey tailbacks, Minnesota tackles, Pennsylvania safeties and Massachusetts ends. In all, 24 states were contributing to football excellence at Laramie, and the guests were more than welcome.

"We are going to begin this season with as much potential as we had last year," says Coach Eaton. This is quite a statement when you consider the starting quarterback is gone and three of the defensive linemen now can be found wearing uniforms that say San Diego Chargers, Dallas Cowboys and Philadelphia Eagles.

The defensive line may be weaker. Two juniors, Pete Schoomaker and Tom Thompson, will step in at left tackle and middle guard. Both are strong—Schoomaker weighs 226—but lack experience, and Thompson will have to recover well from a spring knee injury. A senior, Jack Bowen, will move up to one starting end position. At the other end is Tim Gottberg, a returning starter whose ability is needed, and he, too, must recover from a knee injury. In fine shape, however, is Mike Dirks, who was second in number of tackles and assists on the team last year and who had an excellent spring.

Behind the line, the Cowboys are better off. Both linebackers, Bob Aylward and Jim House, return. One of the halfbacks, 176-pound Vic Washington, led the country in punt returns (34 for 443 yards and two TDs) and can beat anyone in the state of Wyoming in the 100-yard dash. Dick Speights, the other halfback, has two years' experience. There is slightly more trouble at the safety spot, where juniors Jim Stankus and Dennis Devlin, a tight end last season, will be sorely tested by teams that do not care to brawl with Wyoming's esteemed rushing defense.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 16	at Arizona	36–6
Sept. 23	Air Force	13–0
Sept. 30	Colorado State	10–12
Oct. 7	Brigham Young	47–14
Oct. 14	at Utah	40–7
Oct. 21	Wichita State	55–0
Oct. 28	at Arizona State	23–6
Nov. 4	at San Jose State	
Nov. 11	at New Mexico	37–7
Nov. 18	at Texas, El Paso	31–7

The most significant change for the Cowboys is the shifting of Paul Toscano, a safety, to quarterback to replace graduated Rick Egloff, who had also been a safety man. Toscano came to Laramie from Congers, N.Y. as a quarterback, and last season was on the All-WAC second defensive team. He could use more speed, but with the running backs that Wyoming has behind him, all he has to do is get rid of the ball with dispatch. The best of the runners is Tailback Jim Kiick (pronounced Kick), the Most Valuable Player in Wyoming's 28–20 win over Florida State in the Sun Bowl. Kiick probably is the best back at Wyoming since 1950, when Eddie Talboom, then 31, married and the father of three children, was named to several All-America teams. Kiick, who is 21, has speed, power and a fine second effort. Tom Williams, a fullback, Dave Hampton, a tailback-fullback and Hub Lindsey, a wingback, round out a group of what Eaton calls "some of the better running backs in my 10 years at Wyoming." In addition, if the defense can spare him, Washington will be borrowed to add speed to the offense. The passing game will be just that—a game. Toscano is an average thrower, no better, and his receivers are merely adequate.

The offensive line, led by two all-conference veterans, Guard Dave Rupp and Tackle Mike LaHood, is almost intact. The lone hole is at center, where sophomore Paul Oswald looked promising in a spring practice that was marked throughout by unusually hard hitting.

One final element of the offense, and a significant one, is Jerry DePoyster, who led the nation last year in scoring by kicking. He posted 71 points for the Cowboys, including two 54-yard field goals against Utah. In practice he has scored from more than 60 yards out. On kickoffs he generally booms the ball through the end zone, and his punting average last season was a distinguished 40.2 yards.

One of the factors in the Cowboys' success last season was a very favorable schedule. Only one league game, against Brigham Young, was on the road. This year Eaton and his team will be traveling all over the Rocky Mountains, with four conference games that have to be played away, and their last four games of the year away. But the Cowboys should fare well. As one player put it, "The football pride at Wyoming gets more intense every year. Once you've been up, you never want to be down again."



WRIGHT TROUSERS

19 MISSISSIPPI



The 1966 season was not bad, but now the fat is in the fire

There are two things that a man can depend on down in Itta Bena or Yazoo City, where the heritage is Faulkner and life can be either magnolia sweet or red-dust sour. He knows if his daughter is beautiful he will send her off to Mississippi—Ole Miss, it has to be called—and have her sing Girl Scout songs on the sorority-house steps and try to grow up to be Miss America, as two Ole Misses have in the past eight years. And if his son has a broad back and a strong heart he will send him to Ole Miss, too, to let him work under Johnny Vaught and join a winning football team. As a result, there is not an autumn spectacle in the whole state of Mississippi that can rival what Ole Miss offers—its potential Miss Americas and its victorious football weekends.

Head Coach Johnny Vaught has guided Mississippi on its winning way for 20 years, since the time, in fact, when he was promoted to the top job from that of line coach and noticed a tailback named Charlie Conerly throwing passes on the sidelines. There was a stretch, to be sure, when Vaught helped himself by playing half a football season against real teams and the other half against such innocents as Chattanooga and Tampa, but those days are gone. The Southeastern Conference is the toughest in the country this year, and Mississippi and Kentucky are the only teams that must face up to seven SEC opponents.

Two of Mississippi's games come on consecutive Saturdays against last season's SEC co-champions, Georgia and Alabama. This is the kind of prospect that could make a coach work—or weep—all year. Instead, Vaught decided that this summer he would take the first vacation he can remember, and off he went to Hawaii for two weeks—which says something about what he thinks of his team. "I feel better about this season than I have about a lot of others," he says. "We have plenty of boys back, and we have won the conference in the past with worse teams than we had last year."

This may be true, but last year's team was no winner in Vaught's eyes by the time it had suffered a sluggish and embarrassing 19–0 loss to Texas in the Bluebonnet Bowl. It looked fat and lazy, and one of the reasons this year's team may be considerably better is that the fat showed so obviously. What Vaught did was cut off the cornbread in Miller Hall, the athletic dormitory, and order his boys to lose a quarter ton of blubber—about 10 pounds per man. As a result, his blue-eyed, square-jawed sons of Yazoo City don't fit last year's uniform pants anymore, but the tempo of the football they are playing is considerably faster. That solved problem No. 1.

Problem No. 2 was that even though Vaught had seniors falling over seniors in spring practice—the offense has eight starters back, the defense seven—he did not have a quarterback. At least he did not have a quarterback like Jake Gibbs or Glynn Griffing, who could operate within the Ole Miss system. What is needed is speed, ability to throw going either way and lots of nerve on the option play. Bruce Newell, a high school quarterback who was converted into a safety man, then last season reconverted to quarterback, is willing and is stronger than Gibbs was, but he is not quick enough. On roll-outs he tends to linger at the line. However, as a drop-back passer he is fine. He completed more than half of his 101 passes last season, and he does have experience. Backing up Newell is a mystery man, sophomore Terry Collier. He is faster than Newell, but he was injured in the spring, so had no real opportunity to show his ability. Regardless of how good he is, the chances are that he is not going to see much action. The SEC is not a good circuit for sophomore quarterbacks.

DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 23	at Memphis State	13–0
Sept. 30	at Kentucky	17–0
Oct. 7	at Alabama	7–17
Oct. 14	Georgia	3–9
Oct. 21	Southern Mississippi	14–7
Oct. 28	Houston	27–6
Nov. 4	LSU	17–0
Nov. 18	Tenn. at Memphis	14–7
Nov. 25	at Vanderbilt	34–0
Dec. 2	at Mississippi State	24–0

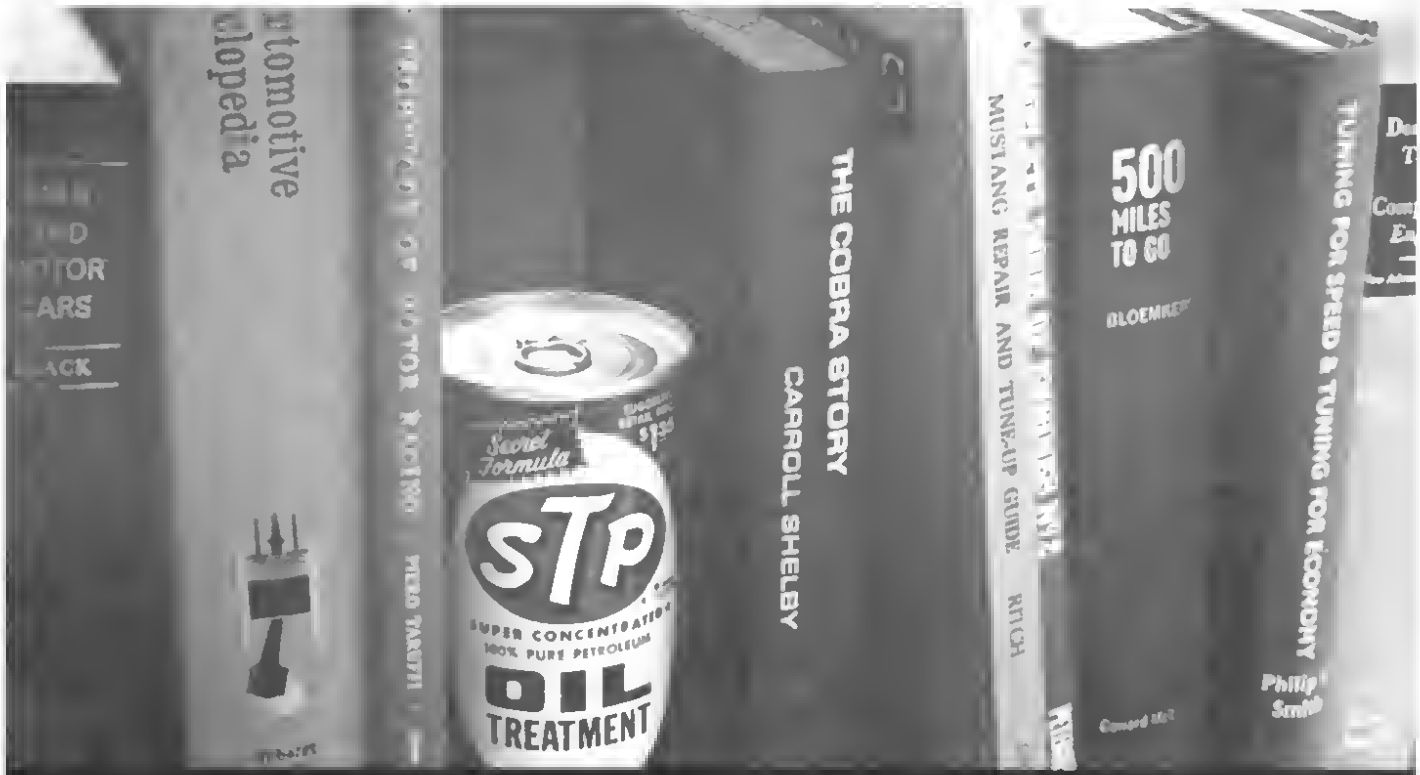
Both Don Street and Bobby (Monk) Wade, two seniors, will work at fullback. Street, the better of the pair, was slow recovering from an injury two years ago and played fitfully last season. He is a sprinter but had trouble breaking away. His longest run was 40 yards. Wade is a 5′ 9½″ ball of muscle who carried 153 times in 1966, averaging four yards per attempt. At wingback is Bill Matthews, while at tailback is the only nonsenior in the starting backfield, junior Stan Hindman.

Up front Vaught has six of seven starters back, and they are six reasons why he felt he could go to Hawaii. One is Michel Haik, a soft-spoken split end who led the team in pass receiving (20 catches for 267 yards) and should better that easily if the passes get to him. Haik, at 200, is the little man in the Rebel line. Everyone else weighs at least as much as he does, Vaught's diet program notwithstanding.

When you have a defense as good as Mississippi's, which was ranked third nationally and gave up only 4.6 points per game, you would not ordinarily change it, but Vaught has decided to. "I think that the offenses have caught up with the 5-4 defense," he says, "so we are going with a 6-2." Former Middle Guard Jimmy Keyes, an All-SEC choice, moves to wide linebacker and Mac McClure goes from linebacker to end. At right tackle for the third straight year is Jim Urbanek, Mississippi's best player and a man the pros get trembling wallets over. At 6′ 4″ and 240 pounds, he moves laterally as quickly as most linemen move forward. Dan Sartin, who will be starting his third year at guard, Bruce Dillingham, in his third year at halfback, and Jerry Richardson, a first-string left end last year, show the kind of experience that Ole Miss foes must contend with.

Vaught divides last season into three parts: before Alabama and Georgia, Alabama and Georgia, and after Alabama and Georgia. He got out of that with an 8-2 record, the two losses being the obvious ones. This year he has the same schedule, but Georgia must come avisiting down to Oxford. This means one of those big football weekends at Ole Miss—and perhaps a rousing upset as well.

NON-FRICTION BEST SELLER



Automotive experts know it. The engine of your new 1968 car is subject to more friction and wear in the first 1,000 miles than it is in the 10,000 miles that follow.

How do you cut the friction that grinds away at engine life? Motor oil alone doesn't cut it, in our book. But STP, blended with your favorite oil, does.

STP, world's best-selling oil treatment, is so rich and strong, it won't drain off engine parts or break down the way motor oils alone do. By keeping friction out, STP keeps an engine's youthful spirit in. For years.

The world's great race car drivers add STP to the oil of both their racing cars and passenger cars. They agree that STP keeps any car (new or old) running smoother, cooler, quieter, longer.

Turn over a new leaf by having your favorite service station add STP to the oil of your new car. And keep having it added throughout its long life.

But remember, the first addition will be the most valuable years from now.

A Scientifically Tested Product
A Division of Studebaker Corporation

The racer's edge

STP
OIL TREATMENT

20



ARMY

Upon the passing of Paul, he answered the call

The Coaches All-America Game in Atlanta last July had just ended and Army Coach Tom Cahill, whose East team had come from behind to beat the West 12–9 in the last four minutes, was accepting congratulations in the steamy dressing room with the bewildered look of a man at whom Dame Fortune is not merely smiling, but grasping and cheering. After a hundred handshakes he turned to a friend and said, "Hey, pinch me, will you. I must be dreaming all this."

Later, back at the Regency Hyatt House, Atlanta's newest and gaudiest hotel, Cahill tried to return himself to reality. "What a year this has been," he said. "Can you imagine getting to be head coach at Army, then beating Navy, going 8–2 and becoming Coach of the Year? Now this. It's hard to believe it has happened."

Cahill's wonder is understandable. At 46, when most college assistants have given up their hopes of ever becoming a head coach, he was unexpectedly thrust into the Army job. Paul Dietzel's sudden departure for South Carolina just before the start of spring practice had launched Army brass into a frantic search for a replacement. Meanwhile Cahill, who had labored in obscurity as the plebe coach at West Point for seven years, was asked to get spring practice organized so the new boss would not be faced with complete chaos. Cahill quickly recruited a staff among former players who happened to be assigned to West Point and began getting the squad ready. And Army kept looking for a coach. Finally, three days before the annual spring game, Army tried a combat boot on Cinderella Cahill and suddenly shouted, "It fits." A stunned Cahill had the job. He and his family moved into the big, handsome house that had been built for Colonel Earl Blaik during his tenure at the Point, but the Cahills did not really settle in. It was not until fall, after Army started by beating Kansas State and Holy Cross, and then upset Penn State 11–0, that Tom came home and gave his wife Bonnie the word: "Unpack."

The Cadets lost only to Notre Dame and Tennessee and went on to clobber Navy 20–7 as a climax to their surprising season. "We had a lot of things going for us," says Cahill. "At one time or another I had coached every kid on that squad, and I had recruited many of them. We felt we were in this together, and I guess we tried a little harder. Two other things helped. We did not have any serious injuries, and we had a good defense that carried us until our offense grew up."

But it also took good coaching, and Cahill, a quietly efficient man, amply demonstrated his skill. He moved several players to new positions, put three sophomores on offense, changed from an I to a pro-type T and had Army throwing the ball. It was quite a switch from the ultra-conservative style of the Dietzel Cadets.

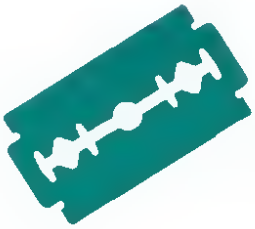
DATE	OPPONENT	1966
Sept. 23	Virginia	
Sept. 30	at Boston College	
Oct. 7	Duke	
Oct. 13	at SMU	
Oct. 21	Rutgers	14–9
Oct. 28	Stanford	
Nov. 4	at Air Force	
Nov. 11	Utah	
Nov. 18	Pitt	28–0
Dec. 2	Navy at Phil.	20–7

Winning will come harder for Cahill this year, even with Notre Dame and Tennessee off the schedule, because Army's defense was blitzed by graduation. Only four regulars, Bud Neswiacheny and Elwood Cobey, both tackles, Pat Mente at middle guard and Jim Bevans at linebacker, return to the front lines. Bob Gora, a former substitute tackle, will be at end and Ken Johnson takes over at the other linebacking spot. Something new has been added by Cahill. The rover back in Army's defense is now known as The General, and Neswiacheny has been moved to become that commanding officer. Steve Yarnell, an aggressive junior, replaces Neswiacheny at tackle. Ollie Johnson, who has been returned to good standing—along with Punter Nick Kurilko—after being set down last year by the Academy for violating curfew, will be at cornerback. In the deep secondary, only Hank Toczylowski is back and pass defense will be the Cadets' big weakness.

So this year it will be up to the offense to carry the load until the defense develops, and Army's hopes of rating as the East's best team depend on its ability to move the ball. It should move well. Everywhere, except at the guards, Army's offense is experienced and deep. Quarterback Steve Lindell, a second classman now, has matured. He is not exactly a picture passer and never will be—he sort of slides the ball off his hand—but he is accurate, long or short. He has two good targets in Terry Young, a fancy split end with the moves of a pro, and Gary Steele, a 6′ 5″ tight end. Between them they caught 62 passes last year. Lindell can run, too, and in his spare time kicks field goals and extra points. Fullback Charley Jarvis, another junior, led the 1966 team in rushing and is expected to again, while Tailback John Peduto has the quickness to get through a tight hole and go all the way. Carl Woessner will start at flanker, but Van Evans, a tiny 9.6 sprinter up from the 150-pound team, will see spot duty there and at tailback. Also available is Jim O'Toole, a good passer who shared the quarterback spot with Lindell early last season. The interior line, aside from 235-pound Don Roberts at center, is not big but is fast.

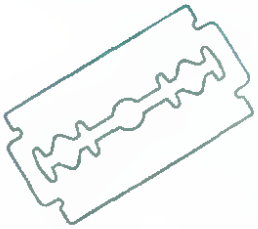
Army will have competition for the top spot in the East—from Penn State and Syracuse—and perhaps another 8-2 season is too much to expect. On the other hand, the way things have been going for Cahill, a man would have to be stubborn as an Army mule to bet against him.

End of the Blues:



Blue two timer

"Inexpensive" carbon steel blades give most men only 1 or 2 shaves. They seem cheaper, but actually cost more per shave.



Spoiled me too-er

The "Me too-er" brand reluctantly followed Schick's American leadership in stainless steel, but massive advertising cannot overcome the comfort of the molecular Miron® coating on the Krona edge.



Lasting Friend

With stainless steel technology initially developed in our Swedish Plant, Schick Science perfected the famous thousand foot strop, the molecular Miron® Coating, and the Krona® Comfort Edge to assure your consistent comfort shave after shave. They're Lasting Friends– the kind you'll always feel comfortable with.

Put your reliance on famous Schick Science.

Schick Safety Razor Co., Division of EVERSHARP® Inc

OUTLOOK IN THE CONFERENCES







IVY LEAGUE

With a little luck—good here, bad there—this could be the closest Ivy League race in years. As always, Dartmouth seems to have lost the most by graduation and, as always, seems to have the most coming back anyway. Coach Bob Blackman, the Hanover magician, has a way of just shuffling a few players around and winning championships. This time the shuffle is a crucial one, as Halfback Gene Ryzewicz goes to quarterback and Defensive Back Steve Luxford moves to left half. Ryzewicz has limited ability as a passer, so Blackman will retool his multiple offense to make use of Gene's excellent running. With Linebacker Norm Davis and Tackle Giff Foley to steady the defense and not a sophomore in the lineup, Dartmouth must be favored to win its fifth title in six years. But not easily. Yale has 35 lettermen, including 240-pound Tackle Glenn Greenberg, who hits as hard as his father Hank, the old baseball player, used to. However, Quarterback Brian Dowling, who had a knee operation last year, and Halfback Calvin Hill, who was out for part of the season, must stay healthy for the Elis to have a good chance for the championship.

Harvard and Princeton will be in the thick of the race, too. Harvard lacks quantity but it has quality, especially in the backfield with Ric Zimmerman, the first Crimson quarterback in years who can pass, and a characteristically uncompromising line. Princeton's losses have been severe, but Coach Dick Colman has his usual wealth of good single-wing tailbacks plus Ellis Moore, a quick sophomore fullback.

The rest of the Ivies have problems. Cornell may have trouble holding off improved Columbia for fifth place. At Penn the Quaker linemen are too peaceful. Brown has a new coach, Len Jardine, but the same old team.

SOUTHERN

For the past five years the Southern Conference has been divided into two camps: West Virginia and the others. In that period the Mountaineers have lost only one conference game—in 1963—and they do not seem about to lose another. Garrett Ford, who gained more than half of West Virginia's 1966 rushing total with a weak line in front of him, is back again. There are two quarterbacks to take some of the load off Ford, and the defense, which did such things as give up 38 points to Penn State, has been shored up by Linebacker Carl Crennel, a sophomore who is the best at WVA since Sam Huff first created his violent world at Morgantown. Coach Jim Carlen has a softer schedule than last year and could finish 8-2.

William and Mary is the lone SC team with even a dream of beating out the Mountaineers. The league's Coach of the Year two of the last three seasons, Marv Levy, would like more speed and depth to go along with W&M's experience. Coach Clarence Stasavich of East Carolina is fifth among active coaches in winning percentage—which says something for the single-wing system he doggedly retains. ECC won all four of its league games last year but failed to win any others. VMI Coach Vito Ragazzo thinks his Keydets are "still a year or two away." At The Citadel 28 lettermen return, including Quarterback Jay Goolsby, who appears to have conquered his sophomore jitters. Richmond has only 18 returning lettermen, and half the squad will be sophomores.

"The Dirty Thirty" at Davidson, so-called because the school had only 30 able-bodied players last season, is a thing of the past. Coach Homer Smith figures on 47 this time around. At Furman, where no one had a full athletic scholarship, the "Football-for-Fun Bunch" lost gracefully. They will again.

ATLANTIC COAST

The ACC, caught in the throes of a long and rather surprising football drought, has not had a really big team since Jim Tatum's national champions at Maryland in 1953. In 13 years only nine teams have gone to bowls, and in the last three years none have been invited. This season Clemson may restore some ACC prestige by pulling off a major upset or two. The Tigers face a southern Murderers' Row—Georgia, Georgia Tech, Auburn and Alabama—outside the conference, but with 46 lettermen back, Coach Frank Howard may rattle the South and go undefeated in the ACC as well. Quarterback Jimmy Addison set school records in 1966 and will break them this season. Leading the offensive line will be All-America Tackle Wayne Mass.

North Carolina State, which beat Clemson 23–14, is sound on defense with Dennis Byrd at tackle, but the paramount problem is finding a line that can block. Nine sophomores will start at Wake Forest, where for the first time there is enough depth to platoon. The Deacons are considered the conference sleeper, and someone was dozing when the Wake Forest-Duke game was arranged; each had the other scheduled at home. They compromised and will play at Raleigh. Duke Coach Tom Harp's prime worry is keeping two injury-prone quarterbacks well.

Maryland Quarterback Alan Pastrana injured his knee in spring practice and has not recovered from surgery so the Terps will have a sophomore quarterback and offense troubles. South Carolina's Paul Dietzel says, "I wouldn't trade our backfield for any in the conference or possibly anywhere," which suggests the Gamecocks may better their 1-9 record. Virginia expects too much of Tailback Frank Quayle, and North Carolina is already looking toward next season.



SOUTHEASTERN

Pity the poor we-try-too teams who have to play in the SEC, the only conference with four schools—Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi—ranked in the Top 20. Playing in this league means the other six SEC teams are halfway to a losing season before their equipment is even issued. But it also means they have their chances to attack the mighty. Auburn is the most likely spoiler. Shug Jordan has switched Defensive End Al Giffin, a junior, to fullback with gratifying results, but this is offset by the fact that Auburn has three quarterbacks, none of whom Jordan is eager to rush into action. Florida's Ray Graves has the easiest schedule in the conference (of the contenders, only Georgia appears), and Steve Spurrier's replacement, Jackie Eckdahl, will have a chance to ease his way into the position. He will be comforted, too, by the presence of Running Back Larry Smith, who was voted the Most Valuable Player in the SEC in a preseason poll.

LSU finds itself with the toughest schedule in the league, if not the country. As well as Tennessee, Ole Miss and Alabama on successive weeks, the Tigers also meet Texas A&M and Miami. If Quarterback Nelson Stokley has recovered from his knee operation and can last the season, Coach Charlie McClendon will have the best losing team around. Some 75 players, the most ever under Charlie Bradshaw, came out for football at Kentucky this spring, but that may not be enough to fill the Wildcats' losses.

Both Mississippi State and Vanderbilt have new coaches. Charlie Shira, who has a mechanical engineering degree from Mississippi State, says, "Football is a lot like engineering. If you work long and hard enough, you can come up with the answer to the problem." His problem is too few football players. Bill Pace at Vanderbilt has even fewer.



MID-AMERICAN

Ask Coach Bo Schembechler of Miami of Ohio which team is the one to beat in the Mid-American and he comes back quickly, "Miami!" This is fair enough, since the Redskins were 9-1 last season and shared the championship with Western Michigan. But Schembechler can get an argument from the followers of almost every team in the conference. With the possible exception of Marshall, they all have a chance. Kent State has the best personnel, and for the past three years Coach Leo Strang has been brashly predicting a title in September and winding up in the ruck in November. This year he is silent, and his Golden Flashes may break through, for they are loaded with experienced players. The best of them are Don Fitzgerald, the nation's second-leading rusher with 1,245 yards in 1966, and Safety Lou Harris.

Miami is still strong in spite of the loss of Quarterback Bruce Matte. Defensive Halfback Kent Thompson has been moved into the quarterback spot and looks good. Western Michigan, even with 28 lettermen returning and two quarterbacks, Jim Boreland and Ron Seifert, will need some of last year's luck, when it won four games by a total of eight points. To take the conference championship it must fill a number of holes on the defensive team—too many, perhaps. Ohio U. is on the way up again. It has its best group of sophomores ever, and one of them, Cleve Bryant, figures to beat out holdover Ron DeLucca at quarterback. Bowling Green, usually a grind-'em-to-death team, will go in for more passing this year, with P. J. Nyitray throwing and Eddie Jones catching. Toledo, in the third year of Coach Frank Lauterbur's rebuilding campaign, is a suspicious team; one that may startle any complacent opponent. One reason is Quarterback John Schneider, the MAC's best passer.



BIG TEN

The stimulating thing about the Big Ten is that it can have three teams ranked among the nation's best—Michigan State, Purdue and Ohio State—and still present two or three that would be no great surprise as conference champions by the time the annual bloodletting is over. This year's duo that will not leave the opposition laughing is Minnesota and Illinois, in that order. Minnesota has the traditional Gopher defense, including a line that averages a bulging 236 pounds per man, but there now may be an offense to go with it. Two quarterbacks, Ray Stephens and Phil Hagen, will handle the attack. A 285-pound tackle, John Williams, and Tight End Charlie Sanders have moved over from the defense to strengthen the offensive blocking. Illinois, its image badly bruised by the slush-fund scandal that cost Pete Elliott his job, has presented new Coach Jim Valek with the kind of talent that hard recruiting often turns up. The defensive line is strong, Quarterback Bob Naponic returns, and he still has Split End John Wright to throw to. "The potential is here to beat any club in the Big Ten," says Valek.

It has been 22 years since Indiana has won a conference title and the Hoosiers won't this year, but for a change they may have a lot to say about who does. "I'm a positive thinker," says Coach John Pont, and he has a team of confident sophomores and solid defensemen, such as Tackle Doug Crusan, that will make a positive impact. He will start 10 rookies, including Quarterback Harry Gonso, who is a good passer, and Ed Harrison, an aggressive defensive tackle who weighs in at 258. Michigan has been hurt by backfield losses—only Quarterback Dick Vidmer returns—but the Wolverines will be sharp by midseason. Iowa, Wisconsin and Northwestern must wait for better years.

CONTINUED



BIG EIGHT

There was a time this spring when joy was returning to the collective heart of Norman, Okla. after an absence much too long. Jim Mackenzie had the Sooners coming back, and the enthusiasms that waxed hot in Bud Wilkinson's all-conquering days were rising once again. Then, in the middle of spring practice, Mackenzie died of a heart attack. The team remains the same promising one, and new Coach Chuck Fairbanks is promising, too, but the setback was just enough to leave the Big Eight in the hands of Colorado and Nebraska. Fairbanks' main concern is the Oklahoma defense, which in 1966 set a 32-year mark for poor achievement by allowing opponents to outgain the Sooners in six of 10 games. But the pass defense was as good as the rushing defense was bad, permitting only one touchdown. The Sooners still have a distance to come, but not a long one.

At Missouri, Coach Dan Devine has a trying year ahead, primarily because all of his halfbacks are gone. But the offensive line, with Russ Washington at tackle, is experienced and two quarterbacks return, Danny Sharp and Gary Kombrink. Oklahoma State managed to score more than two touchdowns only once last season but still finished well, and Coach Phil Cutchin has 23 lettermen back. "I hope there isn't a favorite in the conference," he says, "but if there is, I hope it's us." It isn't, for State must play Colorado, Missouri and Nebraska in a row.

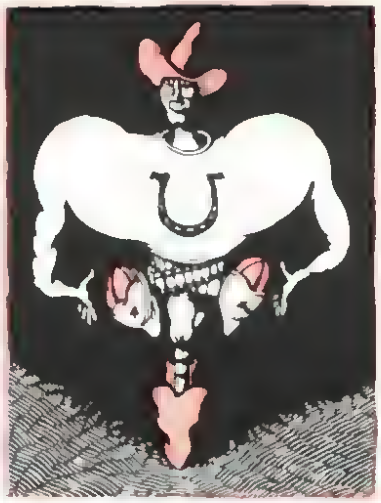
There is also new spirit at Kansas State, the league doormat for years, where Vince Gibson has installed a pro-type offense. Former Iowa State Athletic Director Slim Chalmers said last December that the Cyclones will never win the Big Eight title because they do not have enough money to compete with the big boys. Who could argue? Kansas seems to be in the same poorhouse.



SOUTHWEST

Last season the SWC was a "young" conference. Juniors and sophomores abounded, as did the mistakes and exciting finishes that could be expected from them. But now everybody is a year wiser and stability is returning, at least at the top, where Texas, Arkansas and Texas A&M look reasonably secure. Closest to these three is Texas Tech. The Red Raiders registered the upset of 1966 when they knocked Arkansas out of a first-place tie, 21-16, in the final game. Only one offensive starter, a guard, has graduated from the best line Coach J. T. King has fielded in six years, and six of his top seven backs have returned. The defense, though, is thin, needing more experience and less beef from a line that averages 224. At TCU, Fred Taylor took over from Abe Martin and introduced the kind of training program that teams with 2-8 records sometimes need. A lot of players left. One noteworthy survivor is Quarterback P. D. Shabay, the butt of much criticism last season. "If I ever have a kid," he said then, "I would sure discourage him from playing quarterback." Now Taylor has installed a new I formation for Shabay's benefit, and a much happier Shabay might well advise a son differently.

Baylor is changing, too, shifting from its constant passing to a ground-oriented game. Quarterback Kenny Stockdale had the team moving on the ground this spring and there is hope that Halfback John Westbrook will recover sufficiently from a knee operation to be a breakaway threat. New Coach Bo Hagan at Rice inherits little, but he does have Quarterback Robby Shelton, who was suicidal enough to call his own number 32 times against Texas. And in this topsy-turvy conference, enchanted SMU, last year's winner, appears headed back toward normality just like everybody else.

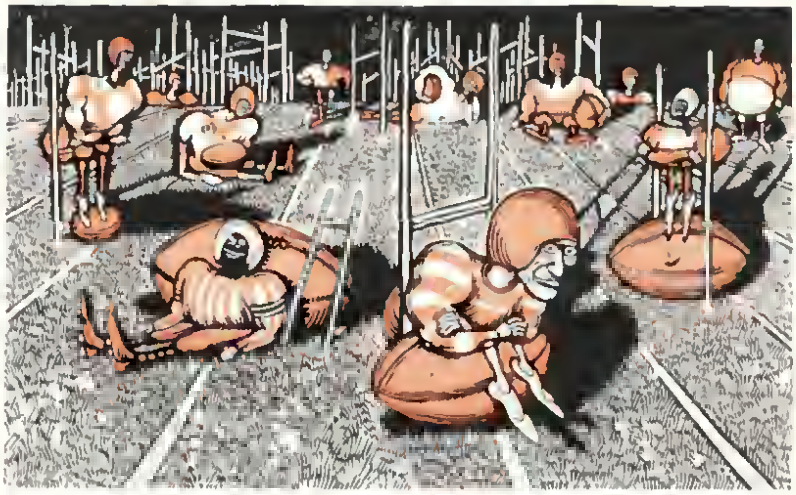


WESTERN

Some Saturday this fall a WAC center is going to get set to snap the ball and find nobody behind him. From Laramie to Tucson there is hardly a quarterback in sight. Wyoming, the conference favorite, has converted a defensive safety man to start its plays, and the four teams that have a chance to beat the Cowboys are little better off. Arizona State has 14 starters back, the offensive line is intact, and the defense boasts Curley Culp, the NCAA heavyweight wrestling champion. Culp, a 6′ 1″, 265-pound middle guard, averaged 15 tackles a game last year. Brigham Young graduated Virgil Carter and John Ogden, the nation's total offense leader and the WAC's leading rusher, but Phil Odle, a split end, still has a year to go, and he already holds all school pass-receiving records. Odle and Casey Boyett, a flanker, can "get the ball if we can get it in the air anywhere around them," says Coach Tom Hudspeth.

Utah has at least half a quarterback if Jack Gehrke, who had the Utes at 5-1 before he injured his shoulder last season, has recovered. Coach Mike Giddings surprised the league in his first year at Utah by tying for second after he was figured to finish last. And this spring he surprised his team by bringing in a Marine captain to teach hand-to-hand combat. Utah can block, but nine of the 11 defensive starters are gone, and there is some question whether the replacements can tackle. Arizona's new coach, Darrell Mudra, has the mystery team in the WAC—20 sophomores and 18 junior-college transfers. He also has one of the only healthy, proven quarterbacks in the league, Mark Reed, who was the nation's No. 2 passer in 1966. But Reed lost a big target and Arizona lost a lot of potential when Ron Gardin was injured in an auto accident. New Mexico has a tested quarterback in Rick Beitler but lacks depth.





PACIFIC EIGHT

"If you want to get to Pasadena," says California Coach Ray Willsey wistfully, "you'd better beat those Los Angeles teams [USC and UCLA] on the way." Not that Willsey entertains any such hopes—Washington is the only other Pacific Eight team with a chance to get to the Rose Bowl—but he could ruin somebody's traveling plans. Lately California football has been overshadowed by the political activists and hippies at Berkeley, who gather daily at Sather Gate for fun and games. But Willsey, a no-nonsense football activist, is trying to attract his share of attention. He had an unbeaten 1966 freshman team and has imported 19 junior-college transfers. The best of the new players are Paul Williams, a halfback, John McGaffie, a powerful 215-pound fullback, and Defensive End Irby Augustine. But the most important man is Quarterback Barry Bronk, who had a shoulder operation last year. If he regains his passing touch, the Golden Bears will glisten on occasion.

Stanford, which plays all seven league rivals for the first time, has its usual array of impressive athletes and depressing problems. Coach John Ralston's defense, with 246-pound Blaine Nye at tackle, is big enough, but too many of the Indians are too slow. And there is Quarterback Gene Washington, who runs as well as a halfback but unfortunately also passes like a halfback.

The rest of the Far West is in the construction business. Oregon State won its last six games in 1966 but lost three-quarters of the backfield that did it. At Oregon the big hope is sophomore Quarterback Tom Blanchard. Washington State has a new offense, which Coach Bert Clark calls a "Veer T," and a new quarterback, JC transfer Johnny Davis, to run it, but the Cougars open with USC, Oklahoma and UCLA.

THE INDEPENDENTS

While conference teams have the incentive of fighting for championships, about the best an independent can hope for is an occasional chance to lay violent hands on some postseason bowl loot. Or the pleasure of intruding on somebody's Top 20. Or the excitement of leading it, as does Notre Dame this year. Or even just the joy of being included, as are Miami, Houston and Army. Not surprisingly, there are several independents who could give the chosen few a run for their rankings. The best of them could be the University of Texas at El Paso, formerly Texas Western. The Miners, dedicated to Coach Bobby Dobbs's gaudy passing game, are laden with potential first-round pro draft choices. On offense, they have Quarterback Billy Stevens, who has thrown for 5,120 yards and 40 touchdowns in two years, and Split End Bob Wallace, a superb receiver. The defense includes Tackle George Daney, Linebacker Fred Carr and Safety Charlie West, who had 11 interceptions last season.

Virginia Tech, 8-2-1 in 1966, lost its entire backfield, but there is so much talent available that Coach Jerry Claiborne says things like, "We'll be even better." Nor is that mere talk. Tech's defense, led by Safety Frank Loria, is tough, and red-shirt Quarterback Al Kincaid has excellent receivers in Ken Barefoot and Gene Fisher. Colorado State, a pleasant 7-3 surprise a year ago, also has bright prospects. Its losses were minimal, and daring Coach Mike Lude, who uses plays like bounced lateral passes, has Oscar (Golden Shoes) Reed, a 223-pound tailback who ran for 946 yards last year.

Penn State has experience and depth, for Coach Joe Paterno lost only six starters. Behind a thoroughly tested offensive line will be Quarterback Tom Sherman, who can both pass and run, Bob Campbell, a breakaway tailback, and Don Abbey, a wonderful sophomore fullback who is able to tear away when he can't break away. Unfortunately, except for Mike Reid, a good 235-pound linebacker, the defense has its limitations.

Publicly Syracuse's Ben Schwartzwalder broods about the loss of Floyd Little and about a questionable offensive line, but the offense won't be held exactly scoreless. Larry Csonka, the All-America fullback, is back, and Rich Pancyzszyn (pronounced Pansishun), a sophomore quarterback, throws passes that his coach says, "aren't pretty, but get there." Schwartzwalder is not brooding about his defense. Led by a top pro prospect, Safety Ed Mantie, it is a good one.

Among the other independents, Florida State, even with a good passer in Gary Pajcic and fine receivers in Ron Sellers and Thurston Taylor, would be happier if it did not have to play Houston and Alabama in its first two games. Tulane's ebullient Jim Pittman, who roused slumbering fans last year with a 5-4-1 record, faces a similar problem. Quarterback Bobby Duhon, who earned 1,325 yards in total offense, and Safety Jim Jancik are back, but the Green Wave will be in over its head against Miami and Tennessee. At Georgia Tech, winning will come hard for new Coach Bud Carson, who inherited Quarterback Kim King and Tailback Lenny Snow but not much else. Navy could furrow a few brows with its passing team of John Cartwright to Rob Taylor. Boston College, Memphis State, Dayton, New Mexico State, Colgate, Rutgers and Holy Cross will all be respectable. Pitt is beginning to sense signs of life, but the Panthers are stuck with their usual impossible schedule. "We'll be 100% better," predicts Coach Dave Hart, "but that may mean we'll only get beat 20-0 instead of 40-0."



THE SMALL COLLEGE GIANTS

TENNESSEE STATE

John Merritt, the esteemed football coach of Tennessee State, will again spend his season staying as close as possible to The Lord's Prayer, since doing this has insured State's football success for the last three years. Nothing could be more logical. The Lord's Prayer, so named for his universal efficacy, and otherwise known as Eldridge Dickey, is a quarterback who has completed 68% of his passes in three seasons. In 1966 his output was 106 completions in 210 attempts for 25 touchdowns. Most of the time he throws right-handed. But not always. "He is accurate up to 25 yards left-handed," says Merritt. No coach in full possession of his faculties is going to let something like that get very far out of his sight.

Only once since he enrolled as a freshman has Dickey been back home to Houston. "That boy eats Christmas dinner with *me*," says Merritt. He does. Every year.

Nor is Dickey the only miracle-worker on this team. TSU Defensive Tackles Claude Humphrey and Tommie Davis have missed a Christmas dinner or two with their coach, but that is not meant to play down their worth—Merritt cannot afford to feed them on his salary. Humphrey weighs a solid, steady, calorie-consuming 254 and Davis 287. "Humphrey is the best in the nation," his coach says happily. "He will be a No. 1 draft choice. As for Davis, he's the toughest football player I've ever coached."

Merritt's opinion should count for something. He is 33-5 at Tennessee State and has 27 former players in professional ranks.

With Ends Elbert Drungo (6′ 5″, 251) and Thomas McCord (6′ 3″, 221) and Middle Guard Ken Brady (6′, 232), the defensive line looks solid, and the linebacking is capable. But there are problems in the secondary. Five of TSU's six best defensive backs graduated (all five went to pro camps; indeed, all 10 of the Tigers' departed lettermen got looks by the pros). However, James Marsalis, the best one, returns.

On offense, Running Backs Wayne Reese and Leroy Motton, although both are 9.7 at 100 yards, will be pressed by freshman John Mayes and the much-sought, much-tested refugee from the University of Tennessee's admissions office, Albert Davis. When passing, Quarterback Dickey will have his choice of three senior receivers—Tight End Leo Johnson, Split End John Robinson and Flanker Joe Cooper—and will be protected by a very experienced line. Unbeaten in 24 straight games, Tennessee State has as much strength as ever.

SAN DIEGO STATE

TSU's principal concern is that it plays San Diego State in the first game of the season. San Diego may not have a Lord's Prayer. It does, however, have a Moses, a Teddy Washington and a McKinley Dillingham. Scouts call Haven Moses—a lean, intelligent lad with great speed—about the best pass receiver in collegiate football. Moses last year caught 57 passes for 1,145 yards, an average of 20 yards per reception, and scored eight touchdowns. Fullback Washington is a savage blocker and runner, and the 185-pound Dillingham averaged more than nine and a half yards per carry in 1966 at Sequoia Junior College. Then there is Halfback Lloyd Edwards who, at 6′ 4″ and 242 pounds, runs 50 yards in 5.6.

Up in front of these running backs the Aztecs have what intense, aggressive Coach Don Coryell calls his best offensive line ever. Tackles Steve Ditch and Dave Dgas, 262-pound Center Curt Hansen and a matched pair of guards, Paul Daniels and Clark Wright, both 6′ and 225 pounds, constitute the muscles in the middle.

The front four on defense—sharp little bulldogs who hound enemy offensemen—are Larry Shakel, Cliff Hancock, Jim Hight and Dick Weber. None weighs as much as 200 pounds. Coryell's theory of defense is to put the small, mobile men up front and set two bruising linebackers right behind them to torture anything that escapes.

Both of last year's linebackers, along with

continued

The scientist. A man apart, yet within.

Once it got rolling, the Age of Adventure never stopped.

The instigators, Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler and others, challenged superstition and dogma They broke the lockstep of Aristotelian thought and turned on the light that ended the Dark Ages Their collective efforts set up a momentum of scientific inquiry that has continued undiminished to the present.

The early adventurers, the proto-scientists, were greeted with ridicule and abuse, excommunication, exile, the stake and other questionable honors.

Today's men of science are recognized, well-rewarded and have a world of time to enjoy life and live it all the way up.

"The adventurous life" aptly describes a career with LTV Electrosystems. We are in the business of pushing the frontier of electronics technology to the most advanced state of the art

We invite you to examine the career opportunities offered by LTV Electrosystems at any of its 12 facilities in five states

Write Bill Hickey, Supervisor of Professional Placement, P O. Box 6118, Dallas, Texas 75222 He'll tell you about the broad range of disciplines and special challenges offered by LTV Electrosystems An equal opportunity employer m/f.

LTV ELECTROSYSTEMS, INC.
A SUBSIDIARY OF LING-TEMCO-VOUGHT, INC





WJ 2267B

Wool is the fabric of the good life . . .

Winter's no time to play it cool! It's time for the Stag, the big excitement in outershirts from Woolrich! Tailored of husky, winter-weight woolens, the Stag is great for wearing over, under or instead of just about anything! It's built for comfort with an allover lining of warm pile . . . topped off with plenty of interesting details like the double yoke front and patch pockets. Take your pick from a variety of colorful plaids, checks and heathertoned solids. From $25.00.
A fashion selection by the American Wool Council.

The American Way With Wool.

Woolrich

Woolrich Woolen Mills, Woolrich, Pa

the entire defensive backfield, have graduated, yet Coryell feels San Diego is starting 1967 with a better defensive secondary than before. His linebackers will be Dave Thornton, a converted offensive guard, and either transfer Mike Meagher or Doug Fisher, a junior-college discus thrower. The backs will be Jim Crossley, Ambrous Jacobs, an upgraded reserve, junior-college transfers Nate Wright, Marty Stigner and Clarence Oliver, and John Beck, a punter.

If that sounds like so many unknowns, consider it another way. When the professional draft was over last winter, eight men from little-known San Diego State had been selected—which tied it for first as a training center for pros with little-known Notre Dame and Michigan State. Two of the Aztecs went as first-round choices.

One of those drafted was Quarterback Don Horn. Junior-college transfers Tom Williams and Doug Matheson are still fighting for his position, and neither has looked exceptional.

San Diego's fiercest challenge may be its schedule. To celebrate a nice new $27 million stadium with some nice new gate receipts, the Aztecs piled Tennessee State, Weber State, Northern Illinois, Montana State and major-college Utah State on top of their California College Athletic Association games. The Aztecs will be bloodied at least once.

PARSONS

"Parsons College? Where is that?" says 230-pound Parsons Linebacker Ralph Young, quoting himself. Two years ago that was Young's not altogether novel reaction to his high school coach's suggestion of a place to go to school. "When he told me 'Iowa,' I somehow had the place confused with Ohio," says Young.

But Young's trip to Parsons to see the college and meet Coach Marcelino (Chelo) Huerta was most satisfactory, and now pro scouts come to Parsons to see Young. "I'd spent my freshman year at Southern Mississippi and wasn't happy," Young explains. "I couldn't go to most of the major schools because I'd lose a year of eligibility. Parsons was small, but it seemed to be doing things first-class."

Parsons' air travel has been all first-class too, ever since Huerta chartered the passing arm of Daynor Prince, a quarterback from Marblehead, Mass. Prince has completed 58.8% of his passes for 35 touchdowns in three years. Flanker Allen Marcelin grabbed 40 of those for 725 yards and six touchdowns last year alone. Halfback Ed Tuttle, who gained 390 yards rushing, returns this season, and Frank Antonini, a 210-pound transfer from Kentucky, is expected to look good on the other side.

The line is no problem at all. Last year Parsons' offensive and defensive lines were as big as Michigan State's. That's still true. Tackles Barry Connors, Ron Kittle and Jerry Campbell are all in the 255-270 class. Connors and Kittle are seniors, but Campbell is a junior. He is, says Huerta, "the finest lineman at this stage of his career that I've ever coached."

Huerta can't resist gloating a little over Campbell. "He was overlooked by Iowa and Iowa State. His coach at Roosevelt High in Des Moines thought he ought to have a chance somewhere, so he sent me some film. One look and we couldn't wait to get his name on a letter of intent."

Parsons' move into the top small-college ranks has been a hard one. "Some of the nearby colleges remember that not so many years ago we were a little Presbyterian school of 200," Huerta says. Last year Parsons went as far afield as Furman, Chattanooga, Idaho State, Los Angeles State and Hawaii to find opponents. Enrollment is now over 5,000, but as late as 1965, when Huerta arrived from Wichita State—where he had been Missouri Valley Coach of the Year—the practice field was in a gully and measured 50 yards by 60. Games were played in a high school stadium a small one.

Last season Parsons scheduled its first three games away to allow for completion of a new stadium. "Los Angeles State arrived early in the week of our first home game," Huerta remembers. "Their coach said we'd never play a game there on Saturday unless all the spectators stood around the edge of the field. Only the concrete steps were poured. But in four days we got 8,000 permanent seats installed, 2,000 bleachers erected, goalposts put up, a scoreboard, a fence, two large prefab dressing buildings with showers, and a double-deck press box." Such is football enthusiasm at Parsons.

MONTANA STATE

Montana State is another of those teams with a nasty schedule (San Diego State, North Dakota State, Weber State, Fresno, West Texas State), practice fields so cluttered with broad-shouldered talent that the sun has trouble getting through to the grass, and a picturesquely nicknamed halfback, Don Hass, a rugged Little All-America from Glendive, Mont. "I like to call him the Iron Tumbleweed," says Coach Jim Sweeney. "My wife, Cile, prefers to call him Old Bread and Butter."

Dennis Erickson, a good option quarterback, can deal or keep like a Virginia City cardsharp, and Ron Bain is perhaps the best pass-receiving flanker ever seen at Montana State. Ray Becky and Henry Urza are more than adequate at fullback.

In the offensive line the resistance-wreckers are Guards Tony Wezenbach and Purnal Whitehead and Tackle Mickey Mathews. Defensively, Jerry Jamison is a strong guard and any play that comes near Linebackers Dennis Muhlbeier and Earl Hanson usually stops there.

Second-ranked by UPI last year, Montana State scored 394 points. Eighty-two of those came off the toe—or rather instep—of graduated Jan Stenerud, but MSU has imported another side-winding Norwegian kicker, Frank Kalfoss.

The Bobcats are in shape. None of them spent the summer on a lifeguard's stand. Jamison, for example, was a pipe layer. Kalfoss played soccer in Norway. Linebacker Hanson drove a truck and hiked up mountains. On one 25-mile trek into Glacier National Park he tangled with a grizzly, presumably a relative of the mascot of arch-rival Montana University. It must be reported that it was Hanson who climbed a tree. But all other omens and portents for the 1967 season are favorable.

NORTH DAKOTA STATE

You think North Dakota produces practically nothing but wheat and weather, and that most of the latter is bad? Or that the last good big runner in the state was an Ice Age mastodon? Then, you've not been reading the fine print in your sports section.

Admittedly, even Dakotans concede they once tended to share these feelings. North Dakota boys were bigger than the average, maybe, but there were just too few of them to build a football power. Then, on Sept. 25, 1965, North Dakota State won its eighth consecutive game, and on Sept. 29 AP ranked the Bison first among the nation's small colleges. Even the players didn't believe it. Said NSDU President Dr. H. R. Albrecht, "It scares me to death."

There was only one thing for the country boys to do under the unaccustomed pressure: collapse. Instead, they went undefeated and won their first outright conference championship in 30 years. Last season they won eight more games, including ones against Montana State and North Dakota, before finally losing to San Diego State.

Feverish to keep this giddy notoriety, North Dakota State is encouraged by its best backfield yet. Halfback Ken Rota has been on Little All-America listings since his sophomore year. He scored 16 touchdowns that season and, despite being injured, eight in 1966. Quarterback Terry Hanson—a sprint-out type running a slot-I offense—threw 14 touchdown passes last season.

Aside from the front four, the defense is mature and dependable, featuring Dave Olson and Jim Ferge, who rejoin Mike Ahneman, an excellent field-goal kicker, at linebacker. Mike Berdis, a 285-pound tackle from Joliet, Ill., will help the weakened front wall—enormously.

"Now people are planning their vacations around our games," Athletic Director Richard Koppenhave exults. "Before, they couldn't plan a satisfactory Saturday night."

THE BIG ONES SCOUTS ARE WATCHING

Here are five sparkling sophomores, and the 90 college players that the pros rank as the best

Just about this time each fall America's less fortunate football coaches may be found slouched in their office chairs, staring glaze-eyed through a window at a stadium soon to be bursting with pennant-waving, victory-hungry alumni. At intervals they shudder. It is safe to guess that they are shuddering at the thought of the opening game. The thought shapes up like this. "They'll never understand. They just don't realize how much experience we've lost. Twenty-two lettermen and who's going to be playing in their places? Who's going to be my quarterback and my defensive ends? Sophomores! That's who. Sophomores . . ." Yes, it is usually the sophomores who bring a coach's heart to his throat with those off-target blocks, line-drive punts and long, wobbly passes. But still each year there are an exciting few newcomers who play football as if they were born in the bright new game jerseys that they are wearing for the first time. Here are five of this year's very special sophomores.

GLEN HALSELL, TEXAS

Darrell Royal can't wait to turn Linebacker Glen Halsell loose against USC so that Halsell can start knocking enemy heads together instead of those of his teammates. A stuhby 200-pounder,



Halsell is in the tradition of the great Longhorn linebackers of the past. "You sort of feel 'em behind you," says Halsell. "Pat Culpepper, Timmy Doerr, Nohis, Edwards. Ever since I got here the idea kept pushing me that I was filling some mighty big shoes."

Halsell, just like Joel Brame, who will play alongside him, has an insatiable desire to ram his head between the jersey numbers of anybody carrying a football. "You got to be tough," Halsell says. "I mean, really think about it. Joel is my idol. Against Rice last year he got his nose laid open to the bone, but he never came out of the game. It was so bad he's going to need plastic surgery."

Halsell, who comes from Odessa, Texas, has a neck that measures 17½ inches, a la Tommy Nohis, and has been clocked in 5.7 seconds for the 50-yard dash. The only thing he must learn is patience. Sometimes he is too anxious to get into the action. "The hardest thing for me is playing my position," he says. "I can't go running off after the ball until I'm sure what's going to happen." Royal doesn't seem too worried about that.

RICH SAUL, MICHIGAN STATE

There are certain uniform numbers that Ken Farley, the Michigan State equipment manager, hoards until somebody special comes along. Numbers like 14 (Billy Wells, Lynn Chandnois) and 26 (Clarence Peaks, Herb Adderley, Clinton Jones). You don't give them out to just *anybody*. No. 88 is one of those numbers. In past years it has been worn by Bob Carey and Sammy Williams, both All-Americas. This fall it will go to Rich Saul, a 6′3″, 222-pound defensive end whom Duffy Daugherty says is the best sophomore he has ever had at Michigan State. This is quite a thing to say, but Saul is quite a thing to say it about.



Saul comes from the right background to merit such esteem. His big brother, Bill, was an All-America at Penn State and now plays for the Pittsburgh Steelers. Twin brother Ron is a promising guard for the Spartans. The thing they all do best is hit, and Rich looks like the family slugging champion.

Saul was a teammate of Terry Hanratty's at Butler High School in Pennsylvania and, while Butler was winning 26 of 27 games during his three years at end, he made All-State and High School All-America twice. College scouts clustered around the Saul house like so many 'Bama linebackers after a ballcarrier, but by the time Rich was one of the outstanding players in the Texas-Pennsylvania high school All-Star game he had decided upon Michigan State. He was co-captain of the MSU freshman team last year, made a fine showing throughout the spring and next week will be the only sophomore in the starting lineup as the Spartans open against Houston whose All-America halfback, Warren McVea, will quickly test how good he really is. "Rich can do it all," says Cal Stoll, an MSU assistant, sounding like every coach who ever touted a sophomore whiz. But this time the assessment may be right.

VINCE OPALSKY, MIAMI

Sixty colleges thought Vince Opalsky was going to be a spectacular running back someday, and now Miami is ready to enjoy the reason why. Head Coach Charlie Tate has tried to soften the publicity buildup around his 6′ 2″, 208-pound halfback, admitting only that "Vince has all the tools," but if the freshman games are any indication, Hurricane opponents will be in for some rough evenings in the Orange Bowl. In four games last fall Opalsky carried for more yards (514) than any varsity regular did in 10 games, and already he is being compared to Don Bosseler, the Miami All-America who wound up with the Washington Redskins. At Serra Catholic High in McKeesport, Pa., Opalsky scored almost 300 points in three years and ran for more than 2,500 yards. He had a chance to go to Notre Dame but turned it down. "I



figured I'd be just another number," he says. "I didn't have confidence then." But after a Miami recruiter watched Opalsky go 70 yards for a touchdown in his last high school game, he burst into the dressing room and cried, "Vince, that was a $12,000 run. That's what it will cost us to put you through Miami." It looks like money well spent.

DON ABBEY, PENN STATE

Just before Penn State's spring game, Coach Joe Paterno said, "Don Abbey is so strong and tough and such a good field-goal kicker that we'll be a threat to score one way or the other anytime we get inside the 40-yard line." Paterno wasn't just humming the Penn State fight song, either. That afternoon Abbey, a 6′2″, 225-pound sophomore fullback, ran for 102 yards, scored two touch-

downs, kicked two extra points and made a 24-yard field goal that won the game with 30 seconds to go.



"Abbey is more advanced and has more potential than any sophomore we have had in a long time," says Paterno. The son of a dental surgeon, Abbey is a premed student. He almost went to Princeton, but decided upon Penn State because "I really wanted to find out how good I was at football." He will have a fine opportunity, for Penn State is out to regain its No. 1 ranking in the East, and Abbey plays a key part in its hopes.

JOE TASBY, IDAHO

At first glance it seems that Ray McDonald, Idaho's All-America fullback, has somehow moved out of the backfield and into the line. But not so. That big (6′3″, 220 pounds) defensive end is Joe Tasby, an awesome defender who already ranks with the elite on the pros' preferred draft lists. Tasby is strong, agile and ominous. He can play either center or linebacker. As a linebacker on last year's Baby Vandal squad that won three of four games, he personally made 25% of the tackles. Tasby was such an outstanding prospect in Houston—he's another one from Bubba Smith land—that Coach Steve Musseau flew to Texas personally to convince him of the opportunity awaiting him in the Moscow Mountains. He plans to use Tasby both on offense and defense, which is one way to get six years of play out of a supersoph.



If Tasby and his four associates are the best, there are still other sophomores whose moves are about to become familiar ones. Among the most impressive of them are Fullback Ed Ziegler and Tackle Mike McCoy of Notre Dame, Quarterbacks Bob Anderson of Colorado, Rich Panczyszyn of Syracuse and Tom Blanchard of Oregon, Running Backs Tommy Wade of Alabama, Ted Koy of Texas and Russell Cody of Arkansas, Defensive Tackle Jim Hadley of Florida and Tight End Jim Mandich of Michigan.

THE PROS' PRESEASON PICKS FOR ALL-AMERICA

Before the action starts, pro scouts have a good idea of which players they want to follow most closely. Below, compiled from information assembled by NFL and AFL talent hunters, are this fall's finest prospects, listed under their likely pro positions

OFFENSE

QUARTERBACKS

GARY BEBAN, UCLA
DAN HOLMAN, San Jose State
KEN STABLER, Alabama
BILLY STEVENS, Texas, El Paso
OFWEY WARREN, Tennessee

RUNNING BACKS

LARRY CSONKA, Syracuse
GARRETT FORD, West Virginia
CHRIS GILBERT, Texas
BEN GREGORY, Nebraska
RONNIE JENKINS, Georgia
JIM KIICK, Wyoming
WARREN McVEA, Houston
OSCAR REED, Colorado State
LARRY SMITH, Florida
LEE WHITE, Weber State

FLANKERS AND SPLIT ENDS

JIM COX, Miami (Fla.)
DAVID DICKEY, Arkansas
RICHMOND FLOWERS, Tennessee
KEN HEBERT, Houston
DENNIS HOMAN, Alabama
HAVEN MOSES, San Diego State
RON SELLERS, Florida State
JIM SEYMOUR, Notre Dame
BOB WALLACE, Texas, El Paso
JOHN WRIGHT, Illinois

TIGHT ENDS

KEN BAREFOOT, Virginia Tech
RICH O'HARA, Northern Arizona
CHARLIE SANDERS, Minnesota
THURSTON TAYLOR, Florida St.
JIM ZAMBERLAN, Louisville

INTERIOR LINEMEN

DANNY ABBOTT, Texas
EDGAR CHANDLER, Georgia
MIKE EVANS, Boston College
DICK HIMES, Ohio State
BOB JOHNSON, Tennessee
BILL LENKAITIS, Penn State
ROLF KRUEGER, Texas A&M
WAYNE MASS, Clemson
MAURICE MOORMAN, Texas A&M
RAY PHILLIPS, Michigan
JOE PRZYBYCKI, Michigan State
ERNEST RUPLE, Arkansas
RICH STOTTER, Houston
JOHN WILLIAMS, Minnesota
RON YARY, USC

DEFENSE

SAFETIES

LOU HARRIS, Kent State
JIM JANCIK, Tulane
FRANK LORIA, Virginia Tech
TOM SCHOEN, Notre Dame
CHARLIE WEST, Texas, El Paso

HALFBACKS

BOBBY DUHON, Tulane
MAJOR HAZELTON, Florida A&M
BOBBY JOHNS, Alabama
LEROY KEYES, Purdue
ED MANTIE, Syracuse
JESSE PHILLIPS, Michigan State
PETE RICHARDSON, Dayton
JIM SMITH, Oregon
JIM SMITHBERGER, Notre Dame
TOM TRANTHAM, Arkansas

LINEBACKERS

RANDY BEHRINGER, Baylor
JOEL BRAML, Texas
FRED CARR, Texas, El Paso
KEN CORBIN, Miami (Fla.)
MIKE HALL, Alabama
EO HARMON, Louisville
MIKE McGILL, Notre Dame
MIKE REIO, Penn State
NICK SHOWALTER, Tennessee
ADRIAN YOUNG, USC

ENDS

JOE BLAKE, Tulsa
JOHN GARLINGTON, LSU
BOB GRANT, Wake Forest
TED HENDRICKS, Miami (Fla.)
CORBY ROBERTSON, Texas

INTERIOR LINEMEN

ELVIN BETHEA, N. Carolina A&T
DENNIS BYRD, N. Carolina State
DOUG CRUSAN, Indiana
CURLEY CULP, Arizona State
MIKE DIRKS, Wyoming
KEVIN HARDY, Notre Dame
CLAUDE HUMPHRLY, Tenn. St.
GRANVILLE LIGGINS, Oklahoma
WAYNE MEYLAN, Nebraska
BLAINE NYE, Stanford
DAN SARTIN, Mississippi
BILL STALEY, Utah State
BILL STANFILL, Georgia
JIM URBANEK, Mississippi
RUSS WASHINGTON, Missouri



Lance Alworth, flanker for the San Diego Chargers, has just been elected to represent America's sportsmen on this year's list of best-dressed men, but from his own description of his wardrobe it is pretty clear that nobody is going to confuse him with Cary Grant. "Messing up colors and having fun," is Alworth's approach to things sartorial. The only problem is that, like Thomas Wolfe, he can't go home again. "I don't dare take some of my bright sports jackets back to Little Rock. They'd just be too much."

The American Broadcasting Company has had **Bing Crosby, David Janssen, Phil Harris, Clint Walker** and, most recently, **Texas Governor John Connally** on safari in Africa for a television program in its *American Sportsman* series. Upon his return to the U.S. hunter Connally, who shot a lion, a Cape buffalo, a warthog, an impala, a sable, a gazelle, a topi, an oribi and an elephant, was quoted as saying he was "tremendously impressed by the ability of huge animals to disappear in what looks like open country." Connally and TV crew spotted a male lion accompanied by three lionesses, and the "ability of huge animals to disappear" seems to have consisted principally of his inability to find the body of the male lion he himself had shot. "We closed the windows of the car [for protection against one lioness, which had taken refuge in a tree] and drove to within 15 yards of it, and I tried to spot it through 10-power binoculars, knowing exactly where it was, and I still couldn't see it!" he said. "Finally we had to sideswipe the tree to get that lioness out of there so we could get to the lion's body." While American Sportsman Connally was thus engaged his arch foe, Senator Ralph Yarborough of Texas, was taking the Senate floor to deliver a speech. Yarborough's subject: a plea for a cooperative worldwide effort to prevent the disappearance of 250 kinds of wildlife in danger of extinction.

"This is a real luau," said Duke Kahanamoku politely. "It was nice of you all to come." Hawaii's **Duke Kahanamoku** (*above*) swam in the 1912, 1920 and 1924 Olympics and is considered by many to be the father of modern surfing. For the last 40 or 50 years he has devoted himself principally to being a character, and that he has succeeded in becoming a well-beloved one was amply demonstrated recently on his 77th birthday. Kimo McVay, majority owner of the restaurant in Waikiki Beach that bears the Duke's name, gave a party. More than 7,000 people, including Actor Richard Boone and noted surfers Fred Hemmings, Joey Cabell and Paul Strauch, attended to drink martinis and mai-tais. Teriyaki steak and pork were served to most guests inside the restaurant and outside to an additional 1,000. The birthday was proclaimed Duke Kahanamoku Day throughout Hawaii, and remembrances included a $10,000 Silver Cloud II Rolls-Royce convertible, a custom-made surfboard, a $5,000 handmade Hawaiian feather quilt and a life-size portrait of the Duke as a young man on a surfboard, painted by Margaret Keane. The only thing Duke Kahanamoku *really* wanted, though, was a portable generator for his fishing boat, and he got that, too: it arrived on a luau pig tray adorned with a red ribbon.

Australia's **Murray Rose** has become an actor. That's O.K., but it does seem too bad that the script of his forthcoming movie, *Ice Station Zebra*, should call for the swimmer who won three gold medals at the 1956 Olympics to die by drowning.

There have been demonstrations against **King Constantine** of Greece nearly everywhere he has gone during his visit to North America, including Toronto, where he went last week to take part in the Dragon Class world sailing championships. He did not do well, and it is no wonder. For his own safety a flotilla of federal, provincial and municipal police boats escorted Constantine several miles out into Lake Ontario, and a Royal Canadian Mounted Police patrol boat took him to his yacht while two harbor police boats kept a lookout. The King may have been safe, but he was certainly also a little distracted.

The play may be the thing, but as far as **Kenneth Schmied,** mayor of Louisville, is concerned it is a football play. Schmied is a sports enthusiast with a minimal interest in the theater, so when he was asked to kick off the Actors Theatre of Louisville ticket drive he got himself a football and took the responsibility literally (*below*). His first try was a rather feeble slice, but the second time around the ball rocketed forward a good 21 yards. Schmied, who failed to make his high school varsity team because he was, of all things, too light, said, "A lot of guys have told me Blanton Collier of the Cleveland Browns might want me to be his kicker." He added modestly, "I think they were kidding me."

"I felt, as a father, that I should participate," said TV star **Andy Griffith** of his Little League duties, "but every time I went out to umpire a game I felt such fear as I've never known before. I asked another father if he felt the same way, but he said he loved doing it. I decided there are some of 'em who can stand it and some of 'em who can't, so after three games I quit." For a man who suffers such stage fright, Griffith is in a funny line of work.





PETER A. BARNARD

"NML guarantees my family's security –and business freedom for me."

"My business interests are diversified, even speculative at times. But my Northwestern Mutual life insurance program lets me operate with real peace of mind. It gives my family the solid security I want them to have.

"And it's growing security. Dividends automatically buy paid-up additions to the insurance. Cash values and the program's flexibility will be important in retirement years. Of course, being value-minded, I particularly like NML's low cost.

Your money buys more at NML

One reason is low operating expense at Northwestern Mutual—about one-third less, as a percentage of premiums, than the average of the 14 other largest life insurance companies.

Why not call your Northwestern Mutual agent? He specializes in life insurance tailored to personal needs and delivered at low net cost.

Ask about our dividend scale. It's been increased 12 times in 15 years!

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE - MILWAUKEE NML

A tough skipper to run a fast 'Dame'

Jock Sturrock, skipper of 'Gretel' and 'Dame Pattie' and one of the few America's Cup challengers ever to get a second chance, plans to sail his own boat this time around with no interference from any owner

There's no guarantee of a return bout for America's Cup skippers. When one of them steps into the arena off Brenton Reef to challenge for the cup or to defend it he does so in the almost certain knowledge that it must be now or never. There are, however, two notable exceptions to this rule. Jock Sturrock and Bus Mosbacher, the skippers who face each other this week in *Dame Pattie* and *Intrepid*.

When Jock came over to challenge with *Gretel* five years ago, Bus was at the helm of *Weatherly*. Jock went on to become one of the very few intruders ever to win even a single race when he sent *Gretel* sliding down the seas, like a California surfer, to nose out his rival just under the wire on the second day of racing. But if the memory of that great day means anything to Australia's topmost helmsman, he is not going on about it. Alexander Stuart Sturrock is not a man likely to waste much time on dead victories or dead defeats. He is the kind of sailor who thinks about the next race, not the last one. What does he think of his new command, the *Dame Pattie*? "A very fast boat, all along," says Jock.

Sturrock, considered the top helmsman of them all in Australia, was appointed skipper-designate of the *Dame* even before Naval Architect Warwick Hood began to sketch her lines on a drawing board. "In all," Sturrock says of the finished product after a full year of sailing, "she is the best balanced boat of any class I've ever handled."

At 52, Jock looks the part of one of the world's top match-race skippers. Sun and wind have given his face a deeper tan than a jackeroo's. Countless hours of sailing have etched crow's-foot lines (or should it be gull's-foot?) beside his eyes. Beneath a nose with a deep-tinted prow, Sturrock's lips look always ready to smile – or to take delivery of a few beers or whiskies after a long day's dehydration. Close to 6' tall and well covered amidships, Jock admits to weighing 14 stone (196 pounds) in a tone that implies he's glad it's no more.

Sturrock gives the lion's share of credit for Australia's emergence as an important challenging nation to Newspaper Magnate Sir Frank Packer, owner of his first cup command, *Gretel*. Packer put up about $750,000 to campaign *Gretel* and put Australia on the cup map for the first time. One result was that the America's Cup and its fate became a matter of interest not only to yachtsmen, but to land-legged Australians who hardly knew a burgee from a bougee.

As a skipper, Sturrock is calm and authoritative, leaving no room for question in any order he gives. He calls upon his store of locker-room language when it is vitally necessary but, unlike many of his countrymen, he is not a habitual cusser and hardly ever has recourse to the so-called Great Australian Adjective. Once Sturrock and two crewmen, after tough hours in a Dragon on Port Phillip Bay, walked into the Brighton Club bar and sagged against the counter. An order for three beers then silence. Suddenly Jock turned to his companions, grinned and said, "Let's be friends again."

Sturrock's forebears came to Australia from Edinburgh, Scotland. Jock, a fourth-generation Australian who is a director of a Victorian timber company founded by his grandfather, has been sailing since he was knee-high to a gunn'l. From the age of 7 he lived on the Brighton bayfront, south of Melbourne, where his father sailed a 21-foot open boat, *Idler*. Even at Brighton Grammar School, well back from the shore, Jock could sniff the sea – especially if the tide had piled up enough odoriferous seaweed on the beach. At the age of 8 he rigged a dinghy for his father's yacht, and he has carried on from there. At 12, Jock and his mates rigged a Cadet dinghy with makeshift sails and steered with an oar. As it had no keel or centerboard, they half filled it with water to



BUS MOSBACHER (RIGHT) PAYS A FRIENDLY CALL ON HIS AUSSIE RIVAL ABOARD TENDER

keep it going to windward instead of sideways. At 14, he got his bowsprit in the door, so to say, by winning the first of five Victorian Cadet dinghy championships. At 17, he won the Australian title in *Red Jacket*, sailing against a New South Wales opponent, Norman Booth, who is now his shipmate.

As owner-skipper of one of the first three Australian-built International Star-class yachts, Sturrock won Australian championships for six years running, until war service interrupted in 1940. Those in peril on the sea have a prayerful hymn written for them, but the nearest Sturrock has come to losing his life was as a soldier. An air force officer in New Guinea in 1943, he was in an aircraft, piloted by an American, that crashed into a mountain, pushing the engine almost into his lap. "I was lucky," he recalls, "to get out of it with cuts and bruises."

Coming out of the service with a mustache, he sailed in the Star class and won the first two postwar Australian titles. He was still wearing the mustache in 1948 when he and Brighton-clubmate Len Fenton were chosen for the first postwar Olympic Games in Britain. It was the first time any Australian yachtsmen had been named to an Olympic team. They had a stiff heat to get up their fares to London, not to mention freight for their boat, *Moorina*.



THE "DAME"? "VERY FAST," SAYS JOCK

But hearing this, Australia's (and the world's) outstanding English billiards player, Walter Lindrum, came to the rescue with a special "night" at Brighton Town Hall, near Melbourne. Yachtsmen from all over Australia came to bet on Lindrum's near-incredible shots, and he raised $2,000 toward the trip's costs. "Walter was a wonderful man," says Sturrock, who 14 years later was awarded the annual Lindy Trophy by the Sportsmen's Association, a trophy commemorating the wizard of the cue.

By finishing seventh in a field of 17 in 1948 Sturrock and Fenton served notice on the descendants of Drake and Nelson that in the future Australia would be a threat in international yachting. A shortage of finances compelled them to charter a Finnish yacht for the Helsinki Olympics in 1952. It turned out to be a heavy old bomb, but they pushed it into 12th place. Four years later, in the 1956 games, Sturrock sailed 5.5-meter *Buraddoo* on Port Phillip Bay to win a bronze medal.

By the time Sturrock and Tasmanian-born Auto Dealer Archie Robertson arrived in Newport in 1962 to bring the first Australian challenge, Jock had won a cockpit full of titles in all classes and sizes of boats. The decision as to whether Jock or Archie would take *Gretel*'s helm was left until both had sailed her in American waters, but there was no noticeable caviling when the choice fell on Sturrock. Though Mosbacher and *Weatherly* beat him in four out of the five races sailed, his win in the second race made him the first skipper to capture even one race in a series since T.O.M. Sopwith in 1934. "I think we didn't do badly," said his shipmate, Robertson, "particularly when you compare our sail number 1 to *Weatherly*'s 17, showing how many 12s the Americans had built." Sturrock's new command, *Dame Pattie*—Sail No. KA-2—is only the second 12 ever built in Australia, while *Intrepid* is the 22nd built in the U.S.

Witnesses of the 1962 challenge spoke of some nautical backseat driving from the Australian tender *Sara*: a certain amount of "Do this, Jock" and "Do that, Jock" by walkie-talkie radio from an irrepressible enthusiast they named Big Daddy. No skipper likes that, but it is something Sturrock prefers not to discuss. In any event it will not be repeated. Sturrock has complete charge of *Dame*

continued

Great on the rocks



. . . with a lemon peel. It's also great in a tumbler. A mug. Straight from the can. Or sipped through a straw. However, we recommend you drink it like a beer, so long as you don't mistake it for one.

A completely unique experience!

FAVORITE AMONG TOP AMATEURS



ship,
ateurs
play

By
100 PLAYED TITLEIST

PLA HE #1 BAL

PLAYE HE #3 BAL

P AYE E #4 BAL

PLAY THE BALL
THE BEST PLAYERS CHOOSE
PLAY TITLEIST

ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS

Pattie. Two years ago the *Pattie*'s syndicate chairman Emil Christensen of Petersville (Australia) Ltd., Melbourne said firmly, "Sturrock will have whatever he requires for the efficient operation of the challenge, and there will be no interference by the committee at any stage."

One of the things Sturrock will have is disclosed in Newport only last week. It is a "secret weapon" in the form of a small computer called The Debbig which has been installed in *Pattie*'s cockpit. An inventive Australian Textile Merchant Michael Debenham the computer is fed information on wind direction and strength, speed and course and puts this information together in seconds to inform Sturrock of the degree of trim required for highest performance.

But a cup contender needs more than a good helmsman and a secret weapon, and even a master skipper can achieve little without a good crew. The syndicate left the choice of personnel entirely to Sturrock. Nearly all of *Dame Pattie*'s men are open-boat sailors who learned the art in 12-footers and 18-footers. "I have chosen 13," Sturrock said, "of whom three will be on the tender according to the weather or who needs rest or who may be hurt."

His three afterguard companions in the cockpit are Boatbuilder-skippers Billy Barnett and Norman Wright (the only Queenslander) and Holden Auto Dealer Norman Booth (the skipper who beat 55 Dragons on the Clyde in 1959 despite perishing cold, and was runner-up in the Gold Cup series at Naples in 1960).

A better brain trust would be hard to find. Peter (Pod) O'Donnell, 28, hailed as the world's best forward hand, won a trophy as the best all-round crew member in the 1962 challenge races and handled foresheets for Bill Northam on the 5.5-meter *Barranjoey*, gold-medal winner at the Tokyo Games 1964. Pod, who looks indestructible, tops 14 stone as do 6-footers John Freedman, 31, and Andrew White, 29. Richard Dickson, 29, weighs 15 stone, Bob Thornton, 26, 13 stone, and the giant of the crew is 23-year-old winchman Dr. Michael Greenaway, 6′ 5″ and 16 stone.

Middeckman Sandy Schofield, 23, a 12½-stone Sydney shipwright, and Melbourne foredeckman Ed Beacham, 21, sailed with the *Dame Pattie* on the freighter *Cap Ortegal* to look after her on the trip. Beacham is the youngest and one of the three lightweights. He and Tony Ellis weigh 11½ stone. Smallest and nimble Melbourne foredeckman John Taylor, 29, only 5′ 6″ and 11 stone.

Sturrock thinks it an advantage that the average age of foredeckmen, winchmen and winchmen is only 26. With several of them between 13 and 16 stone, *Dame Pattie*'s Australians will look a larger species than the American crew men. If Mosbacher has a crew similar to the successful defenders in 1962. By contrast with *Gretel*'s Australians at that time, Heathcoat's men were called Mosbacher's Midgets.

The syndicate pays for the crew's flights to and from the U. S., lodges and feeds them in Newport for 10 weeks. But none is compensated for loss of income. They know the challenge calls for sacrifices. Since October they have been away from home almost every weekend and often other times as well, and anyone unable to make these sacrifices simply cannot be in it.

A home skipper's familiarity with local weather vagaries gives him an edge, though sneaky windshifts caused by bays and promontories are not a problem in 12-meter sailing on the Atlantic at least seven miles offshore. But Sturrock's angle on this is: "I from sweating out the 1962 challenge, plus a visit in 1964 to see *Constellation* race *Sovereign*. I have a better idea what to expect. U. S. forecasting is pretty accurate because the wind mainly comes off the land. The Coast Guard goes to much trouble to give maximum information. Newport is not as subject to tide and current. The swell seems regular and the breeze more constant in strength and direction. I'd estimate an 18 knot wind in a southeast swell off Sydney heads to be the equivalent of 25 knots at Newport."

Asked how closely he has followed the Americans Sturrock said: "We have the normal interest of yachtsmen in what's going on. But the only thing we have to be concerned with is getting our own boat going to its maximum. Since the first week in July we will have had nine weeks' sailing before we race. In all we will have had 10 days more sailing than we had before *Gretel* raced in 1962. Having had one experience as challenger, and with the good crew we have, we should have a good chance, sailing in conditions we are likely to meet at Newport. To win any race of this kind you need a little bit of luck." END

The right fashion direction on any campus: Racquet Club suits and coats

Hart Schaffner & Marx gives you the right fashion course whether you go to school North, South, East or West. Two natural-shoulder examples in fabrics loomed of the world's best—pure virgin wool: The Racquet Club Italian hopsack suit and sport coat. Each has three-button styling with center vent. The classic look you like is the look you keep. Credit HS&M tailoring. Shouldn't you take at least one with you?







There are really only two ways to get around today...one of them is Mansfields.

You might be making it on campus or building a career. Whatever you're up to, get around to Mansfield Shoes. They have the look you want. Bold. Young. Reliable. Bracing as a fast ski run on new powder. Mansfields feel as good as they look too. Uppers are of breathable, comfortable Corfam,* for easy-care plus wipe-and-wear. Very comfortably priced, too. And many university styles to choose from. Visit your Mansfield dealer—soon!

MANSFIELDS

BY THE MAKERS OF BOSTONIANS

(L.) #1494, moccasin front. (Middle) #1490, plain toe saddle. (R.) #1484, long-wing. In Burnished Bronze Calfskin. Men's Fine Shoes from $15.95. (Slightly higher in the West.) Write for name of nearest Mansfield Dealer. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass. (*DuPont's registered name for its man-made paramet ric upper material.)



When on pine needles the stance should be taken cautiously and club head must not be grounded.

FRANCIS GOLDEN

Standing firm in the pines

Most golfers become uneasy when they are confronted with a shot from pine needles. They usually attempt to pick the ball off cleanly, and frequently this results in hitting the ball too thin and not getting it up into the air. This approach to the shot is wrong. Instead of trying to pick the ball off the pine needles, pretend that it is sitting on fairway grass. The swing should be exactly the same as for a fairway shot. You can even hook or fade the ball off pine needles if the occasion demands, and a chip shot off them will have backspin just as a normal chip would. There are two things to remember: 1) take an especially firm stance, making sure that your spikes are set into the ground to prevent slipping, and 2) do not ground the club head behind the ball because there is a good chance the ball will move, which will cost you a two-stroke penalty.

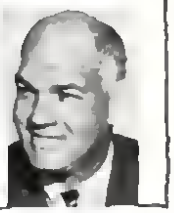
© 1967 Jack Nicklaus. All rights reserved

Declaration Of An Independent

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President

Old Fitzgerald Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



(Reprinted by request)

Maybe it's due to leftover 4th of July spirit. But in the last few weeks I've thought more and more about an advertisement I read some time ago, that was titled "Declaration Of An Independent".

It was a credo for the small, family-owned, independent company—and today there aren't many of us alive and kicking.

In the Kentucky Bourbon field ours is probably the only distillery of significance still privately owned and operated. No absentee landlords. No outside stockholders. No part-time executives. None required.

We still follow our own wisdom and judgment as well as our own Sour Mash recipes. We age our whiskies in our own warehouses. Distill and bottle them under our own name. All on our own plot of land.

A sign at the entrance to our grounds sums up a family tradition of 118 years:

"We make Fine Bourbon.
At a profit if we can.
At a loss if we must.
But always Fine Bourbon."

Imagine trying to explain that to a board of directors or a group of those automation boys!

Our slow, costly, old-fashioned methods just don't jibe with "modern" ideas. But I have yet to meet the modernist who didn't heartily approve of them—after one taste of OLD FITZGERALD.

I invite you to try the mellow flavor and old-time character of OLD FITZ. See if you don't agree with our independent thinking.

And if summer travels bring you to the Bluegrass country around Louisville, I would like you to visit America's oldest family distillery and see what makes OLD FITZGERALD the most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky . . . and probably in the world. The proprietors will be on hand to welcome you.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
100 Proof or Prime Straight 86.8

In Stratford, nobody beats the Raybestos Brakettes

They dominate women's softball, and neither rain nor all the other 18 teams in the tournament could prevent the champions from winning

Kate Smith sang *The Star-Spangled Banner* on tape, and Toto, who is fat, bald and knows asphalt, passed his cantaloupe all around. In Stratford, Conn., the Women's National Softball Tournament was under way.

Anthony Caldaroni, who is Toto, paves curbs by day and "caters" softball games at the Raybestos Memorial Field at night. "You try curbing 90 tons of asphalt, then come out here and cut cantaloupe," he says. The food is free, courtesy of Toto's Corner, a group of 12 fans who let Winky the GE man run watermelon and ham sandwiches and cream puffs and chocolate cakes through the crowd for them. "We are, you might say, dyed-in-the-wool supporters of the Raybestos Brakettes," says Bob Gann, one of Toto's Corner. "He means," says Toto, "we donate."



JOAN JOYCE PITCHED AND HIT A HOMER

Toto's Corner has been watching the Brakettes play for more than 20 years, and all agree that this season Raybestos has its best team ever, which might mean *the* best team ever. Toto says that when Bert pitches and Donna plays second and Joanie plays first the Brakettes have the greatest women's infield in the history of the world. Toto then says to have some more cantaloupe.

Bert is Bertha Tickey, a plump grandmother of 43 who is the Cy Young, or Sarah Bernhardt if you will, of women's softball. Since she has already won 735 games and pitched 161 no-hitters, Bert is making this season her last. As befits a legend, Mrs. Tickey is going out gracefully, and on top. She began throwing no-hit games for the Lionettes of Orange, Calif. but left when the Raybestos people called 11 years ago.

Mrs. Tickey was the first of many, who, with strangely nomadic yearnings, wander from town to town and from team to team, whizzing a softball past opposing batters. "I don't know exactly what it is," she says. "We all like to travel, and some of the girls just get tired of one place after a while. I had a good offer, so I came." Mrs. Tickey's hair swirls back into a blonde pile like whipped cream, and, unlike most of her hard-visaged,baby-I've-been-around colleagues, she is just as sweet. The widely held theory that a girl softballer is less attractive than a lumberjack is a false one. But equally misleading is a statement by Morris A. Bealle in his book, *The Softball Story*, in which he says, "The athletic proficiency attained by top-flight girl softball players has detracted in no way from their feminine charm. Many of them could enter any beauty contest in the land and finish in the upper brackets." As a matter of truth, there isn't much girl watching at a women's softball game.

Donna Lopiano and Joan Joyce are the second baseman and first baseman of the Brakettes and, since Mrs. Tickey has slowed down a bit, the best women pitchers in the world. Donna made the National All-Star team at 16 as an infielder and is now a senior at Southern Connecticut State. Joan, a home-town girl, caused quite an uproar in the Stratford area four years ago when she pitched the Brakettes to the championship and then up and quit to go to school in California and, not very coincidentally, play for Orange.

Joan Joyce is probably one of the finest women athletes in the world. She won the Connecticut bowling championship three weeks after taking up the sport, plays to a 13 handicap after a year of golf and once scored 54 points in a basketball game. She also chases fire engines. In the 1965 national softball finals, with 12,000 people bursting the Raybestos park, Joan pitched Orange to a 14-inning victory over the Brakettes. "Half the crowd was for Stratford and half wanted Joanie to beat us," says Donna. "Most of the bad feelings had worn off by then, but it was still awfully tough to lose to Joan."

Last year Bertha and Donna brought Stratford through the losers' bracket of the tournament and won back the title by upsetting Orange twice on the final night as Joan was forced out of the last game with an injured leg. Now, with Joan back in Connecticut after finishing college and with a fourth girl, young Donna Herbert, being groomed to replace Mrs. Tickey, all the chickens have come home to roost and Stratford not only has the best infield but easily the deepest and best pitching staff of all time.

Because of many upsets in the regionals, this year's tournament had a weaker field than usual, and the Brakettes were

expected to have little trouble "But" said Don Porter, executive secretary of the Amateur Softball Association, "surprises are common in this tournament Anything can happen" He was smiling A Brakette loss would have been the biggest upset in Stratford since Jack Palance played Calihan several summers back at the Shakespeare Festival just down the road Softball fans are not Shakespeare lovers, it was learned Toto announced that his Corner had seen only one festival event, the Jimmy Dorsey band in a police benefit "I don't like Shakespeare," says Toto, "but Boh Eberly was great"

Toto was positive that Raybestos could not lose, but Joan Joyce objected "Look, we can be beaten," she said, "it's just that we can't be beaten twice" Only a team with great pitching could hope to defeat the Brakettes, and of the other teams in the tournament, Orlando, Fla had the best Orlando's Jean Daves had beaten Stratford during the regular season, but that was when she was backed by an All-Star team She had lost two other games to the Brakettes in 18 innings and in 24 innings, and she was hesitant about her chances in the tournament "They are too powerful," she said "You have to hold them scoreless to have any chance You know your team isn't going to score much on that pitching staff" She was right Stratford beat her 3-0 on three unearned runs, and Orlando was eventually knocked out of the double-elimination tournament by Orange

A virtual oasis of pulchritude in a field that included the Webb Cats of Yakima, Wash., who drive trucks for old man Webb's logging company, was the foreign entry, the girls from The Netherlands Toto, who is not accustomed to such splendor on a softball diamond but who still has the good eye at 59, kept saying where are the Dutch girls and you should see the Dutch girls because they are really something and you will breathe a lot and you will remember those Dutch girls The memory of their pitcher, Inike van der Veldt, will last the longest Inike has terrific blue eyes and yellow hair that sweeps over her face down to here, and most of the Stratford people were certain they were seeing the Noxema girl who says, "Take it *all* off"

But, alas, Inike and The Netherlands were eliminated early and, like everybody else, had to be content with sitting back and watching the Brakettes roll through the tournament undefeated without even allowing a run Rain postponed the final game but only prolonged the challengers' appointed fates. When the rain stopped Joanie Joyce blew down the Redwood City (Calif.) Jets 6-0—she and Donna Lopiano hit home runs for good measure—and Raybestos had another title. Bert retired and Inike, sigh, flew home to The Netherlands "Cheer up," said Toto, "have some cantaloupe" **END**

It's amazing...the action that sneaks up on a gal wearing Roamers.

Slip into a pair of *hand-sewn Roamers; and before sundown, you might be blasting away at a bevy of clay pigeons...kicking a Honda or making the Watusi scene. Nonsense, you say! Shoes were made for walkin'? Not these babies Roamers were made for chasing the action. (Exception. When a guy wearing Roamers meets a chic wearing Roamers, the chase is over!)



Men's from $15 Women's from $11

Write Sebago Moc Department SI, Westbrook, Maine for store nearest you



The oil that goes Detroit one better



Super-Royal Triton

Super-Royal Triton is so good it exceeds all car manufacturers' recommendations for motor oil.

This amazing purple motor oil cleans as it lubricates. You can depend on it when the going is hot, cold, high-speed and stop-and-go.

Ask for Super-Royal Triton wherever your car is serviced. Get The Finest.

76 UNION

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

GOLF / *Alfred Wright*

Out of trouble to win a double

After a rugged battle, Robert Dickson becomes the first man since 1935 to win the U.S. and British Amateur championships in the same year

Robert B. Dickson of McAlester, Okla. is one of those people who always looks as if he has just thought of something very funny but prefers to keep it to himself. When he does speak, which is not very often and certainly no more than necessary, the blue eyes turn serious behind the black-edged glasses that cover a large portion of his big, square face. More than likely, he will talk in jerky little phrases, as he did late last Saturday afternoon in trying to explain what it meant to him to win the 67th U.S. Amateur Golf Championship and thus become the first man since Lawson Little in 1935 to take both the British and U.S. championships in the same year.

"During those last few holes," Dickson said, "I was thinking it would be very nice to win the Amateur, the American Amateur [pause] . . . it sort of had a kind of special meaning [pause] . . . I mean after winning the British Amateur . . . and having played so little this summer . . . there was just something there. . . ."

Throughout the final four holes of this 72-hole contest at The Broadmoor in Colorado Springs, you could tell that there was [pause] something there. For the first time, serious troubles were piling up on Dickson. Up to that point he had led the tournament all the way—with a 71 that gave him a two-stroke lead on the first day, with a second 71 that stretched his lead to three strokes on the second day and with a 74 that reduced his margin to one stroke on Saturday morning, a round which showed that lack of play during his six-month Army hitch—he had hardly gotten in 18 holes since the British Open—was hurting his game after all.

Now it was late Saturday afternoon, and while the rest of the field had retreated obligingly to the rear, Dickson could not shake off young Marvin Giles, the University of Virginia law student who was his playing partner through the day. All afternoon Giles played stroke for stroke with Dickson, remaining only a single shot to the rear, just as he had been when they left the first tee. When they reached the 15th hole, as Dickson explained later, shaking the collar of his white sports shirt, "It was getting a little hard to breathe." And he wasn't referring to Broadmoor's altitude.

It was off the 15th tee that Dickson hit his first bad drive of the round, but he recovered very well for a par while Giles had a sudden bogey after an excellent drive. Thus Dickson's apparent disaster became a safe-looking two-stroke lead.

At the 17th, however, Dickson again drove into the rough, and though he salvaged his par with a fine recovery and a brilliant chip to within two feet of the hole, Giles made a birdie 3, so they went into the 72nd and final hole with the lead again reduced to one.

Now Dickson drove into the rough once more, on the left this time and into a tight stand of small pines, with the ball half buried in long grass. Giles was again long and straight down the middle. Surrounded in the woods by officials, press, photographers and gallery, Dickson agonized minute after minute on how to extricate his ball well enough to save the par he would surely need. He tried different stances and swings with his six-iron. Standing 6′ 3″, he has a big, high arc, and the club struck an overhead television cable on one practice backswing. An official pointed out he was entitled to a two-club-length drop from the obstruction. He measured carefully, rubbed his chin, made the drop and then hit a superb shot to within 80 yards of the green on this 467-yard, par-4 hole. From there he pitched delicately to within six feet and sank the putt he needed while Giles was taking a routine par. It was a beautifully gutsy way to win a major championship and a finish that well earned Dickson his place alongside Little, Bobby Jones and Harold Hilton, the only others ever to win both Amateur titles in a single year.

Broadmoor's new West course is a spectacular beauty—from one point,

6,700 feet up the Rockies, you can see halfway into Kansas—but for a while last week you could hardly see as far as your shoes. The tournament began on a glum and depressing Wednesday morning, with a cold, misty rain settling over the course. Play started, but by early afternoon conditions had worsened and the USGA cancelled the round, to the regret of almost no one, ordering 36 holes on Saturday instead.

Thursday's weather was almost as unfriendly as Wednesday's, with fog adding to the problems. Once in the morning and again in midafternoon play had to be suspended, and darkness fell with only 98 players in the clubhouse, the remaining 51 being scattered all the way back to the 8th tee. A minor revolt began to build around the bar in the clubhouse when it was announced that all those still out on the course would have to complete their rounds on Friday morning and then start out immediately on their second 18 holes.

But glorious weather on the final two days helped to erase the memory of the disagreeable beginning and, whether the old amateurs liked it or not, the event was a good one, for the best players rose to the top—Ron Cerrudo, Downing Gray, Bob Murphy and Marty Fleckman, the three-day wonder of last June's U.S. Open, finished behind Dickson and Giles in that order.

Counterbalancing the verve and ability that the youngsters brought to Broadmoor was one melancholy note. With this Amateur, an era has passed. Familiar faces that had enlivened the golf course and tap rooms of a dozen or more Amateur championships of the past were sadly absent. Billy Joe Patton, the ebullient Carolinian, was missing, as were Harvie Ward, Charlie Coe, Deane Beman and old Walker Cuppers like Ed Updegraff, Bob Gardner and Ward Wettlaufer.

Despite the return of a few perennials, such as Bill Campbell and Ed Tutwiler, those disciplined young men scarcely out of college or still in it, the raw material of the pro tour, took over. The ranks of the amateurs quite obviously belong to them now, or as long as they resist the lure of the PGA. "The reason I wanted to play in the tournament," said one oldtimer, "was that if I had finished in the first 10, I could well have been the country's low amateur by November. By then the others would be in Florida trying to qualify for the tour." END

MENNEN
Speed Stick

It actually builds up a resistance to odor.





This deodorant's special bacteria-fighting ingredient builds in a resistance that lasts even through a hot, soapy shower. You don't have to settle for protection against odor anymore.
Now you can build up a resistance with...Mennen Speed Stick

a most pleasant experience

English Leather®

after shave. .
after shower. .
after hours. .

the ALL-PURPOSE MEN S LOTION packaged in redwood $2 00, $3 50, $6 50, $10 00

Be sure your "fragrance wardrobe" includes ENGLISH LEATHER® it's the one you ll reach for again and again





A complete line of men's toiletries including
the SHAVING CREAM $1 50
the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, $1 50
GIFT SETS in authentic redwood boxes $3 00 to $10 00

© MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, N J.

THERE'S MORE TO YOUR LABEL THAN MEETS YOUR EYE



The "garbled" line at the top of your SI mailing label is the key to an intricate filing system that helps identify your subscription quickly and accurately (and solve a problem just as fast) So—if ever you need to write to SI about your subscription—please send along a mailing label, too You can be sure it will be a great help and a welcome time-saver

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED 540 North Michigan Ave , Chicago, Ill 60611

The Painkiller.
For hemorrhoids that hurt.

You have probably heard of Nupercainal® Suppositories and Ointment by now. Nupercainal is the most effective and longest lasting painkiller of the leading products available without prescription. It is over eight times stronger than the most commonly used topical anesthetic preparation. Doctors have been recommending Nupercainal for over 33 years for hemorrhoids that hurt.

Over 8 times more pain-killing power than the most commonly used topical anesthetic.



BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Pulling a fast one

If you look at the list of U.S. Life Masters you will find it liberally sprinkled with players titled "Dr." However, the chances are that if you should feel ill at a tournament, the doctor you would find could not help you—he is likely to be a dentist. This is no reflection on the physician as a bridge player. It merely means that dentists rarely get house calls and so, when office hours are over, they are free to play in duplicate tournaments without having to worry about being summoned away while the game is on

High on the list of dentist Life Masters is William Lipton of New York, one of the game's better-known curmudgeons He never calls a spade a lily—as the suit was once named in the days before auction bridge—nor is he reticent in his criticism of constituted bridge authority, frequently drilling into the nerve of some bigwig player when it is deserved. He has been a vigilant monitor of tournament ethics, as critical of the ingenious sharp practices of an expert as of the more ingenuous moves of young hotshots and Little Old Ladies Even when he was running for election to a term on the

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
♠ A K 7 3
♥ 8 7 5
♦ A K J 6
♣ A 2

WEST
♠ Q 6
♥ A 9 3 2
♦ 9 8
♣ J 9 5 4 3

EAST
♠ J 8 5 4 2
♥ —
♦ Q 10 5 4 3
♣ Q 7 6

SOUTH
♠ 10 9
♥ K Q J 10 6 4
♦ 7 2
♣ K 10 8

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH (*Dr. Lipton*)	WEST
1 ♦	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
1 ♠	PASS	3 ♥	PASS
4 ♣	PASS	5 ♣	PASS
6 ♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead 9 of diamonds

National Board of Directors of the American Contract Bridge League and he won— he never conducted himself as if he were involved in a popularity contest. He is a forthright fellow, and a forthright player, too. Here is a hand on which most of the slam bidders were defeated, but the doctor made his contract by employing what has been appropriately described as the "Dentist's Coup."

North very properly refused to open one no trump on a hand too strong for that call. When the doctor jumped in hearts on the second round, North's hand became even stronger and he made a slam suggestion with a cue bid of four clubs. The final six-heart contract would normally have been cinched by the simple expedient of a club ruff in dummy, but the hostile distribution of the trump suit complicated things.

Lipton won the diamond opening, played a *trump to the king*—which West allowed to hold—and surveyed the pitfall that the bad trump break had opened up. A second trump lead at this point would be fatal because West would win and play a third round, killing dummy's club-ruff potential.

Here was where most declarers cashed the ace and king of clubs and took a club ruff at once. But then, when they led dummy's last trump, West won and put dummy back on lead with another diamond. South was then confronted with the problem of whether to get back to the closed hand by ruffing a third diamond or a third spade. As the cards lay, it did not really matter which suit South chose, because West could overruff or be shut out momentarily by a high trump only at the expense of declarer's losing a trick to the 9 of hearts later.

The doctor found a better way. Before ruffing a club, he extracted West's exit cards by cashing the top diamond and spades. After that, when declarer ruffed a club and came off dummy with a trump lead, West could not return anything that would prove embarrassing. South would be able to win the trick in his own hand and draw West's remaining trumps without fear of an overruff. The moral, to avoid an achy problem later, consider the advisability of using the Dentist's Coup, extracting all the threatening cards before a problem can arise. **END**



. . . a symbol of personal attainment

CROSS
SINCE 1846

To win the AMERICA'S CUP requires absolute dedication to a goal. The same kind of dedication that goes into the manufacture of every CROSS Writing Instrument.

FROM FOUR-FIFTY TO FIFTY DOLLARS EACH AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

A NAME DUALITY MADE FAMOUS SINCE 1846
A.T. CROSS Company
LINCOLN RHODE ISLAND 865



SAY IT ISN'T SO, WOODY

If Woody Hayes can hardly believe it, who can blame him? Archers in his beloved stadium? Cricket pitches? Rugby? But it is all a reality, as widening student interests and the stern demands of modern academics signify the passing of a frenzied football era at Ohio State

BY ROBERT CANTWELL



It used to be said that when Ohio State University lost a football game the bonds of the City of Columbus plummeted. That was an exaggeration, of course, though it is true that in 1940, the year Ohio State lost to Michigan 40-0, trading in the bonds of the Columbus Railway Power and Light Company actually was suspended on the New York Stock Exchange. But nothing of the sort has happened for a long time. The credit rating of Columbus is Aa in Moody's Municipals, the financial structure stands firm regardless of victories or defeats. And yet in Columbus people are regarding the students at Ohio State more warily than at any time in the past, and they will tell you—sometimes bitterly, sometimes incredulously—that today's students are self-centered, aloof, unresponsive. Why, they don't—alas—so much as know the names of the school's football players. There are even gloomy predictions that the whole Big Ten will break up because high academic standards and the strict enforcement of recruiting regulations are making it increasingly difficult to attract the best athletes. If you learned your history from James Thurber's recollections of his days at Ohio State, it is all too unbelievable.

Academic standards? Grades? You remember Bolenciecwcz, the great Ohio State tackle in Thurber's *My Life and Hard Times*. Thurber described an economics professor struggling to get Bolenciecwcz to answer just one question so he could give him a grade and thus make Bolenciecwcz eligible to play in the Illinois game.

"Name one means of transportation," the professor begged. "You may choose among steam, horse-drawn or electrically propelled vehicles."

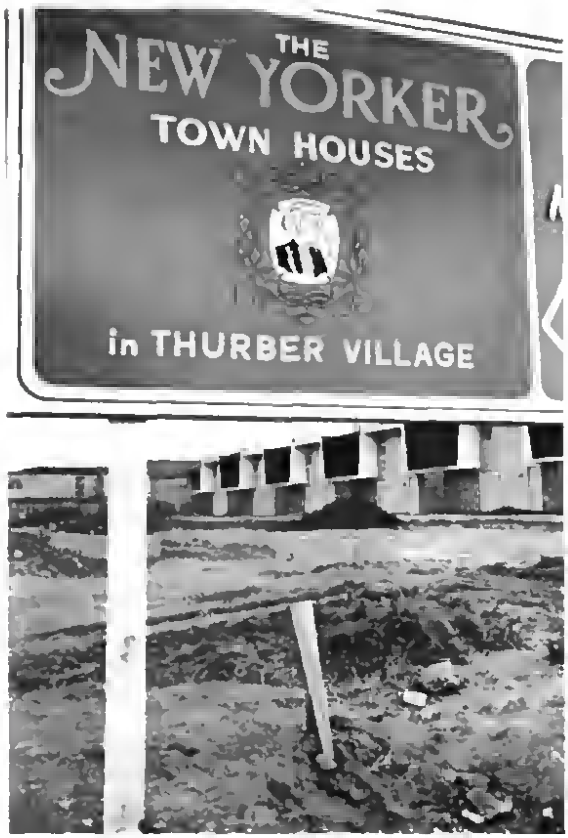
Bolenciecwcz said nothing. He had "the look of a man who is being led into a trap." The profound silence lasted until the professor, in Thurber's words, broke it "in an amazing manner. 'Choo-choo-choo,' he said, and turned instantly scarlet. 'How did you come to college this year, Mr. Bolenciecwcz? Chuffa, chuffa, chuffa, chuffa....'"

"M' father sent me," said Bolenciecwcz virtuously. "I git a 'lowance."

Amid the outcries of the students, some imitating train whistles and others pretending to be locomotives, the professor asked, "What did you *ride* here on?"

"Train," said Bolenciecwcz, thus coming up with the answer that meant Ohio State would be at full strength on Saturday. Such was the legendary hold of football on Ohio State in its golden age, and its allure is still impressive. The beautiful old gray stadium beside the Olentangy River was first sold out for a home game during the days of the administration of that Ohio favorite son, Warren

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART SMITH





James Thurber, whose stories satirized the football fervor of Ohio State in the '20s and wounded local feelings, is now highly esteemed in his

Gamaliel Harding. For the past 13 years attendance at Ohio State games has averaged better than 80,000, a figure the pros cannot match.

But football's dominance on the campus is over. The dissolution of the Big Ten, or even the end of college football, can be discussed as calmly as any other current campus topic: the draft, Vietnam or the question of whether women visitors ought to be compelled to get out of men students' apartments by 2 o'clock in the morning. "The stipulation is patently unenforceable," editorialized *The Ohio State Lantern* calmly, "unless the dean of women's secret police force is far larger than we imagine."

The fact that almost any question can be discussed with serenity at Ohio State is one reason why the city of Columbus no longer fully understands its university. For half a century the Big Game at Ohio State has been the Greatest Show on Earth for Columbus. Without a flicker of hesitation, residents call Columbus the football capital of the U.S. They are far more proud of that than they are of the status of their home town as the capital of Ohio.

A young Ohio State professor says, "Football here is an important midwestern cultural event. It is not primarily a college matter. It is for the town of Columbus and for adults. You will find a far greater student awareness of football at Alabama or at Texas—in the sense that students know who the players are and what games are coming up—than you will find among the students at Ohio State."

In Columbus everyone knows who the Ohio State players are and all about the team's schedule. When Ohio State and Michigan meet in their annual play-in, it seems that all Columbus (pop. 580,000) is rushing to the scene. It not only comes to see the game, but also to observe with warm possessiveness such spectacles as the huge Ohio State band—an organization so dedicated that during the 1950 Michigan game it continued to play throughout a blizzard—and the traumatic reactions of Coach Wayne Woodrow Hayes, guiding light of OSU teams for 16 years, as he stalks up and down the sidelines, shouting imprecations at the officials, personally calling every play, visibly suffering each time his team fails to gain, complaining, gesticulating and living up to his reputation as the man who hates to lose. Hayes is the sort of coach that Columbus understands and appreciates.

On a game day 35,000 cars converge on the stadium. From downtown Columbus, crowds pass the tall luxury apartments of Thurber Towers in Thurber Village. They park over some 50 acres of intramural playing fields—including 24

continued





native Columbus, where he is honored by such modern monuments as luxury apartments, town houses, street names and a shopping center.

tor football on the giant pastures of the agricultural college across Olentangy River and at the base of the two new dormitories beside the stadium. The dormitories are 24 stories high, the tallest in the U.S.—gaunt, two-toned, almost windowless structures that are known on the campus as the Grain Elevators. Crowds on foot move out High Street and Neil Avenue, cross the Oval, and wander down the narrow one-way streets past Mirror Lake, where grass-lined banks are favored for campus romances. It is here that new members of Bucket and Dipper, a men's honorary society, are initiated during May Week, kneeling on a certain rock in the lake while the old members of the society pelt them with buckets of water.

The way leads past the tall twin smokestacks of the power plant that remind one of how large an industrial complex a university campus with 38,000 students really is, then downhill, past the sizable campus police station and on to the stadium. There is a unity of setting and action here, the right place for football drama. And the day ends happily when the bells of Orton Tower ring out after an Ohio State victory. They do not ring if Ohio State loses. There have been 162 home games since 1940, and the bells have been silent after only 37, three of them last year.

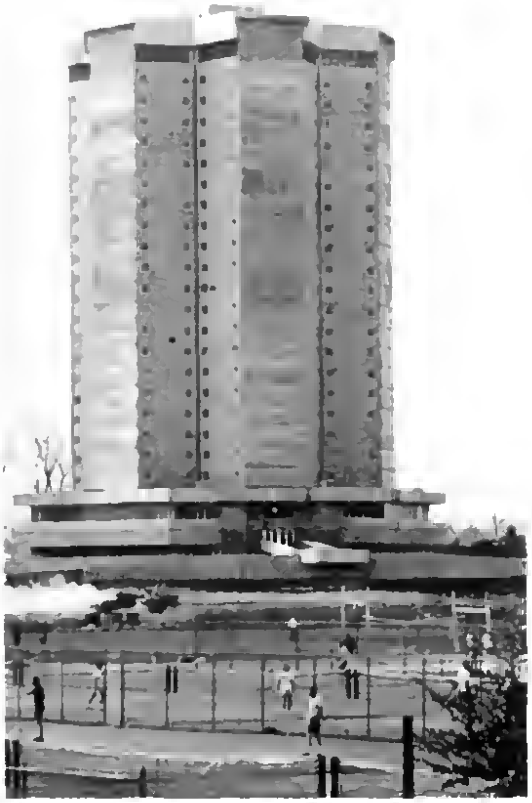
Milton Caniff, an Ohio State graduate who created *Terry and the Pirates*, summed up the scene in a locally famous poem:

> *So, on these bright autumn Saturdays, when cars are mercifully stopped at campus gates,*
> *I will take my place in that friendly web of people moving ever west across the Oval.*

The poem managed to link football with school spirit, brotherhood, love of country and the civic pride of Columbus, but sentiments of that sort do not seem out of place at Ohio State. The hippie subculture thriving at some more notorious colleges could hardly be more remote. People at Ohio State are no more afraid of being sentimental or square, or corny, or old-fashioned than the violin player who recites poetry on the *Lawrence Welk Show*. Early in the school year freshmen go to a Dad's Day Game at which the Dad of Dads is chosen. The Dad of Dads award goes to the father of the student who writes the best essay on the subject Why I Think My Dad Should Be Dad of Dads. It is probably better than having the old man hanging in the closet, and it certainly indicates how far Ohio State is from the off-Broadway mood of many colleges.

Rarely do you see the long-haired one in the enormous crowds of undergraduates the close-cropped Jack Nicklaus look is the fashion. Among the brisk Ohio State girls hurrying past the parking lots and advertisements DOES EVERYONE BANK AT 16TH AND HIGH? there are almost none of the pale, macabre types found among the student demonstrators at Berkeley. There is a lot of talk that brings to mind the '20s—the happenings on Fraternity Row around 15th and Indianola, for example. Now the row includes the new $300,000 house of Alpha Tau Omega, as impressive in its way as the $375,000 Phi Gamma Delta structure or the quarter-of-a-million dollar Delta Upsilon House.

In short, if Ohio State's student body has been banking its football fires—and it has—it is not because the students have suddenly turned into 38,000 campus rebels, oddniks and demonstrators. The university's athletic department says that today's students are "apathetic," but that does not explain it, either. What is happening is a deeper matter and one that seems to apply to many colleges. It is not so much a case of today's students parting company with football as it is of the discovery of other interests previously obscured or even nonexistent. The change just happens to be more apparent at Ohio State because 1) football was once dominant, almost to the exclusion of other



Diversity of new Ohio State is typified by massive dorms and vast intramural facilities



Traditional charm of old Ohio State is still preserved at favored spots like Mirror Lake

undergraduate activities and 2) Ohio State was renowned as the greatest football factory of them all, a reputation profoundly approved of in the city of Columbus, which looks upon the school as its personal property.

There are many reasons why Columbus citizens have long thought that Ohio State was their school, that they do, in a way, own it. To begin with, they bought it. A century ago Ohio legislators were backward about accepting 630,000 acres of fine federal farmland to which Ohio was entitled if it would start a land-grant college. The University of Michigan, for example, had been operating for 52 years before Ohio got around to taking action in 1870. Ohio finally did accept the land and sold it for 54¢ per acre, amid charges it could have got more for it. This was still not enough money to start the college, so the state offered to establish OSU in the county that would pay the most to get it. Franklin County, which means Columbus, got the school for $300,000.

The first trustees bought the old Neil farm, three and a half miles from the corner of Broad and High in downtown Columbus—because there was a good spring on the property, and from this point Columbus lost interest in OSU for 40 years. Except for an occasional tennis match, when the governor let the team use the court at the mansion, and a few baseball games, sometimes with a squad garbed in the cast-off uniforms of the Columbus Buckeyes, the college scarcely had a sports program. James Pollard, in *Ohio State Athletics, 1879–1959*, wrote: "Official records prior to 1912 appear to have been lost or, worse, destroyed." Judging by fragments that have survived, destruction would be understandable. Through the historical gloom you get such football scores as one from the 1892 season: Oberlin 50, Ohio State 0. Or 1902: Michigan 86, Ohio State 0.

Ohio State first played Michigan in 1897, losing 34–0, and except for two ties it lost every Michigan game until 1919. Ohio State's first touchdown against Michigan was not made until 1904. The next came in 1908. There was a 3–3 tie in 1910, which was hailed as a great victory until the undergraduates drank to celebrate it and were roundly censured in Columbus. The first Ohio State success against Michigan did not come until 1919. Football history has rarely recorded such dogged determination by such persistent losers: in 21 years Ohio State scored three touchdowns and one field goal against Michigan, while Michigan piled up 369 points against Ohio State.

Aside from being the state capital, Columbus was a flat, nondescript farm town. When you read of early Ohio State athletics it is impossible not to feel that its citizens were heartily ashamed of the poor, struggling school on the outskirts. In those days the big sports events in Columbus were the baseball and football games between Columbus East High School and Columbus North or Columbus Central. High school games often drew bigger crowds than college games. George Bellows, a tall, ungainly boy, played basketball and baseball at Central High. The level of competition was such that years later, when Bellows was studying art in New York (before such paintings as *Stag at Sharkey's* made him famous), he supported himself playing semipro baseball. James Thurber went to East High. He was the president of the senior class, and his brother, Bob, was captain of the basketball team. And it was one of their classmates, Charles Wesley Harley, who did more than anyone to transform the attitude that Columbus held toward Ohio State.

Harley was slight, weighing only 145 in his senior year of high school. He was a good-natured, self-conscious boy with a lopsided grin, and was fast enough to break high school sprint records. Often, when not on the playing fields, he wore a look of puzzlement that may have had something to do with the monumental eligibility problems he faced because of his grades. Until his last high school game (against Columbus North) the football teams that Harley played on never lost. He went into Ohio State determined to keep up the record, and he did. With Harley at halfback, Ohio State went undefeated in 1916, winning its first Big Ten championship and repeating it the next

continued

Cutty Sark
America's №1 selling Scotch



DISTILLED AND BLENDED IN SCOTLAND BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, PORTER BUILDING, NEW YORK, N.Y.



247, 248, 249, 250...
there are 250 breath-freshening sprays in

WHISPER™

new aerosol breath-freshener
now at your drugstore

USV PHARMACEUTICAL CORPORATION
800 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

ESCAPE from the ordinary

Mail Order Outfitter to Sportsmen

Direct Importing Saves You ⅓

British Sports Clothes. Dubl Bilt down insulated clothing. Fine knives. Boots, shoes (in 73 sizes). African trophy gameskins, exotic African jewelry, hand knit sweaters, unusual clothing and equipment for Men and Women. Sold only by mail—available no where else. Full money back guarantee.

FREE Catalog

NORM THOMPSON
1006 N.W. Thurman, Portland, Ore. 97209, Dept. S-15

Now Possible To Shrink Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop Itching. Relieve Pain In Most Cases.

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases, to relieve pain, itching and shrink hemorrhoids. In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction took place. The secret is *Preparation H*. It also soothes irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Suppositories.

year. It did not, unfortunately, beat Michigan, which was temporarily out of the Big Ten. Walter Camp picked Harley for three All-America teams and said, "Harley is one of the greatest players the country has ever seen."

Harley went into the Army in 1918 but returned to take Ohio State through an all-but-unbeaten 1919 season. In the last game a field goal, with eight seconds left, gave Illinois a 9–7 victory. Harley was also responsible for Ohio State's first victory over Michigan (13–3) and for the football madness which from that year on gripped Columbus. When a stadium was planned in 1920 it was thought Columbus citizens might provide $300,000. They contributed $544,500 of the first $923,755 that was raised. The stadium, wrote a local OSU historian pointedly, "gave Columbus a proprietary interest in the campus such as it had never known before."

And football gave the old farming town of Columbus an emotional release such as it had never known before. For the next 30 years or more you could not get into Columbus before a big game unless you knew somebody. All hotels were sold out, with reservations usually made for the year ahead. During most of those autumn weekends the furniture in the lobbies was quietly removed and stored in warehouses. Holes were cut in paper laundry bags to prevent their use as water bombs. Bookies operated on the street corners, and ticket scalpers, with seats selling for $25 to $60, were everywhere. On one occasion the police rounded up 60 undergraduates selling seats in the cheering section. No college anywhere ever had so many enthusiastic volunteer old grads as Ohio State. After victories the celebrants built bonfires at the intersection of Broad and High, snake-danced through the theaters and poured water on passersby from the windows of the Deshler-Wallick Hotel. Every college in the country, according to one writer, envied the "fierce, affectionate loyalty" of Columbus for Ohio State football. If, to the faculty of Ohio State, all of this proved to be a pain in the academics, it did make an enormous contribution toward breaking down the old barriers between the team and the college.

Columbus accepted Ohio State emotionally just at the time that the revelations of the hearty, corn-fed corruption of the Harding era had shocked the state and the nation. Some of the Ohio Gang's operations, which included the Teapot Dome scandal, were chilling. This grandiose plot was made possible by a ruling of the Attorney General, who also happened to be Columbus' most powerful citizen, Harry Micajah Daugherty. From the law office of Daugherty, Todd and Rarey, he masterminded the election of Harding, an old friend from the town of Marion, a few miles north of Columbus, and as a reward Harding placed their friends in strategic positions from which large-scale graft was easy. A suave and cynical manipulator, Daugherty excelled at getting out from under when things went wrong and letting his cronies take the blame, with the result that Teapot Dome and other scandals, while they were nationwide shocks to the U.S. generally, were neighborhood ruin in the small-town atmosphere of Columbus. Daugherty's right-hand man, Jesse Smith, for example, a courthouse political hanger-on, was found after the Teapot Dome revelations shot in Daugherty's Washington apartment, his head stuffed in a wastepaper basket. (President Harding's physician, hurrying to the scene from the White House, called it suicide.) Things like that created mysteries in Columbus that were never solved, and perhaps the local citizens took up Ohio State football enthusiastically because it seemed so honest and unspoiled.

At any rate, State's football following was ardent indeed. Joel Sayre, who grew up in Columbus with Thurber and Harley, satirized the attitude of the local sportsmen in his novel, *Rackety Rax*. In Sayre's story rival gangsters create their own college teams. The games grow increasingly bitter until they reach their logical conclusion when Old Canarsie and the Chicago Mob machine-gun each other across the gridiron. Columbus readers did not think it was funny.

For that matter, they did not think Thurber's stories about Bolenciecwcz and the like were exactly knee-slappers.

continued





WANTED:
THE MISSING DUCKS.

You're seeing about half as many ducks each year as you should be seeing. The missing half dies during nesting. Some ducks never nest at all. Water is the reason. Want to do something about it?

Maybe you don't care. Or maybe you figure it's somebody else's problem.

Or maybe you figure your duck stamp money is being used, somehow, to supply the *water* Nature hasn't provided, or man has taken away from those precious Canadian nesting grounds where 4 out of 5 ducks are produced.

The fact is, your duck stamp money doesn't help in Canada. By law, these funds are used for conservation only within the U.S.A.

That means one out of 50 hunters are carrying the whole load, as members of Ducks Unlimited.

And that's not enough.

Not any more.

That's why Ducks Unlimited's looking for help.

What has Ducks Unlimited ever done for you?

Plenty, if you go for ducks.

This non-profit group of hunters and conservationists has financed the construction of 800 new "duck factories" in the last 30 years—in areas offered to DU at no cost by the citizens and the government of Canada—to *control water* in both drought and flood years.

It has created and restored over 1,500,000 acres of controlled water—including 8,000 miles of vital productive shoreline.

It has planted thousands of acres of waterfowl foods, banded over 140,000 ducks and geese.

And DU has collected over $15,000,000 since 1937 to make all this possible.

[illegible] up to more duck [illegible] your way—certainly more than you would have seen otherwise.

What's Ducks Unlimited done for you lately?

Now, after two years of surveying and study, the largest project in DU's history is under construction: the 512,000-acre Mawdesley (Del-Mar Lakes) Project just east of The Pas, Manitoba.

A dozen interior water controls are being built in the sprawling area north of the huge new Grand Rapids Hydro Dam to save marshlands that would have been rendered useless for waterfowl nesting.

Biologists predict this will be one of the continent's most important duck-nesting regions for canvasback, mallard, scaup and teal.

Other 1967 projects include an additional 17,000 acres in Manitoba, 16,500 acres in Saskatchewan, 1,000 acres in Alberta, and programs in the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia.

Cost: over 800,000 working dollars. DU pays nothing for land.

What can you do for Ducks Unlimited?

You can *join* Ducks Unlimited.

You can give more hunting—to yourself.

You can give more hunting to your sons—and your grandsons.

How much is fair? You name it.

The cost of a couple days' hunting.

Or just a buck a duck for the season (most members give around $10).

Send your tax-deductible check to **Ducks Unlimited,** Dept. K, P.O. Box 66300, Chicago, Illinois 60666.

And thank you. Very much.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Moving man.

These days, the third highest cost of doing business is *distribution*. But there's a revolution going on in America A new breed of distribution wizard is using computers to create *total* systems for moving goods, and the effort promises a new boost to corporate profits.

That's the story BUSINESS WEEK covered in a recent Special Report called "New Strategies To Move Goods." It described concepts and methods, related actual case histories, dramatized the subject with figures, charts, and full-color illustrations. Were businessmen interested? Wow. So far, *our* distribution wizards have shipped out almost 52,000 paid-for reprints of the article. It's typical of the kind of business reporting that's made BUSINESS WEEK indispensable to more than 530,000 management executives. Movers, every one.

If ynu would like a free copy of this report, write Dept. B, BUSINESS WEEK, 330 West 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. You'll be amazed at what computers can do. As a matter of fact, they can even write advertisements. Yours truly, O86 1mT483mS.

You advertise in

BUSINESS WEEK

when you want to inform management

A McGraw Hill Magazine



either. People on High Street would stop each other and say, "I don't see anything funny about that." Thurber was a local hero of sorts, but that was in earlier times. Shortly after Ohio State lost the Rose Bowl game of 1921 to California, City Hall in Columbus caught fire. Thurber, who was then a reporter on the *Dispatch*, was covering a council meeting at the time. The meeting was so dispirited that no one noticed the smoke. Roused finally, the councilmen escaped to the street. Thurber filled his arms with blueprints from the city engineer's office as he fled. These were the only things saved from the fire as the building burned to the ground. There was not even any insurance on it. "Months passed before a shocked Columbus recovered from the disaster," wrote a reporter—the disaster, that is, of the 28-0 defeat by California, not the loss of City Hall. Or as Joel Sayre put it cautiously in an article called *Frenzied Football*, "When Ohio State loses, something extra seems to happen to Columbus."

Sometimes visitors could hardly get out of town fast enough. "No team of mine will ever again play Ohio State," said a Wisconsin coach once. Among his general charges of mockery, injustice and humiliation of Wisconsin players who had foreign-sounding names, there was a specific that revealed something of the sportsmanship in Columbus in the days of the Ohio Gang. It seemed that local citizens, pretending the stands were full, secured standing-room sideline badges that allowed them to wedge in behind the Wisconsin players on the sidelines and thus jostle, insult and ridicule them at close range.

It was also charged that Columbus made Ohio State a graveyard for coaches. After John Wilce, whose 16-season career began when Ohio State entered the Big Ten in 1912, the university had five coaches in 18 years. In one period there were four coaches in seven years. Sam Willaman went out after the 1933 season, though Ohio State that year had won seven and lost one. Francis Schmidt was forced to resign despite a four-year term in which Ohio State won 25 and lost only seven. The case of Paul Brown, later the famous coach of the Cleveland professional team, was more complex: Columbus liked him and cheerfully put up with his record of 18 won, eight lost and one tie. But Brown staggered the city's sportsmen by leaving and signing five Ohio State stars for his Cleveland team while they were still eligible to play some more for beloved Ohio State. Carroll Widdoes resigned as head coach in 1946, though in two seasons his teams won 16 and lost only two. Wesley Fesler, who had been a Columbus hero second only to Harley in his own All-America days, led Ohio State to its first Rose Bowl victory in 1950, and quit, fed up with the criticisms of downtown coaching groups, anonymous telephone calls and insults to his wife and children when Ohio State lost.

The demands of Columbus for unbroken strings of victories were accompanied by radio broadcasts attacking coaches individually, open requests for resignations and a civic chill that made a loser's life impossible. Among the many distinctions of Woody Hayes at Ohio State is the best won-lost record in the Big Ten (74 won, 26 lost and six tied), plus four Big Ten titles and two Rose Bowl wins. But his most impressive achievement is that he has staved off the Columbus scalp hunters for 16 years.

Of late, however, this amazing feat of Woody's is losing its gloss, for the scalp-hunters' zest has ebbed. Each football season Columbus has grown a little quieter. They no longer bother to take the furniture out of the hotel lobbies for a big-game weekend. It is even possible to find a room in Columbus on a football Saturday. Things have changed. Perhaps the lack of student interest has proved infectious.

Should anybody, even the townspeople of Columbus, be concerned that Ohio State students are showing less football enthusiasm than they once did? What is behind the trend, and why has it developed? There are arguments on all sides.

There is the contention that the entire Big Ten (bear in mind that the Big Ten is an *athletic* conference, not a confederation of academic institutions) is breaking up. At most schools football attendance is down. Minnesota's attendance last

continued

A Scout is power to find a new shore

Find yourself e shore whera the water washes up clean and cleer. And share it with no one but the sea gulls and the sky above. You can find it with the big naw power of the INTERNATIONAL® V-8 SCOUT®.

You'll find the new SCOUT at your nearast INTERNATIONAL Deeler. It'a built to do anything, go anywhere with its naw V-8 angina end all-wheel drive. Test drive it end discover how its power puts you into a men's world of driving. The SCOUT is also aveilable with alther of two aturdy economical 4-cylinder engines. Either way, you'll find the new SCOUT costs less than most second cars, and your INTERNATIONAL Dealar is ready to deal. International Harvester Company, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY



SCOUT is the registered trademark for a vehicle manufactured exclusively by International Harvester Company



Here he comes... ready or not!

The world beckons and he's on his way—proud and independent.

He will need all the education he can get—college, even graduate school.

But there's a problem. Because enrollments are increasing every year, colleges must meet the expanding costs of providing more teachers and additional facilities.

You can help now.

Give to the college of your choice now to help assure his future ... to help make sure that college is ready when he is.

College is America's Best Friend

Fits any cabinet
4 months' supply only
3½ inches high. Binaca
HOME SIZE

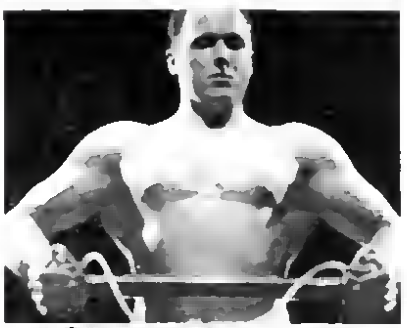


Very concentrated
Golden Breath Drops.

COLLEGE STUDENTS EARN MONEY SELLING TIME, LIFE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ON CAMPUS
Write for details. Time Inc. College Bureau
TIME & LIFE Bldg. Rockefeller Center
New York, N.Y. 10020

The name for
Field & Stream
came easy.
We named it after the aroma.





STRENGTH IN 77 SECONDS

Now, right in your own home, you can build stronger muscles, broad shoulders, increased lung capacity, a trim waistline, with the new TENSOLATOR®, the scientific new method of Isotonic-Isometric Contraction developed by physiologists of the famous Max Planck Institute in West Germany.

Used to train Olympic athletes, TENSOLATOR can multiply strength for everyone—20, 40, 50 years old or more. No strenuous exercises, no lengthy workouts. TENSOLATOR guarantees positive results in a series of quick 7-second exercises that takes less than 2 minutes a day in the home. TENSOLATOR can also concentrate on fast strengthening of individual muscles (golfer's wrist, etc.).

Successful results guaranteed or your money back in 10 days. Send for FREE illustrated, step-by-step brochure showing TENSOLATOR in action. (Enclose 25¢ to cover postage and handling.)

Thoylo Corp., Dept. S13, 509 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. 10017

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP ___

year was the worst in its modern history. Indiana, Northwestern and Wisconsin do not fill their stadiums. Ohio State's stadium is still filled, but the crowd now comes from Columbus and Cleveland, not from the student body. The number of students going to Ohio State games has remained constant or even declined a little, while enrollment jumped from 28,290 in 1950 to 38,000 last year.

Big Ten recruiting regulations, which are among the strictest in the country, have made it difficult to attract the best athletes. Six boys from Ohio played on the 1966 Nebraska team that won the Big Eight championship. Strict enforcement of the regulations is increasing the muscle gap between the Big Ten and other conferences. Michigan State was put on probation in 1953, Ohio State in 1956. Indiana went into the conference doghouse in 1957 and in 1960 was in trouble again. In 1964 Michigan State was investigated, and last spring Illinois was forced to fire three coaches, including Football Head Coach Pete Elliott.

Grades, IQ ratings, American College Test scores and Scholastic Aptitude Test medians, are playing a bigger part in enrollment. There are 965 high schools in Ohio, and last year they graduated 135,620 students. Some 47,500 of these went to college. Any graduate of an accredited high school in Ohio who is a resident of the state is entitled to enroll in Ohio State University, and the university is bound to consider his application. And in practice the Admissions Office says that everyone who applies is accepted. A situation like that might seem to be made to order for such candidates for degrees as Bolenciecwez. But Big Ten regulations now provide that to qualify for an athletic scholarship a college freshman must have a predicted grade average of 1.7 (C minus), which is enough to discourage applicants from the lower half of a high school class from applying. If these not-so-intellectual types happen to be good football players, they have no trouble finding plenty of non-Big-Ten schools that are eager to have them.

How important is that factor in the Big Ten's football future? Last November the executive director of the Minnesota

continued

Listen!

How many loudspeakers do you need for good stereo sound?

You may already know that you need at least two speakers in order to reproduce stereophonic sound. One on the left and one on the right.

Beyond that, it's up to you and your listening desires. Some audiophiles will tell you that it takes more than one speaker for each stereo channel to give the most faithful sound. This is true. In a multi-speaker system, each individual speaker covers a specific range of the sound spectrum, giving the best possible reproduction in that range.

On the other hand, some discerning listeners prefer a high quality single speaker for each channel, or a coaxial or TRIAXIAL® unitary system.

So you see, numbers alone are not the answer. The quality of each speaker is far more important. The price tag tells you something about quality, but listening is the real test.

A good place to listen is at your Jensen dealer. He'll let you compare a variety of loudspeakers in an actual demonstration. He can also help you plan a system which is within your stereo budget.

(One of the nice things about Jensen loudspeakers is that you have a choice. And no matter which price range you choose, you can be sure you are getting the most for your money.)

Jensen

Jensen Manufacturing Division, The Muter Company
6601 South Laramie Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60638





Alumni Association wrote in the alumni magazine that stiffer academic standards and intensified student concentration on studies mean the demise not only of Big Ten football, but of big-time intercollegiate football as it is known today. He argued that the pros will find it necessary to by-pass colleges entirely: "Their recruiting will not be done at the college level, but at the high school level."

It is also discouraging to a football player to find that the campus role of an athlete has changed at schools like Ohio State. Today the Ohio State campus has all the ivy-covered charm of a thruway exit. The colossal building program that has filled the campus with pale-brick residence halls and signs reading STATE OF OHIO, YOUR BOND DOLLARS AT WORK has also left excavations and piled-up earth that suggest plowed fields where they are not going to plant anything but more buildings. Booklets welcoming incoming freshmen show what it will be like in the future, with tall towers surrounded by greenery. Meanwhile one is principally conscious of crowds and the hurry between classes. It is a big place, with little time for, or inclination toward, an athlete who would once have been a hero.

"You could walk through the Oval at 11:50 in the morning with the most prominent athletes on the campus," says Marvin Homan of the Sports Information Office, "stop a hundred students, and they would not know who the athletes were."

"The day of the big football wheel is over," says an Ohio State Official. "For that matter, the day of the big man on campus is over. The campus here? There isn't any."

The blame for this state of things—and blame is a word not everybody would use—is placed on study. "Students are better than they used to be," says John Bonner, dean of student relations. "In my day there were three distinct groups on this campus. First, there were the scholars, the eggheads. Then there were the activities boys, going from one meeting to another. And finally there were the athletes. Today there is only one group. Today's student puts academic proficiency squarely in the center of his collegiate universe."

It is an expanding universe. "This is the education revolution," says Robert Holland of the State Board of Education, "and Ohio State is right in the middle of it." Holland has charge of physical education in Ohio secondary schools, which is the talent mine that has provided Ohio State with its athletes in the past and which is now increasingly schooling players for teams in other states.

"Until recently," says Holland, "boys who took an active part in sports in high school often looked forward to college as a means of continuing participation in the sports they enjoyed. The revolution in education has changed that. The athletic program has become quite secondary to the general college experience." And the general college experience is a lot bigger than it ever used to be. Some examples:

- The nationwide increase in college enrollment, from two million undergraduates in 1947 to six million in 1967.

The increase in graduate students — from 237,208 in 1950 to 647,000 in 1966 — that has tempered the old undergraduate enthusiasm for sport.

- The growth of new colleges and branch colleges whose athletic character is still unshaped. There have been nearly 500 new campuses created in two decades.
- The tremendous development of community colleges and junior colleges, many with minimal athletic programs. These new and popular institutions now account for nearly a fifth of all undergraduates.

The people who still think of college life in terms of football are unaware of such changes, especially in so single-minded a community as victory-demanding Columbus. But Ohio State's athletes of today seem to reflect the new era.

Including all 16 Ohio State intercollegiate sports, one of every eight varsity athletes is an honor student. Five men on last year's football team had a 3-plus accumulated-hour ratio, roughly a B-plus average, known as an accum. An accum is essentially an average, but in decimals on a four-point scale. Arnie Chonko, Ohio State's 1964 All-America, made Phi Beta Kappa with a 3.6 accum. Last year's quarterback, Don Unver-

continued

Yes, the Konica Auto-Reflex is a purely professional single lens reflex. With interchangeable, world-famous Hexanon lenses, precision focal plane shutter and complete system of accessories.

But it's the first professional camera everyone can handle. Because it's fully automatic. No needles to match, no dial twisting. You can just point and shoot. Its ultra-sensitive electric eye automatically sets the lens opening, no matter how fast the action breaks or the light shifts. (Of course, the Auto-Reflex can be set manually as well . . . when you want to twist!) The price: ask your dealer for the big surprise, and a demonstration. Or write for 12-page booklet. Konica Camera Corp., Box 1070, Woodside, N.Y. 11377.

A BERKEY PHOTO COMPANY

KONICA Auto-Reflex

"The Lens Alone is Worth the Price"



The only complicated professional camera that you can simply point and shoot.

Eagle the 10th at Dorado Hilton and your vacation's on us!



Something to swing for! Free room and meals for your vacation if at any time during your stay you eagle the fabulous 10th. It's a 485 yd. par 5 dogleg left. Your third shot — every time you play the hole — is the potential winner. Make it the Dorado Hilton for your golf vacation this year. Clubhouse and first tee are just steps from your oceanfront room.

For reservations call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Service.

SEND FOR FREE COLOR FOLDER S
Hilton International
Waldorf Astoria, New York, N.Y. 10022
Please send me "Eagle the 10th" details and brochure.

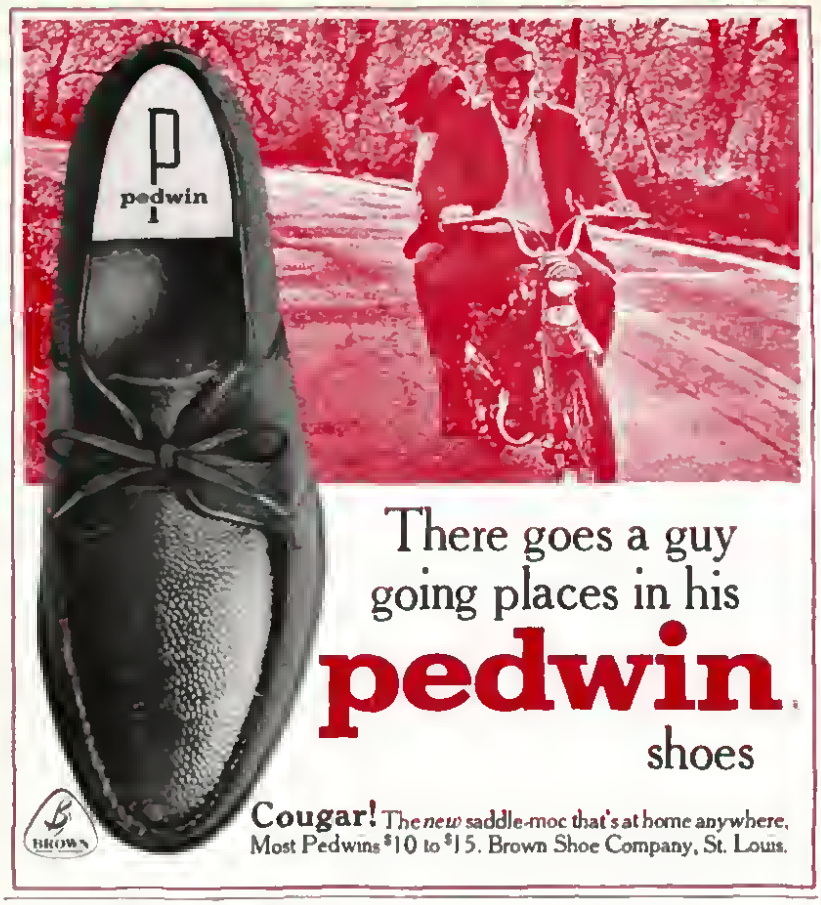
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

dorado hilton
HOTEL and COUNTRY CLUB
Dorado, Puerto Rico

SPECIAL OFF SEASON RATES
7 Days — 6 Nights $118
per person, dbl. occ. MAP (includes full breakfast, dinner, 5 days of golf) to Oct. 20



Effective immediately:
the breath freshener
that works as fast as
you can draw a breath.
Binaca



5 drops in ½ glass of
water give your breath
a fresh start twice a day
for 120 days.
Binaca
HOME SIZE



Very concentrated
Golden Breath Drops.

SUPPORT RED CROSS
help
us
help

Reduce
locker-room
risk of
athlete's
foot with
Dr.Scholl's
Solvex.®



Ideal after-shower protection. Solvex helps prevent athlete's foot infection. If it's too late for prevention, Solvex kills fungi on contact, brings quick relief from itching, helps promote healing. In spray, powder, liquid, ointment.

Dr Scholl's EVERYTHING FOR FOOT CARE

ferth, has an accum of 3.4. Ray Pryor, last year's All-America center, was a premed honor student. Steve Arlin, who pitched Ohio State to two Big Ten baseball championships and was signed by the Philadelphia Phillies for more than $100,000, was an honor student. Bill Hosket, the starting center on the basketball team, has a 3.6 accum. Gary McDavid, a guard on the basketball team and a walk-on—that is, he was not recruited—arrived at Ohio State unknown, made the varsity and happens to have the highest college entrance board test ever recorded by an Ohio State athlete: 30 of a possible 36 on the American College Test measure.

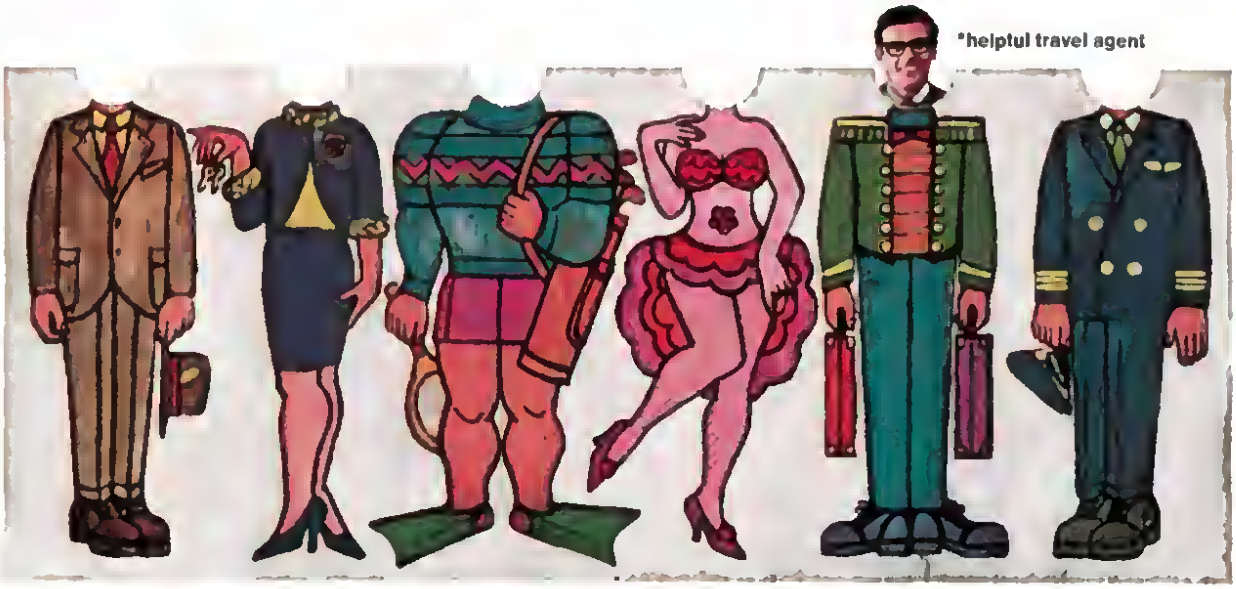
Bolencieewcz would be terrified by these guys. They are worse than the professors were when he went to college. They are also part of the change in Ohio State athletics, for their presence means that an intellectual climate is coming into existence which not only discourages the Bolencieewczes in advance, but promotes their movement to conferences where the surroundings are less likely to be inhibiting.

There is a theory proposed by the hardcore of Columbus football fanatics that Woody Hayes is responsible for the student disinterest in football, that 16 years of his three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust game made football an unbearable campus bore: hence low student attendance, the decrease in the number turning out for pep rallies and the fact that so many of the students hurrying across the Oval would not know the team's quarterback if he dropped a football at their feet. Poor Woody, he is a raindrop being blamed for a flood. The rah-rah football factory aspect of Ohio State would have vanished from the campus even if the Woody Hayes theory of the game had been double-reverse-and-a-40-yard-pass.

The reason for this is a great student break with the traditional mores of American college life everywhere in the country. The prevailing attitude is non-rah-rah. It is not anti-rah-rah. In fact it is not anti anything. It is just non; with noninvolvement being the essence of the attitude.

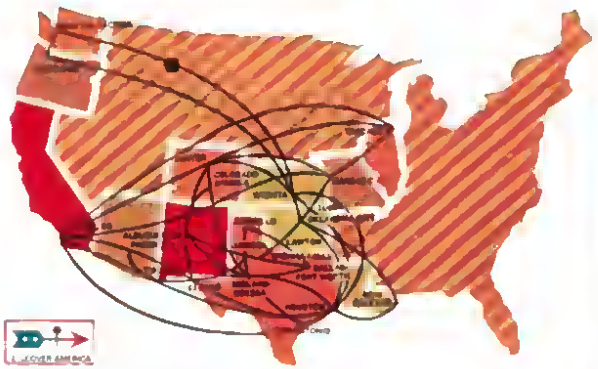
continued

see your H.T.A.* in the C.S.A.**



There are over 2100 of these Helpful Travel Agents in the C.S.A. ready to make your trip or vacation more enjoyable...and a lot easier to arrange.

Travel is their business. They can help you choose the best places to visit at the right time...and help keep you within your budget.



**The Continental States of America
Growing with pride

But that's not all. They can also direct you to a brand new country called the Continental States of America. Within its borders you'll find many things to do, and interesting places to see.

Your authorized Continental Airlines travel agent can do so much for you, we think he deserves some recognition. Therefore, we are proclaiming the next 30 days as official "H.T.A. Month" in the C.S.A. That would be a good time to see him.



Continental Airlines

the proud bird with the golden tail

Mental retardation never kills anyone.

But who can count the lives it's wasted?



It's not a killer like heart disease or cancer. Yet, no human affliction is more wasteful than mental retardation.

Think of the babies doomed from birth to live out their years uselessly . . . the children who never have a chance to learn what they are capable of learning . . . the retarded adults, trained to work, but refused jobs.

What a waste! What a loss!

We can change this. How?

Start by finding out what your community or state is doing to salvage many of these lives.

Are programs under way in education, recreation, vocational training? Are they directed by teachers and others who really understand the retarded and how they can best be helped?

Remember, fully 85 percent of the retarded can become productive citizens—if given the special help they need and deserve.

Don't wait for the other fellow to take the lead. Use your own influence, or that of a group to which you belong, to assure the retarded their rights as fellow human beings and fellow citizens.

For more information, send for the free booklet. Address: The President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D.C. 20201.

ADVERTISING COUNCIL PUBLIC SERVICE

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.



ROBERT MORSE, STAR OF "HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING."

ANY MUG CAN SUCCEED WITH THE SMIRNOFF MULE

You've got a lot going for you with a cool and lively Mule. The drink that starts by chasing thirst. And goes the distance at any party. Only crystal clear Smirnoff, filtered through 14,000 pounds of activated charcoal, teams so perfectly with refreshing 7-Up®. So *always fuel your Mule with Smirnoff.*

Smirnoff Mule Recipe:
Jigger of Smirnoff over ice. Add juice of ¼ lime. Fill Mule mug or glass with 7-Up to taste. Delicious.

Set of 6 Mule mugs—$3.00
Send check or money order, payable to Smirnoff Mule, Department N, P.O. Box 225, B'klyn, N.Y. 11202



Smirnoff leaves you breathless
VODKA

At Rice University, the mood of the students has been defined by other students as malady of the spirit, invnlving an alienation from the traditional values of society because they are traditional, or because they are expressed in hackneyed and insincere phrases, though the alienation does not necessarily imply a rebellinn against those values or a desire to convert anyone else to one's own viewpoint. A writer in *The Rice Thresher* excited controversy when he coined a word for the spiritual malady—"metapathy," which looks a little more forbidding than "apathy."

ASLEEP IN THE DEEP SOUTH, wrote the editor of *The Tulane Hullabaloo*, referring to the students who were allowing campus political clubs to stagnate. "Nothing like the riots of Berkeley could happen here," wrote the editor of *The Arkansas Traveler* sarcastically, "not with the apathetic student body we have." Usually the apathy that is attributed to students by other students is political: undergraduates are judged wanting because they do not demonstrate, burn draft cards, take part in civil-rights movements and sit-ins. Harvard is highly regarded for having chivied Secretary McNamara when he tried to speak, and City College of New York is praised for having demanded a voice in the college administration.

Apathy can also mean lack of a sense of humor. "We are no longer finding humor in our lives," a psychology major wrote in *The Stanford Observer*. "We're too serious. We have no time for Homecoming queens, bonfires and school spirit. After all, we're intellectuals." In this vein Pat Montgomery, the coed editor of the Arkansas State University *Herald*, wrote an editorial castigating the student body for not memorizing the more complicated football cheers. "One would think college students should be intelligent enough to learn a few simple yells," she wrote hotly.

This form of noninvolvement should not be confused with the attitudes observed on the fringes of college life that have received so much publicity lately: youthful explosions of pop art, flower power, black humor, beats, beards, trips,

continued



Norman Rothschild in Popular Photography:
...in Anscochrome D/50... a new brightness and clarity shines forth. The new Anscochrome D/50 has clean, unstained blacks... with Anscochrome D/200...get both snap and rich color... As with the other Anscochromes, color rendition is very good."

Michael Edelson in U. S. Camera:
"Anscochrome has a mellow quality all its own... flesh tones, in particular, come off so well and flattering that this emulsion would be my first choice when photographing any female."

Ed Scully in Modern Photography:
"...you can really savor the accomplishment of GAF's new, ASA 500 speed Anscochrome....For the hobbyist... this is his first chance to shoot color at exposure indexes faster than all but the fastest black-and-white films... this new film is a delightful surprise...."

This is an ad for Anscochrome Film. The experts wrote it.

These quotes are only a small sample of the rave notices that we've been receiving month after month for Anscochrome® color slide film—Anscochrome in speeds of 50, 100, 200, and 500. It's the best you can buy...

We're so proud of Anscochrome film that we've established the Anscochrome Red Box Film Club. When you've tried three rolls of Anscochrome film we'll give you the fourth roll free.

gaf GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION
STORE W YORK NEW YORK 10020

Join the Anscochrome Red Box Film Club. When you buy 3 rolls of Anscochrome film you get a 4th roll free. Available at these and other fine photographic stores. All K-Marts, E. J. Korvette, W. T. Grant, and Gibson.

Illinois, Chicago
Atlas Camera Center
Illinois, Chicago
East Side Photo Shop
Music Camera Shop
J. C. Penney Co.
Walk Camera
Illinois, Chillicothe
Gibreson Pharmacy
Illinois, Decatur
McFadden's Camera Shop

Illinois, Jacksonville
Dixon Drug
Illinois, La Grange
Suburban Camera Shop
Illinois, Lisle
Haverlandt's
Illinois, Moline
Elliott Camera Shop
Illinois, Peoria
K Mart
Midwest Photo
Rex Camera Shop
World Drug Store
Illinois, Rockford
Lundgrens
Rockford Photo
Union Hall
Illinois, Urbana
Knowlton & Bennett

Indiana, Evansville
Ayr-Way Evansville
Indiana, Ft. Wayne
Sunny Schick
Indiana, Greenfield
Robertson Drug
Indiana, Greensburg
Inns Photo

sandals and underground movies. The apathy of an Ohio State is a more subtle thing than that. If the names of prominent athletes do not mean much on the campus the names of Ken Kesey and Allen Ginsberg mean even less. This is more of a middle-of-the-road apathy, midwestern in temper, unexcited and independent. A visitor wandering through the William Oxley Thompson Library and listening to Ohio State students talk notices that the prevailing mood seems to be a desire to find a personal outlet as opposed to a mass outlet. You go to a football game if you want to, but you are under no obligation to go and must never insist that everybody else ought to go, too.

"We've published a few editorials about apathy on campus," says George Sweda, last year's editor-in-chief of the *Lantern*, "but I am not sure this is the proper word to apply to the present feeling about sport. There are so many more things going on now than there were in the days when there was only football. This is true in all areas of student activity—there are 400 different organizations you can belong to. It is certainly true in student athletics. The sports program is fantastic. You can take anything—boxing, lacrosse, anything. Hockey has come on fast. It was started as a club—kids who used to shovel snow off a pond so they could play—and has only been a varsity sport three years. A half-million dollar rink was built, and it is packed every weekend."

"Golf is our most rapidly growing sport," says Fred Beekman, who is in charge of OSU's vast intramural program. "We're lucky to have two 18-hole courses. In the last five years tennis has come on strong." Sailing is booming. Basketball, the Midwest's favorite exercise, is more popular than ever but on the participant level, with 35 intramural games nightly during the winter in the men's gymnasium and as many in St. John Arena. This spring there were some 260 softball teams playing, involving around 3,500 boys. Participation is up in everything. Rugby, which is now an intercollegiate sport; cricket, which started as a club activity three years ago and has become a popular campus pastime; fencing, a sport with few outlets in rural Ohio except at Ohio State; track; swimming; handball; varsity lacrosse; and volleyball.

The sum of all this activity suggests that if Ohio State students have become apathetic about football it is partly because they have discovered a new world of participating, of doing something as individuals, which is the same spirit that leads them into the myriad avenues of interest that all those 400 organizations pursue. The diversity appears to be all to the good for Ohio State. But it is a dark day for Columbus. With each grant-in-aid awarded for hockey, each golfer lauded, each crack of a cricket bat on ball, one can almost feel Columbus—the town of stadium builders—flinch.

And thus into history, one must conclude, moves the attitude of a community and a school toward a sport. Thurber becomes a Plutarch. It is now in a historical light that we read his celebrated collaboration with Elliott Nugent, *The Male Animal*, a play for which Thurber had preferred a more specific title, *Homecoming Game*.

Dim the lights and think back

It is the weekend of the Big Game, the time for the annual unbending of a community otherwise secretive and reserved. The curtain rises. It is Friday night. Undefeated Michigan is playing undefeated Ohio State. The pep rally is getting underway. The band is playing by the Neil Avenue gate. Old grads rush across the stage, bellowing greetings and pounding each other on the back. Beautiful girls get rid of one date and hurry to another at Hennick's. There are parties everywhere. A little drinking is going on, some lovemaking, a few fights, some heavy betting and an idealistic young English professor, Tommy Turner, is about to do battle against the Establishment of Columbus, the stadium builders.

Now, 30 years later, it looks as if Columbus has lost the battle. Tommy Turner has won. But the town is getting a measure of revenge. Just the other day it dedicated its latest monument to its famous author—the Thurber Village Shopping Center. **END**

"The Predictables" are handled only by *Brunswick* Pro Dealers.

In Illinois See . . .
Acme Bowling Alleys, Alton • Argo Bowl, Argo • Cunningham & Reilly Sporting Goods, Arlington Heights • Ed Rebbec's Sport Shop, Bartonville • AZ&R Sporting Goods, Berwyn • Mages Sport Store, Berwyn • Circle Bowling Lanes, Bloomington • Pro Props, Blue Island • Welcome Lanes, De Kalb • Schneiders Recreation, Elgin • Klein's Sporting Goods, Evergreen Park • Kurt's Sport Shop, Franklin Park • Carl's Bowling Center, Galesburg • Bee 'N Dee Sports Inc., Hanover Park • Sports Equipment by Noral, Harvey • Klein's Sporting Goods, Hillside • Sunbaum Cycle Co., Joliet • Gala Lanes, Kankakee • Liona Sport Shop, La Grange • Lockhart's La Grange Sport Shop, La Grange • Gabby Hartnett Recreation, Lincolnwood • Mages Sport Store, Melrose Park • Rubin's, Melrose Park • Turn Style, Molina • Morton Bowl, Morton • Marquette Sports Equipment, Oak Lawn • Arelt & Johnson Sporting Goods, Oak Park • Cunningham & Reilly Sporting Goods, Oak Park • Pro Sports Center, Palatine • Sports & Hobbies, Inc., Park Forest • Marty's, Park Ridge • Rosewood Lanes, Pekin • Lindy's Lanes, Princeton • Merkels Bros. Inc., Quincy • Central Bowl, Rock Island • Strike at Reltachs, Rockford • Idle Hour Lanes, Sandwich • Turn-Style Family Center, Skokie • Emerald Hill, Sterling • Downtown Sports Center, Waukegan • Eden Lanes, Wealchester • Wheaton Bowl, Wheaton • Bowlwood Recreation, Wood Dale, • Van Loon & Sons, Streator • Alexander Sporting Goods, Inc., Danville

In Chicago See . . . Bowlcraft Pro Shop • Bowler's Custom Pro Shop • Klein's Sporting Goods (All Stores) • Mages Sport Store (All Stores) • Marquette Sports Equipment • Miami Bowl • Northwest Bowling Supply • Polk Bros • Sam Santo Sport Store • Simmons Sport Shop • Ned Singer Sports • Sportsman's Center, Inc • The Sportsman • Turn-Style Family Center

In Indiana See . . .
Greenlee's Pro Shop, Anderson • Auburn Recreation Center, Auburn • C'Ville Lanes, Crawfordsville • Parkmor Lanes, Elkhart • Rainbow Lanes, Elkhart • Carr Bowling Ball Service, Fort Wayne • Gary Bowling and Billiard Supply, Gary • Playbowl, Kokomo • Bowlmor Lanes, Logansport • Plaza Bowl Inc., Marion • Don & Ralph's Pro Shop, Munster • Gold Crown Lanes, Nappanee • Lou's Pro Shop Inc., South Bend • Ross Gadbury Co., Muncie

In Indianapolis See . . . Bowler's Accessory Shop • Bob Earl's Pro Shop

In Kansas See . . .
Duffy's Green Acres, Abilene • Edgewood Lanes, Coffeyville • Plaza Bowl, Dodge City • Bluestem Bowl, Emporia • Gardan Bowl, Garden City • 300 Bowl Inc., Great Bend • Countryside Lanes, Hutchinson • P & R Pro Shop, Hutchinson • Big Bend Inc., Junction City • Bob Chase's Brunswick Pro Shop, Kansas City • Jayhawk Bowling Supply & Equipment, Lawrence • Lyons Bowl, Lyons • Wildcat Lanes, Manhattan • Starlite Lanes, McPherson • Gage Bowl, Topeka • Highland Crest Lanes, Topeka • Boulevard Lanes, Wichita • Flight Lanes, Wichita • Frontier Lanes, Wichita • Senecs Bowl Inc., Wichita

In Missouri See . . .
Famous & Barr, Clayton • Stix, Baer & Fuller, Crestwood • Lew Sher Sporting Goods, Independence • Strike 'N Spare, Inc., Independence • Art's Billiard & Bowling Supply, Kansas City • Barley Bowling Supply, Kansas City • Blue Ridge Bowl, Kansas City • G and L Bowling Supply, Kansas City • King Louis Bowling Corp., Kansas City • Famous & Barr, North West Plaza • Famous & Barr, Northlands • Stix, Baer & Fuller, Riverroads • Plaza Bowl Pro Shop, Springfield • Famous & Barr, South Count • Famous & Barr, Southtown • Stix, Baer & Fuller, Westroads

In St. Louis See . . . Arena Bowl • Century Sporting Goods • Coffman's Bowling & Sport Supply • Famous & Barr (All Stores) • Lammlein's Bowling & Sport Shop • Marlborough Lanes • Bob Russell Sporting Goods • Stix, Baer & Fuller (All Stores)

In Wisconsin See . . .
Boston Store, Brookfield • Longs Sport Shop, Eau Claire • Boston Store, Glendale • Betrand Sport Shop, Green Bay • Green Bay Bowling Supply, Green Bay • Gutformsana, Kenosha • Gimbel's Stores, Madison • Connie Schwoegler Bowling Ball Service, Madison • The Falls Recreation, Menomenee Falls • Lake Road Lanes, Neenah • Arnies Bowling Service, Port Washington • Mike's Pro Shop, Racine • Turn-Style Family Center, Racine • Chappie's Sports Centers Inc., Wauwatosa • Gimbel's Stores, Wauwatosa • Al Kopis Bowling Supplies, West Allis • Gimbel's Stores, Cudahy

In Milwaukee See . . . Boston Store (All Stores) • Chappie's Sports Centers, Inc (All Stores) • Deluxe Pro Shop • Echo Bowl • Ned Day Bowling & Sports • Gimbel's Stores • Pinkys Bowl • Al Savas Bowlero Pro Shop

The Predictables.

No other ball offers you such
a wide range of hooking potential—to give
you the exact hook you want to fit your style.



MINIMUM HOOK | MEDIUM HOOK | MAXIMUM HOOK

TRAC-MASTER RANGE

BRAND A RANGE

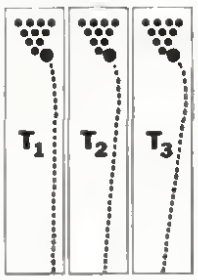
BRAND B RANGE

BLACK DIAMOND

BRAND C RANGE

CROWN JEWELS RANGE

Other so-called high-performance balls give you *some* hooking potential, through trick drilling. But most of it is still in the *medium* hooking range. Only Trac-Master goes *beyond* the medium range. That's because only the Brunswick Trac-Master comes in your choice of three distinctly different performing balls. One to cut down your hook, one to build it up, one to maintain it, as is. You're in control when you roll a Trac-Master. The Trac-Master you select is your *custom-made* ball—it lets you hook the way you want without changing your natural delivery.



How can Trac-Master give you this predictable performance? We vary the combination of cover stock formulation, balance and drilling in each of the three balls. All these factors can affect hooking potential. Only Brunswick varies *all three*.

Your Brunswick Pro Dealer will be happy to analyze your present ball, style and grip, and help you to determine which Trac-Master will give you the best results. Results you can predict—with the closest thing ever to a custom-made ball. The Brunswick Trac-Master.

FOR THE NAME OF THE DEALER NEAREST YOU WRITE: BRUNSWICK, DEPT. GM, 69 W WASHINGTON, CHICAGO, ILL 60602

Brunswick
THE NO 1 NAME IN BOWLING

BOWLER'S FRIEND

Pulling together for a better community for you, your family, your neighbor—the United Way. You can help all these services when you make your fair share gift to your United Fund or Community Chest. You can be glad you gave your fair share, the United Way, because your one gift is working wonders all year round. These are some of the agencies providing services day in and day out for the young and old, the friendless, the person who needs help now, members of the Armed Forces. It is you, and all the others who give the United Way, who make possible the wonders of these community services.



Allergy Foundation of America
American Red Cross
American Social Health Association
The Arthritis Foundation
Big Brothers of America
Boy Scouts of America
Boys' Clubs
Camp Fire Girls
Catholic Charities
Child Welfare League of America
Florence Crittenton Association of America
Family Service
Girl Scouts
Girls Clubs
Goodwill Industries
Jewish Community Centers
Leukemia Society
Myasthenia Gravis Foundation
National Association of Hearing & Speech Agencies
National Association for Mental Health
National Association for Retarded Children, Inc.
National Council on the Aging
National Council on Alcoholism
National Council of Catholic Youth
National Federation of Settlements and Neighborhood Centers
National Foundation for Neuromuscular Diseases
National Kidney Foundation
National Legal Aid and Defender Association
National Recreation and Park Association
National Urban League
The Salvation Army
Travelers Aid
United Cerebral Palsy
United Health Foundations
United Seamen's Service
United Service Organizations
Visiting Nurse Services
Young Men's Christian Association
Young Women's Christian Association

Your fair share gift works many wonders/THE UNITED WAY

27 million families benefit by child care, family service, youth guidance, health programs, disaster relief and services for the Armed Forces from 31,000 United Way agencies.

Buy Bonds where you work.



It's miserable work, crawling through a rice paddy. And being shot at. This American does the job for freedom's sake. So do thousands of his buddies. Many of these brave men also support freedom with their dollars. A majority of our servicemen overseas are investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. Would you like to show this man you're with him? One good way is to buy Savings Bonds where you bank or join the Payroll Savings Plan where you work. You'll make a good investment. And you'll walk a bit taller.

Freedom Shares — new plan for Americans who want to help their country.

When you join the Payroll Savings Plan or the Bond-a-Month Plan, you are now eligible to purchase U.S. Savings Bonds and Freedom Shares — in combination. Freedom Shares pay a higher return (3¾%), mature in just four and a half years (redeemable after one year), are available on a one-for-one basis with Series E Bonds. Get the facts where you work or bank.

Join up. America needs your help.

U.S. Savings Bonds, new Freedom Shares

12"GOLDEN GREATS"



Special Collector's Album Only $1.00

ONE of the finest record albums ever made, offered at a fraction of its value. By purchasing this 12" record album, the "Golden Greats," you will help the American Freedom From Hunger Foundation further its work in the war on hunger.

The American Freedom From Hunger Foundation, Inc. is a non-profit, non-partisan, non-governmental organization. It is dedicated to the alleviation of hunger throughout the world by helping others help themselves . . . by leading, teaching, motivating.

Simply use the coupon to send $1.00 to the American Freedom From Hunger Foundation for your "Golden Greats" record album.

American Freedom From Hunger Foundation
P.O. Box 9399, St. Paul, Minnesota 55102

() Here is my $_____ for _____ "Golden Greats" Record Albums at $1.00 each.

() Here is my extra contribution of $_____ for the American Freedom From Hunger Foundation.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Allow 3-4 weeks delivery time. Offer only good in U.S.A.

Twelve great artists donated their time, talent and performances for this "Golden Greats" record

Louis Armstrong *"Mack The Knife"*

Tony Bennett *"If I Ruled The World"*

Leonard Bernstein and New York Philharmonic *"The Ritual Fire Dance"*

Dave Brubeck Quartet *"Will You Still Be Mine"*

Doris Day *"Sentimental Journey"*

Percy Faith *"Spanish Harlem"*

Robert Goulet *"If Ever I Would Leave You"*

Mahalia Jackson *"If I Can Help Somebody"*

Mormon Tabernacle Choir *"Battle Hymn Of The Republic"*

Barbra Streisand *"I Stayed Too Long At The Fair"*

Richard Tucker *"The Exodus Song"*

Andy Williams *"Danny Boy"*

Help America
Help People
Help Themselves

Participate in the American Freedom From Hunger Foundation

COLUMBIA SPECIAL PRODUCTS

MR4

Britain's First Try at the America's Cup

A long-lost logbook from the schooner yacht 'Cambria' tells of Great Britain's original attempt to reclaim the Hundred Guineas Cup carried off to the new world by sailors from across the sea **by E. F. HAYLOCK**

Although I have spent my life as a flyer and an officer in the R. A. F., my true love has always been the sea. Before the dark shadow of World War II fell across Europe I had collected a fine nautical library. A German bomb dropped on an obscure little East Anglian town destroyed all my books in a single night, and after the war, when I became editor of a yachting journal, my first concern was to rebuild my library.

I was still surrounded by piles of unsorted books until just last year, when a change of houses forced me to winnow out the crop. While I was doing so I came across a dirty, water-stained, old log book with the binding split and the cover peeling off. I was about to dispatch it to the rubbish heap when I noticed the name *Cambria*, in almost undecipherable letters, on the cover. The name rang a bell, and I took a closer look: *Log Book of the Yacht* Cambria *on a Voyage from Queenstown 4 July 1870 to New York*. Now I remembered: the *Cambria*, of course. She was the first challenger to cross the ocean in an attempt to bring the famed America's Cup back to England and the only one forced to sail against an entire fleet of defenders.

I turned the pages, yellowed with age, the ink was brown and faded but decipherable through a magnifying glass. Although the handwriting left something to be desired, I was soon in no doubt that it was an original record of the first challenge, kept by Richard Rood, age 28, *Cambria*'s second mate. The first entry read: "Queenstown Towards New York Remarks: Monday July 4th 1870—Wind West. People employed getting stores on board and preparing ship for sea."

The log revealed that *Cambria* was commanded by R. S. Tannock, whose ship's company consisted of first and second mates, bosun, first and second cooks, chief and second stewards, two assistant sailing masters, 21 able seamen and one cabin boy, age 13—a total of 33 professional seamen. They were mostly young men in their 20s and 30s—they needed to be to handle the huge sails of the 200-ton schooners of those days. The afterguard consisted only of Owner James Ashbury, Arthur B. Cook, George Coles (ship's doctor) and Dixon Kemp, a correspondent with the London *Times*.

After the startling loss of what was originally known as the Hundred Guineas Cup to the schooner *America* in 1851, English interest in American yachting was high. It was further stimulated by the arrival in 1868 of another schooner, *Sappho*, the biggest of all American yachts. Great things were reported of her, but she was easily beaten over the America's course around the Isle of Wight by four English schooners, including Ashbury's *Cambria*. This gave Ashbury the idea that his yacht could defeat any American, for was not *Sappho* the clipper of them all? At that time Ashbury did not know that she still carried a shortened rig and extra stone ballast for her Atlantic crossing, so on Oct. 3 he sent the New York Yacht Club an ambitious challenge. He proposed that the NYYC should, before 1869, select its best schooner, which should not exceed by 10% the tonnage (188) of *Cambria*; that the American yacht should cross the Atlantic to take part in the major races of the Isle of Wight season; that in September *Cambria* should race the American yacht back to New York burdened by neither time allowance or any other restriction for a cup or a £250 service of silver; and that on arrival he would race the same yacht around Long Island on the Royal Thames Yacht Club's rule of measurement and handicap—two races out of three—to decide the final possession of America's Queen's Cup of 1851. If he lost he would present the winner with a 100-guinea cup.

Ashbury was the son of a Manchester builder of railway carriages. Although of great wealth, his social standing was not particularly high, and he was never elected to the Royal Yacht Squadron. Because it had not been made through an organized yacht club, the NYYC refused the challenge. Ashbury thereupon challenged through the Royal Thames Yacht Club. The challenge fell through, but in the meantime Ashbury had agreed to a transatlantic race against *Dauntless*, a new yacht owned by James Gordon Bennett, son of the New York newspaper publisher. The race was to be sailed in September 1869, but it was postponed until the following year. Refusing to be put off, Ashbury proposed to the NYYC that after the race with *Dauntless* he sail a race over a triangular course "from Staten Island 40 miles out to sea and back" on condition that no centerboard yacht competed. The haggling was still going on as *Cambria* and *Dauntless* went to the start.

Rood's log continues: "At 2.30 started under 2nd jib, fore-staysail, foresail, mainsail and gaff topsails. Plying ship to windward. Wind W.N.W."

Soon after the start *Dauntless* drew ahead and to weather of *Cambria*. At 3 o'clock *Cambria* tacked inshore. *Dauntless* followed suit, and by 4:30, after another tack, Bennett had the British schooner tucked under his lee. At 6 o'clock *Cambria* tacked again and stood in near the Old Head of Kinsale. This time the American did not cover her and went off to the south, leaving *Cambria* to her own devices.

On July 9, after bucking into a northwest wind and some hours of light airs, Rood records *Cambria* as romping along at a steady 10 knots. Extracts from the log give a picture of life aboard.

"At 2 ship pitching heavily and shipping water over all. Took in first reef of Bowsprit and set 2nd Gib."

When it came on to blow these 200-ton schooners housed (lowered) their topmasts. They needed big crews for the heavy spars and huge, baggy sails.

continued



Worn by William Macdonald

antartex
SHEEPSKIN
No. 3: $115.00

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions. All sizes for men and women—18 styles—10 colours. Also made to measure. Catalogue and real sheepskin samples from Antartex Storehouse, 1105 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10021.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS:

New York City LE 5 9079, 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex)
Cambridge, Mass. 868 6083, 50 Boylston Harvard Yard 02138
Middleburg Saddlery, Va. 687 7211
Lake Forest Ill. Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath
Grand Rapids, Mich. Bill & Paul's Sporthaus
Chicago Geneva Ill., 232 4434, 200 South 3rd St. (E.W. Toll to U.S. 31)
Minneapolis, Minn. 339 1276, 920 Nicollet

Racing them was hard work, and not infrequently they carried away gear.

"At 4 [p.m.] head sea getting up. Preventer fore-topmast backstay parted and carried away fore-topmast. Cleared the wreck and prepared a spare one.

"July 14 A.M. at 3 30 Out Reefs.

"At 8 More moderate with cloudy sky up topmasts and set gaff topsails.

"P.M. Strong wind ... pitching violently and shying a quantity of water over all.

"At 3 More wind. Took in gaff topsails.

"At 5 Housed topmasts."

The 3,000-mile race had captured public imagination in the U.S. When, therefore, a schooner's topsails were reported on the horizon, excitement reached fever heat. Everyone assumed it must be *Dauntless*, but it was *Cambria*, the winner by one hour and 43 minutes.

During her stay in Brooklyn the log is concerned with refitting, cleaning and scrubbing *Cambria*'s bottom. In the meantime Ashbury and the NYYC were still arguing. The club adamantly refused either to ban centerboarders from the race or to make it a match between two yachts. Ashbury eventually gave way on both points, and the race was fixed for Aug. 8 over a course of about 35 miles. The start was off Clifton (Staten Island), to the S.W. Spit Buoy, known locally as The Gob, around Sandy Hook Light Vessel and home by the same course. On the day, the wind was a fair southerly summer breeze, giving a beat on the way out, but unfortunately light for *Cambria*.

Everyone in New York and the surrounding countryside was either on the waterfront or afloat. Seventeen schooners came to the start. *Cambria*, as an act of courtesy, was given the windward end of the line, with the old schooner *America* next to her. *Dauntless* was there, at 262 tons she was the biggest yacht in the race. *Magic* (92 tons) was the smallest. In those days races started with the yachts at anchor and all sails furled. This gave small ones, with their light spars, sails and gear, an advantage. *Magic* was thus first away into a lead that she never lost. An unlucky wind-shift placed *Cambria* to leeward so that when the starting gun was fired at 11:27 a.m. she was blanketed by the rest of the fleet and made a bad start. She was never really in the race. Ashbury had the chagrin of seeing the greater part of the fleet ahead of him.

Although it must have cost his owner a small fortune, Rood deals with the race in his usual prosaic manner.

"Monday Aug. 3 A.M. Light wind and fine sky from S.E. Preparing ship to sail a Match for the Queen's Prize.

"At 11 Wind East started the Match Round Sandy Hook Light Ship. [The actual time of the start was 11 26.] Noon. All fore and aft sails set.

"At 2 rounded the Light Ship. Set all fore and aft Balloon sail.

"At 3 Preventer fore-topmast backstay parted carried away fore topmast.

"At 5 Picked up the moorings and stowed sail.

"Midnight Fine."

Just another job for Rood and the boys! But, perhaps as an afterthought, he adds a note that may go some way toward confirming the assertion, hotly denied at the time, that *Cambria* was hit by another yacht.

"Fouled by the American schooner yacht while on the starboard tack and parted fore shroud port fore Rigging. "

Unfortunately Rood did not name the other yacht, reputed to have been *Tarolinta*.

Ashbury did not protest. There is little doubt that a resail would have produced a similar result, and a good deal of acrimony was thus avoided. The remainder of *Cambria*'s stay in American waters was marked by the utmost cordiality on both sides. Ashbury took part in many races and Americans were impressed by his sportsmanlike spirit. He had a standing wager for a cup valued at 50 guineas against any comer but won only one race.

Rood faithfully records all these events but never the result of any race, perhaps because of *Cambria*'s lack of success. He does, however, recognize the importance of one social occasion.

"Yacht *Cambria* at Newport Wednesday Aug. 24 A.M. Light wind from S.E. with fine sky.

"At 1 P.M. Dressed ship with Flags.

"Visited by President Grant and Friends . "

On October 28 the log reads:

"Yacht *Cambria* from New York towards Cowes. At 10 30 A.M. Chas Brown, Pilot came on board.

"At 11 00 A.M. Weighed and processed to sea.

"At 1 P.M. Sandy Hook Light Ship Bearing Dist 1 mile. Hove to. Discharged the Pilot and took departure." **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Ken Harrelson of BOSTON (4-3) gained a measure of renown with the A's because of his ability to ride Charlie O —both the mule and the owner. Last week, Harrelson made news with his bat, hitting a homer in his first at bat for the Red Sox and then, in a 10–2 win over the White Sox, unloading another home run, a triple and a double and driving in four runs. "I read a lot of history," Harrelson said, "and history proves that things happen in cycles. The Red Sox are on an up cycle. Everything that has happened to them leads up to the pennant." But Eddie Stanky of CHICAGO (3-3) managed to rally his team. Sharp pitching by Rookie Francisco Carlos, Joe Horlen and Reliever Don McMahon, plus homers by Tommie Agee and Pete Ward, beat the Red Sox twice and knocked them out of the league lead. MINNESOTA (4-2) fell a game and a half behind by midweek and was in danger of falling even farther back. Then Rich Reese hit a two-run pinch homer in the last of the ninth to beat the Orioles 10–9. DETROIT (3-3) suffered the opposite fate. The Tigers took three in a row from the Angels to move within half a game of first place, then lost 3–2 to the Angels in the bottom of the ninth. Joe Sparma spent the next afternoon listening to recorded lectures on the power of positive thinking. It was to no avail, for negative fielding by his teammates (four errors) led to a 5–4 loss to the Twins. Fifth-place CALIFORNIA (3-3) was homerless for the week and its lead over sixth-place WASHINGTON (3-3) was cut to 4½ games. Bob Priddy of the Senators beat the White Sox 2–1, Dick Bosman stopped them 3–0 and then Frank Bertaina shut out the Yankees. CLEVELAND (2-3) and KANSAS CITY (2-3) played three straight extra-inning games. The Indians won the first two, 8–7 and 9–8, the A's the finale 6–5 on Danny Cater's fifth hit of the night. Those games averaged four hours apiece, which prompted Umpire Larry Napp to call the Indians "the slowest club in baseball ... a disgrace." Asked why he had ejected Indian Manager Joe Adcock from the second game, Napp replied, "I just wanted him out of the game. I used any excuse." Jim Bouton of NEW YORK (3-4) won his first game of the season when Horace Clarke drove in the winning run in the 20th inning against the Red Sox. Mike Hegan's first major league homer, in the 12th inning, gave Fritz Peterson a 2–1 win over the Senators. A 10th-inning homer by Frank Robinson of BALTIMORE (3-3) slowed the Twins momentarily. A year ago the Orioles had the World Series on tap. Now things are different. Brooks Robinson is booked to be a model in a fashion show and will wear "a black double-breasted blazer of worsted hopsacking with pearl buttons, slim, tapered black-and-white slacks and a white wool turtleneck sweater."

Standings: Minn 76-58, Bos 77 60, Chi 74 60, Det 74 61, Cal 68 65, Wash 64 72, Clev 63 73, Balt 60 72, NY 61-75, KC 56 77

NATIONAL LEAGUE

In a week crammed with fine pitching, no one did a better job of it than Gaylord Perry of SAN FRANCISCO (4-2). He started off with a three-hit shutout over the Dodgers, then added 16 scoreless innings in a 21-inning game against the Reds, the longest 1–0 game ever played. In response to the ovation he got when he left the game, Perry tipped his cap with his left hand. "I couldn't raise my right one," he explained. The win, however, went to Reliever Frank Linzy of the Giants when Dick Groat got an RBI walk in the 21st inning. Jack Lamabe of ST. LOUIS (5-2) beat the Mets 6–0, and Ron Willis came on in relief to help Larry Jaster and Ray Washburn wrap up four- and five-hit wins. PHILADELPHIA (1-5) began the week by beating CINCINNATI (3-3) for its eighth straight win, which moved the Phillies up into second place, but then the Reds came back to win 1–0 and 2–1 as Ted Abernathy saved victories for Gary Nolan and Milt Pappas. The Phillies went on to lose their next three games to PITTSBURGH (5-1) and tumbled back into fifth place. Those Pirate wins were at home, where they have a 41-27 record. The Pirates also beat the Braves twice on the road, where their 25-42 mark is, as Manager Danny Murtaugh put it, "one of the mysteries of this season." Matty Alou, last year's batting champion, hit .500 for the week and took over the fourth spot among NL hitters with a .330 average. Clete Boyer of ATLANTA (3-3) brought his RBI total up to 82, 14 more than he had in his best year as a Yankee. Despite heavy hitting by Boyer, Henry Aaron and Joe Torre, the Braves couldn't get out of the second division. CHICAGO (5-3) moved 10 games over .500 as Ferguson Jenkins earned his 17th win and Al Spangler won another game with a pinch single in the 11th inning. Pitchers have been blown off the mound in San Francisco's Candlestick Park before, but the wind had to be stronger than ever to do it to 218-pound Don Drysdale of LOS ANGELES (2-4) last week. Drysdale managed to stay on the mound long enough to win his 10th game. Don Wilson of HOUSTON (1-5) also won his 10th game, and Cal Koonce and Don Cardwell of NEW YORK (4-5) pitched shutouts. Ron Swoboda hit the first Met homer in two weeks. Even so, the Astros and the Mets were the first teams to be mathematically eliminated from pennant contention.

Standings: StL 85 51, Cin 73 63, Chi 74 64, SF 72 64, Phil 68 64, Atl 68 65, Pitt 66 69, LA 61 72, Hou 55 82, NY 53-81

HIGHLIGHT

"I'm just swingin' the bat and lettin' wood meet horsehide." That is the way Jim Wynn of the Houston Astros explains the long-ball-hitting prowess that has made him the No. 2 RBI producer in the majors this season and that twice last week enabled him to tie Henry Aaron of the Braves for the league lead in home runs. Wynn already has 97 RBIs and 32 homers, and these achievements are all the more remarkable because of his size—he is 5′ 10″, 165 pounds—and because the air in Houston's Astrodome is so well conditioned that helpful winds are nonexistent. Still, last June he became the first player to hit three homers in one game in the Dome. His first drive went 400 feet, his next 410 and the third 405. He has also hit prodigious drives in other parks this year. In Pittsburgh he hit a ball well beyond the 457-foot marker. And in Cincinnati he hit two home runs in one game over the 45-foot-high scoreboard in left field, one of which landed on an exit ramp of an expressway some 500 feet away. Thirteen months ago Wynn ran full force into a wall while chasing a fly ball and suffered fractures and dislocations of both his left elbow and wrist. Surgeons were not sure he would play again, but he came back strongly, perhaps because he exerted much the same perseverance that helped him in his earlier days when he was upset about his limited vocabulary. Carrying a pocket dictionary wherever he went and working on crossword puzzles helped repair that shortcoming, and extensive work with weights last winter strengthened his left arm. Wynn's speech is still not notably eloquent, but his slugging certainly has been



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING Denmark's defending champion PAUL ELVSTROM skippered *Scandale* to the World Star Class championship in Skoy shoved Denmark beating three-time titlist Lowell North of San Diego

CLIFFORD CAMPBELL of Beechwood, N J finished second in the eighth and final race for the Mallory Cup in the North American Senior Sailing Championship in Montreal to outpoint home-towner Eddie Botterell 5½-5½ In the junior event JOHN DANE of New Orleans clinched the Sears Cup when he beat Peter Warren of Marblehead Mass by a mere one and three-quarter points

FRED MILLER JR , a 31-year-old stockbroker from Newport Beach, Calif won his second straight National Finn Class championship with a low-score total of 25 4 points beating Gordon Bowers Jr by 33 points in the eight-race series on Great South Bay Long Island N Y

BOXING GYPSY JOE HARRIS, the No 1 welterweight contender from Philadelphia gained his 21st victory in a row with a unanimous 10-round decision over Puerto Rican Miguel Barreto in Philadelphia

CHESS Eight-time U S champion BOBBY FISCHER 24 of Brooklyn N Y defeated Jovan Sufrevski of Yugoslavia in the 17th and final round of the Tournament of Solidarity in Skopje, Yugoslavia for a winning score of 12 victories, three draws and two losses, to finish half a point ahead of Ewfim Geller, the Russian grand master, and Milan Matulovic the Yugoslav champion

GOLF BOB DICKSON a 23-year-old Oklahoman on leave from the Army became the fourth player to hold both the British and U S Amateur titles in the same year when he shot a 72-hole total of 285 in the U S championship on the Broadmoor West Course in Colorado Springs, Colo (*page 90*)

U S Open Champion JACK NICKLAUS shot a 72-hole 16-under-par total of 272 to edge Dan Sikes of Jacksonville by one stroke in the $250 000 Westchester Classic—the world's richest golf tournament in Rye N Y The first-place prize money of $50,000 boosted Nicklaus official season earnings to $156 748—the most accumulated in history Arnold Palmer follows with $148,940

HARNESS RACING SPEEDY STREAK, the most expensive Standardbred yearling ever bought at auction, gave Driver Del Cameron his third victory in the $122 650 Hambletonian trot at Du Quoin with two straight-heat wins—by four lengths over Keystone Pride and by one over Speed Model (*page 26*)

John Froehlich's 3-year-old chestnut colt ROMULUS HANOVER ($2.80) with Billy Haughton driving, paced to the fastest mile of the year and the fastest in the history of Canadian harness racing (1 57 1 5) with a one-and-a-half-length victory over True Duane in the $50,000 L'Amble du Centenaire Canada s richest harness race—at Blue Bonnets Raceway in Montreal

HORSE RACING Tartan Stable's favored DR FAGER ($2 40) with Braulio Baeza aboard, posted his ninth win in 11 starts with a one-and-a-quarter-length victory over Mrs Frances Genter s In Reality in the $265 900 New Hampshire Sweepstakes Classic at Rockingham Park

With Heliodoro Gustines up, SWEET FOLLY ($34 40), Greentree Stable's homebred, scored her first stakes victory with a two-and-a-half-length win over Treacherous in the one-and-an-eighth-mile $59 100 Garelle Handicap for 3-year-old fillies at Aqueduct as Gamely the heavy favorite, came in fourth behind Swiss Cheese

POLO ST LOUIS, with the lowest handicap of any team in the meet defeated Milwaukee 9 8 in sudden-death overtime to gain the U S National 16-Goal championship in Oak Brook, Ill

TENNIS Top-seeded JOHN NEWCOMBE and TONY ROCHE defeated Owen Davidson and William Bowrey 6–8 9 7 6–3 6–3 in the all-Australian men s finals of the U S National Doubles championship at the Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline, Mass while the women's title went to Californians BILLIE JEAN KING and ROSEMARY CASALS, the 1967 Wimbledon champions, who beat Mary Ann Eisel of St Louis and Donna Floyd Fales of New York 4–6, 6–3, 6 4 in the finals GARDNAR MULLOY of Miami and BILL TALBERT of New York won their fifth senior men's championship 6–4, 8–6 over defending titlists Bob Freedman of New York and Robert Sherman of Temple City, Calif

ROD LAVER defeated fellow Aussie Ken Rosewall 6 2, 6–2, 12 10 to win the first professional tournament played at Wimbledon England

WATER SKIING MIKE SUYDERHOUD of San Anselmo Calif beat Mexico s Tito Antanuano 2 734–2 654 for the men's overall title at the 27-nation World championships in Sherbrooke Que , while the women's event was taken by Britain s JEANNETTE STEWART WOOD 2,766 2,728 over Linda Leavengood of Coral Gables Fla Defending champion Liz Allan of Winter Park, Fla finished third with 2 428 points

WORLD UNIVERSITY GAMES After a week of competition in Tokyo, results were very much as expected with the U S athletes accumulating 28 gold medals to Japan's 14 American swimmers took all but two aquatic events and set eight world records as Indiana junior CHARLIE HICKCOX, winner of four gold medals led the assault by setting 100- and 200-meter backstroke marks (59 1 2 09 4) and swimming a leg on the record-breaking (3 57 2) 400-meter medley relay team of Ken Merten Ken Walsh and Doug Russell RUSSELL, a University of Texas student earlier lowered the 100-meter butterfly mark to 56 3 UCLA junior MIKE BURTON tonk the 1 500-meter freestyle, clocking a record 8 45 for 800 meters, Stanford freshman JOHN FERRIS swam the 200-meter butterfly in a record 2 06, and GREG CHARLTON of Arcadia Calif broke Mark Spitz s eight-week-old record with a 4 08 2 in the 400-meter freestyle, then joined Ken Walsh Don Havens and Zac Zorn to smash the 400-meter freestyle relay mark with a 3 32 6

MILEPOSTS RESIGNED HIL LEANDERSON 46 University of Washington s head crew coach for the past nine years to take an administrative post at the school

RETIRED Due to arm injuries suffered during the past several years, VERNON LAW, 37 pitcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates since 1950 With a lifetime record of 162-147 Law s biggest year was in 1960 when he led the Pirates to a seven-game World Series victory over the New York Yankees and won the Cy Young Award as baseball s best pitcher (20-9)

DIED BRUCE SMITH 47 captain and All-America halfback of the University of Minnesota's 1940 and 1941 national football championship teams, of cancer, in Alexandria, Minn Smith, the only man in the school's history to win the Heisman Trophy, led the Gopher team to its last unbeaten, untied season (1941)

DIED JESSE COLEMAN, 47, chief starter for the country's major sports-car races, including Sebring, for the past 14 years, of a heart attack in Winston-Salem, S C

DIED FRANCIS OUIMET 74, who as a 20-year-old caddie pulled one of the greatest upsets in sports history by winning the U S Open Golf Championship in 1913, of a heart attack, in Newton Mass The following year Ouimet took the U S Amateur *and repeated 17 years later in 1931 He was a member* of every Walker Cup team from 1921 to 1934, and captained it six times In 1951 Ouimet gained his greatest honor when he was chosen captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews in Scotland the first American ever

CREDITS

Cover—James Drake 4 Walter Iooss Jr courtesy University of Miami 4—Arnold Roth 20, 21, 24—Herb Scharlmon 22, 23, 25—Tony Triolo 26, 27—Lee Balterman 35—Walter Iooss Jr 36, 37—Kirby Moore Miami Herald Sheedy & Long Walter Iooss Jr 38, 39 Neil Leifer 40—Bob Peterson 41—Shelly Katz Black Star 42, 43 Walter Iooss Jr 83—Toughead Photographers 84 Jack Tinh en Honolulu Star Bulletin Bud Kamenish 86 Hans Knopf Px 87—Sydney Sun Herald 92—Roy De Carava 122—Westchester Rockland Newspaper Group Lisbeth Meier

FACES IN THE CROWD



PATRICE MALONEY, 12, a swimmer from Larchmont, N Y , won nine gold medals, set two individual meet marks, anchored three record-breaking relay teams and was awarded two high-point trophies at three regional meets within a 25-day period



CHRIS CONKWRIGHT, a 10-year-old wrestler from Virginia Beach who has lost only one of 30 matches, took his third straight Junior Olympic Wrestling title by pinning all five opponents in the midget division, 65-pound class championships in Norfolk, Va



PATRICIA COOY, a 26-year-old plastics machine operator from Bell, Calif who was runner-up in the 1966 National Public Parks Women's Single Tennis Championships, won the title this year in Pittsburgh, 6–3, 6 1, for her first national tournament victory



LYN LOTT, 17, a two-time Georgia State High School Class AA Golf Champion, became the youngest ever to win the State Open Championship when he beat 184 professionals and amateurs with a 54 hole total of 212, two strokes ahead of his nearest rivals.



BETTY FOULK, a housewife from Greenwich, Conn , skippered her Ensign Class entry to victory in the Women's North American Sailing Championship when she easily defeated Leslie Messenger of Balboa, Calif in the eight-race series on Lake Ontario



VIC BERGER, 32, from Springfield, Ohio, led from start to finish of the professional division two-day shoot at the International Outdoor Archery Championship in Pasadena as he hit 591 of 600 targets to upset defending titlist Bill Bednar, who tied for second

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE BRAT

Sirs

Revolting! That's the only word that describes the article written by Eddie Stanky with William Leggett (*Better from the Neck Up*, Aug 28). Eddie Stanky doesn't deserve to win the pennant. He must be very insecure about winning it, for if he wasn't he wouldn't have to lash out at the other clubs. Do you ever hear Mayo Smith or Dick Williams say such things? No. Because they have confidence in their players. "Stinky" Stanky has a very negative attitude. Up until about two weeks ago I felt that if the Detroit Tigers could not win the pennant the White Sox could, but now my outlook has changed.

RUTH D. MCLEAN

Leamington, Ont.

Sirs:

As a loyal Detroit Tiger fan, I was not particularly pleased to read Joe Sparma's recent remark that he would like to throw one of his fast balls at Chicago White Sox Manager Eddie Stanky. But after reading Stanky's so-called "side of the controversies," I feel compelled to make one suggestion: pop him twice, Joe—once for you and once for me!

DAVID L. BURTON

Richmond, Va.

Sirs:

I am one of a group of baseball fans whose era dates back to the turn of this century. We have seen innumerable players come and go, and a few advance to managerial status such as Eddie Stanky. When he played on the Brooklyn Dodgers, Stanky was labeled The Brat by some of the fans of that time, not because they regarded him a mean or dirty player, but because of his penchant for taking violent exceptions to umpires' decisions, throwing his cap down three to four times in front of them while kicking the dirt up around them. But we recognized that The Brat, so-called, knew baseball and played it hard. So we have followed with particular interest the progress of the White Sox since he became manager two years ago. After reading the splendid down-to-earth baseball article by him with William Leggett, we have remarked among ourselves the erstwhile Brat has come a long, long way, and we are distinctly glad of it.

G. M. W. KOEHLE

New York City

Sirs:

Bratman does it again! The "Great One" psyched himself and his 25 lovable ballplayers out of first place in the American League. He also psyched the "All-Star from the neck down" (Yastrzemski) to hit two home runs to win the deciding game of the recent five-game Boston-Chicago series.

Stanky and his ballplayers should be playing soccer where they can use their heads for something besides getting headaches. Tsk, Tsk, Tsk.

WILLIAM H. MURRAY

Norwell, Mass.

Sirs:

Perhaps Carl Yastrzemski is an All-Star from the neck down and perhaps the Chicago White Sox are All-Stars from the neck up, but it is obvious that Mr. Stanky is an All-Star only in that area between his nose and chin.

HAROLD KOH

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

After having read Eddie Stanky's (and William Leggett's) literary masterpiece, I am very proud to be a grade-A fan of the Chicago White Sox. One half of my 16 years have been devoted to rooting for the White Sox, but my loyalty to the Sox was increased 100% by the hiring of Mr. Stanky. He is my idea of the ideal man, a man of honesty and independence. Eddie Stanky may lack qualities that are employed to impress people such as fine polish and tact—but are they really important? Not in my book.

Mr. Stanky has converted the so-called "dull" Chicago White Sox into one of the most exciting teams in baseball. He has proved that a club can win without the benefit of 25 muscular bodies but not without the benefit of 25 alert minds.

It's time people realize that Eddie Stanky is more than the controversial manager of the Chicago White Sox, he is a great credit to the game of baseball.

JOHN F. HETH

Clarks Summit, Pa.

THE ISSUE

Sirs

A loudmouth baseball manager (Stanky) who specializes in taking cheap shots at nearly everyone, a bad-boy corner back (Sample) who can't stay out of fights and a Black Muslim draft dodger (Clay) who may well end up in jail.

Subjects of feature stories in some cheap tabloid? Nope. SI, August 28.

RANDALL M. GREASON

Brunswick, Me.

Sirs

Your August 28 issue is a marvel. The cover alone (*Intrepid*) is art—and so is the article. Being a native-born New Yorker (more years ago than I like to admit, but not Victorian), I'm moved also by the bit about Coney Island.

And then the Irish. I was in Dublin two years ago, and the Irish astound me. They have their Republic, *but* their money is LSD, they drive on the left-hand side of the road, they still play cricket and the bridge across the Liffey is wider than it is long.

BELDEN WIGGLESWORTH

Fayetteville, Ark.

UPS AND DOWNS

Sirs

Joseph Carroll's article, *The Gentle Irish* (Aug. 28), on the nongentle art of hurling is a gem. I hope you find a way to preserve it for posterity by including it in an anthology of great sportswriting one day.

The Mayo man who never read Sean O'Casey might be interested to know that the great playwright played hurling as a youth, though his poor eyesight made him rather ineffective. The game also supplies the phrase "hurler on the ditch" meaning critic-spectator of political developments.

SEAN CRONIN

New York City

Sirs

Thanks to Joseph Carroll for a very pleasant relief—to me, anyway—from the colorless, professional sports of today. I am a college and pro football fan from way back but as of now, except for Notre Dame, the games leave me in a state of ennui.

I like the article very much except for Brendan Behan being brought into it. Mr. Carroll should know that all Irish people do not like Mr. Behan or his writing. He did not belong in the article.

I am one of those 40-year-olds from the jigs-and-reels era who were brought up on the *Soldier's Song* and Pearse, McDonagh, Plunkett and, of course, Yeats in literature. And Michael Collins, a great athlete and hero killed in 1922.

Up Cork, Kerry and Galway! Up all Ireland—but not Behan, not in a sports article anyway.

MRS. JAMES E. QUINN

Bayonne, N.J.

MEMORIES

Sirs

For me, Jeannette Bruce's article on Coney Island, *Where the Fun Was* (Aug. 28), was a thriller—mainly because of my own personal memories of it. In 1903 I was 8 years old. My father was just beginning to be "easy" in his famous restaurant, Charlie's (the poor but honest man's eating place, where a dinner from soup to nuts cost 15¢). Once or twice a year Papa would take the family—Mama, my two sisters and myself—for a trip to Coney Island. At first we used to ride in a surrey behind a team of horses, but then

continued



Sports Illustrated

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

1 To write about your subscription change of address, billing adjustment, complaint, or renewal address
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
540 N Michigan Ave , Chicago, Ill 60611
Charles A Adams, Vice President
Attach present address label in space below, this will help us identify you quickly and accurately

2 *To order a new subscription* check box ☐ new, ☐ renewal Use form below for your address Mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at address given above Rates Continental U S —1 yr/$8 00 Alaska, Canada, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands—1 yr/$10 00 Military personnel anywhere in the world 1 yr/$6 00 All other 1 yr/$14 00

3 To write about Editorial or Advertising contents, address SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Bldg , Rockefeller Center, New York, N Y 10020

ATTACH LABEL HERE WITH ALL INQUIRIES:

When you are moving, please give us five weeks notice. Print your name and new address and Zip Code number below and mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE at address given above Please note your telephone number below

Name

Address

City State Zip Code

Telephone Number

around 1906 Papa bought a car, and this alone was almost as exciting as Coney Island itself We never knew if, when and how we would get back home again

Only once, when we girls were older, did we go to Coney Island to bathe not that it wasn't a popular beach And only once did I take a round-trip boat ride from the city to Coney Island To us, Coney Island really meant excitement, color and lights, though we would arrive in the afternoon and generally leave shortly after the lights went on

We generally went to Luna Park first It had nice crowds and exciting rides Then we'd go across the street to Dreamland I do remember the incubator babies

And once in a while we would walk down to Steeplechase Park, where the one "must" was to ride on the mechanical racetrack at least once, and, if lucky, twice

There will never be a Coney Island like that again "But what corn!" exclaims the upper and lower *bourgeoisie* of today Little do they know how good old "corn" brings out that deep, deep belly laugh and those wild, hilarious memories

FRIEDA BURNETT

Millington, Md

SPIRITUAL SIDE

Sirs

A Long Day in a Boy's World (Aug 21) was a real nugget Every man, son and father who once strode such paths or wet a line in such a stream in the course of living such a long day must be most grateful for this photographic gem

I have long appreciated SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for bringing me the thrill of sporting events and happenings I could never hope to attend Now you stimulate the spiritual man within The need is strong for the likes of this simple masterpiece most especially in the light of the present-day bombings and billions, supersonics, supersex and superscurry

LESLIE E COLLINS

Rochester, N Y

CONVERSION

Sirs

I have just finished reading the article, "*I Want My Bloody Game Back*" (Aug 28), and after the way Derek Morgan talks, he can have it back For one thing, soccer is not very exciting or high scoring It's not much fun watching grown men kick a ball up and down the field The reason people get mad when a TV commercial causes them to miss seeing a goal is that it will probably be the only score of the game

For another thing, soccer is soccer and football is football The reason Americans wear armor, as Mr Morgan puts it, is that American football is tougher and bloodier than Mr Morgan's soccer As for the World Cup final, I would miss 2 billion of them to see one Super Bowl football game

For a man who claims to like our games Mr Morgan sure did put down football But since I have the decency to say I don't like Mr Morgan's game I guess we're friends

DANIEL ALCALA

Fort Worth

Sirs

Derek Morgan is so right Having spent a summer here watching what a combination of second-class performers and commercial TV can do to a beautiful game, I am fleeing home London's football grounds may be ill-appointed, the weather may be appalling, there may be no half-time entertainment, but at least there is soccer

One thing puzzles me If Derek Morgan is a "transplanted Welshman," what on earth is he doing writing of England's success and tribulation with such filial concern? This is like a person from Quebec supporting the Chicago Black Hawks

REX WALFORD

Calgary, Alta

Sirs

Evidently Welshman Derek Morgan doesn't reside in an NPSL or USA city, where he can see live soccer Seemingly his tirade was directed mainly toward television TV is presenting this sport to those of us not fortunate enough to have a team Untelevised games, naturally, are uninterrupted by commercials

I like Mr Morgan's game Had I not been introduced to it by television, most likely I would not have gone to St Louis to see a "real" soccer game I've been converted Now, can he find any bloody fault with that?

CAROL SHEEHAN

Memphis

EXPERTISE

Sirs

I was interested to read the article, *Dredging Up a Texas Squabble* (Aug 14), by Edwin Shrake But several of us in the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries (part of the U S Fish and Wildlife Service) were puzzled by the statement made in the penultimate paragraph Mr Shrake writes " If members of the Fish and Wildlife Service should ever be so pedestrian as to consult the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, they would read "

Those of us who know the author of the *Britannica* article on oysters feel that perhaps Mr Shrake would like to know that it was written by a longtime employee of the Fish and Wildlife Service, Dr Paul Galtsoff, before his recent retirement Dr Galtsoff is also author of *The American Oyster*, probably the most complete work ever written on this subject It is available from the Government Printing Office

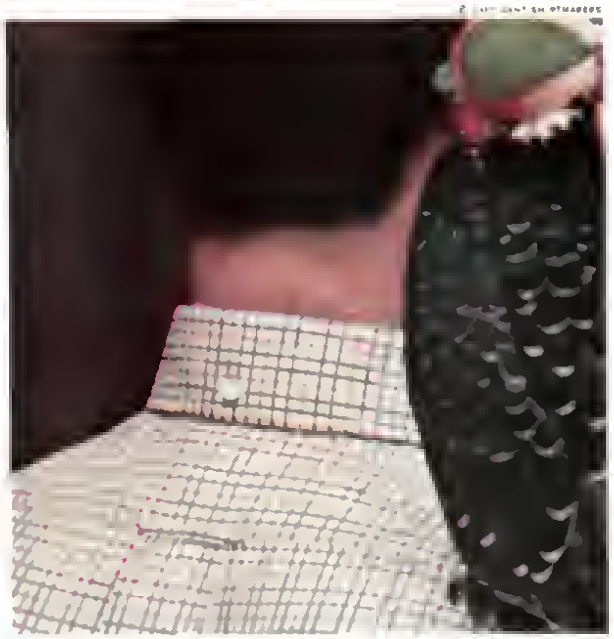
JOHN A GUINAN

Washington

Not for the timid:



bold-bright . . .



Oxford Tattersall . . .



very distinctive . . .



patently Gant

Gant took a falcon-look at traditional tattersalls and decided to put new life into this venerated shirting. To wit: this new bold-bright interpretation which makes button-downs more than something to hang a tie on. Tailored with a falcon's eye for detail. In varied colorings — all virile, all distinctive. About $8.50 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

GANT

SHIRTMAKERS

Facing The World:

The Haps and Mishaps of a Plucky Canadian

For us to come here three years ago, it took more than a trip across the border. It took courage.

(After all, think of the obstacles our little Horatio Alger Canadian faced. Think of all the whiskies that were here before us.)

We were understandably nervous.

Would it help that we'd been making fine Canadian whisky for Canadians for years?

Should we have used one distillery like most everyone else? Instead of bothering to blend distinctive whiskies from our own five distilleries?

Maybe we'd been altogether too finicky . . . ?

Three years ago, if anyone had told us how successful we'd be, and how many whisky drinkers would switch over to imported Canadian Lord Calvert, we'd have thought they were kidding.

Things like that happen only in books.



"Hard work and an honest heart will overcome any obstacle."

expo67

Come to Canada. Enjoy the Canadian Centennial and the World's International Exposition in Montreal

IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY · A BLEND · 80 PROOF · CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.